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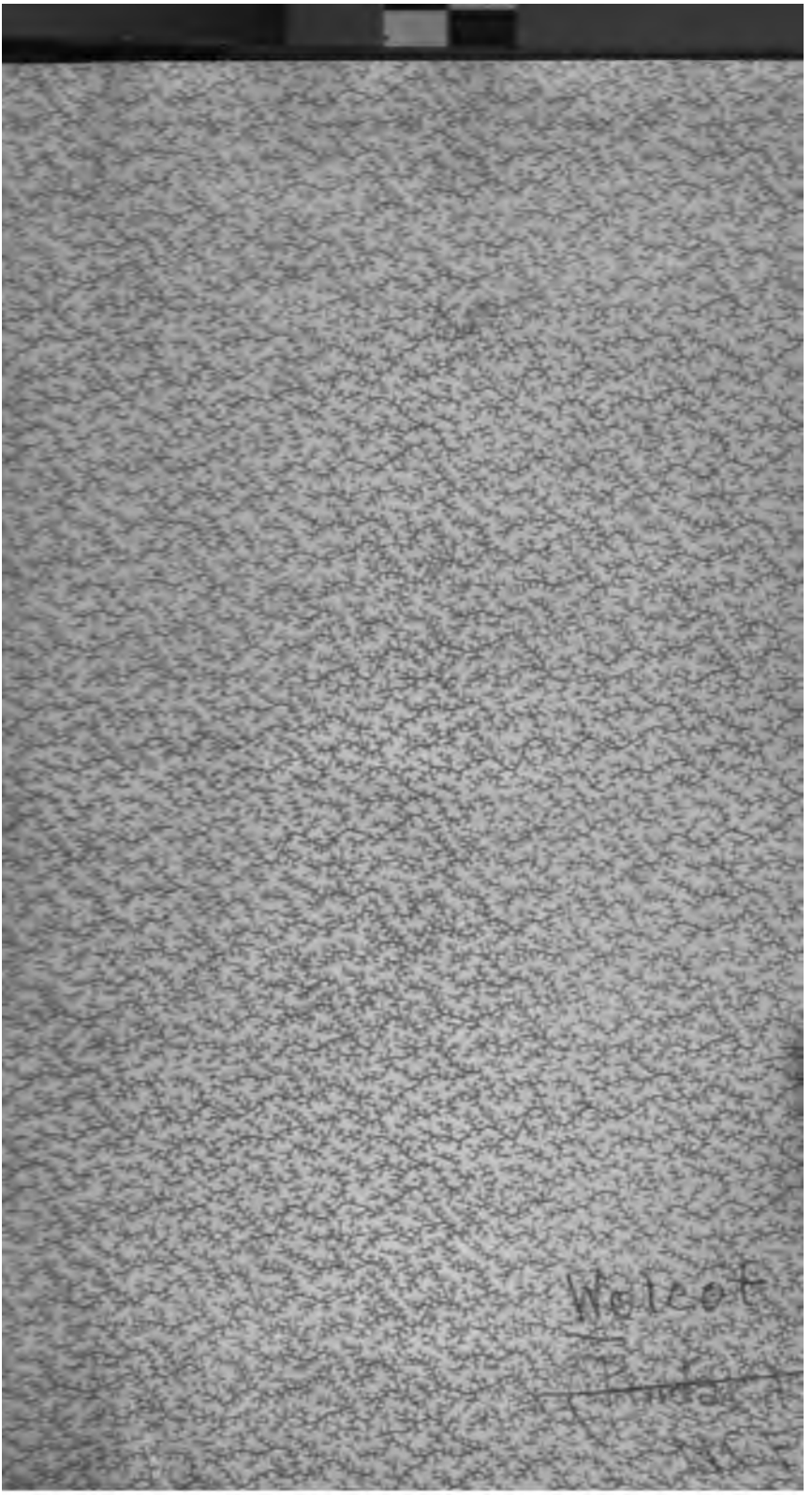
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THE

WORKS

OF

PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

A NEW EDITION,

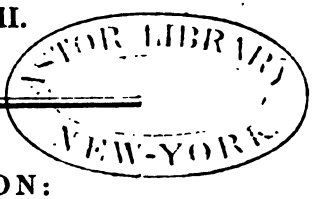
REVISED AND CORRECTED;

WITH A COPIOUS INDEX.

NEW YORK PUBLIC

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, G. WILKIE AND J. ROBINSON, G. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND G. GOULDING AND CO. SOHO-SQUARE.

1812.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

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A

COMMISERATING EPISTLE

TO

JAMES LOWTHER,

EARL OF LONSDALE AND LOWTHER,

LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM OF THE COUNTIES OF CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De Scelere, et fidei violatæ Crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis Census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat Onus; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris: Casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo. JUVENAL.

WHAT think'st thou, Lonsdale, that the World will say
Of this damn'd Verdict at Carlisle to-day?
Faith, simply this: "A Flea-bite, and that's all;
A *loss* that will not swallow Lowther Hall:
A trick of Fortune that we often find;
A trick that plainly proves the Goddess *blind*."

THE ARGUMENT.

The noble Earl, as naturally in Pursuit of his Coal as a Sportsman of his Hare or Fox, happening in a *Coal-chase* to undermine a Parcel of Houses belonging to the Lord knows who, of Whitehaven, (no *Votes* perhaps for a Borough or a County,) but particularly of a Mr. Littledale; what does this insolent Littledale but *complain!*—nay, *not contented* with Complaint, he insists upon it that his Lordship *has no Right* to pull down his House about his Ears—nay, what is *still worse*, the Fellow *brings an Action*, absolutely *brings an Action*, against his Lordship—nay, what is *still more horrible*, the Knave *gets a Verdict* in his favour—and, what is *more atrocious still*, the *Villains* of the Town and Neighbourhood *illuminate* their Houses, as if for the Birth-nights of our *beloved* King and Queen, and exhibit *equal* Symptoms of Joy. Notwithstanding this *saucy* Opposition to their great Superior; notwithstanding the *wicked* Action; notwithstanding the *vile* and *unnatural* Verdict; notwithstanding the *triumphant* Illumination and *brazen-faced* Delight on the occasion; how *sublimely* his Lordship behaves! Though he *most spiritedly* suspends his Coal-works for a Time, to show the Power of his Vengeance; lo, he promiseth to open them again, on Condition he has *full liberty* to undermine any Houses that may *impudently* stand in the way of his Coal for the future. What an Act of *Humanity!* partly for the Benefit of *himself*, a *poor* Individual; but principally for the *Advantage* of the Town and Neighbourhood of Whitehaven! *Who*, besides his Lordship, would have done this? It is *too humane*—it is *too great*; for, as it has been observed by some celebrated Divines, that a Man may be *over*-righteous, so verily may a great Peer be over-*forgiving*. Such is the Ground of my Epistle to Lord Lonsdale; and, for the Advantage as well as Amusement of Posterity, I have subjoined the Letters that passed between some of the People of Whitehaven and his Lordship: they are *Curiosities* that ought to be preserved amidst the *Archives* of *Submission*, *Generosity*, and *Literature*.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF LONSDALE.

The humble Representation of the Merchants and Inhabitants of the Town of Whitehaven

SHEWETH,

That by the unfortunate accident which has lately happened in your Lordship's Coal-mines at or near this Town, by the shrinking of the earth, the Dwelling-house and Offices of Mr. Henry Littledale, together with divers other Houses, having been injured; and Mr. Littledale having commenced an Action at Law, and obtained a Verdict against your Lordship, to recover Damages in respect thereof; we are induced to offer, and we do hereby engage and promise, to answer and pay to your Lordship, on behalf of Ourselves and the Town at large, such Costs as your Lordship has been put to on account of the said Action, or may expend in getting the same Verdict annulled and set aside; as also, all such Damages and Costs as may be occasioned to your Lordship thereby, or any future Prosecution respecting any Houses which have been injured; or to have things put into such a state as if no such

accident had happened, nor any Prosecution had been commenced on account thereof. And we humbly hope your Lordship will be pleased to take into consideration the melancholy situation which we and the other Inhabitants of Whitehaven at present are in, from the apprehension of the dreadful consequences which will attend the putting a stop to, or any suspension of, your Lordship's Works; as the same must cause the entire ruin and destruction of the whole Town. We therefore most earnestly solicit and implore, your Lordship will, in your great goodness, accept this our offer and engagement, and avert the dreadful calamities and distresses that must otherwise most inevitably befal us.

[*This was signed by* 135 *Persons.*]

Lowther, Sept. 16, 1791.

SIR,

I HAVE received the Representation signed by you; and must say, that you merit the Thanks of every person interested in the welfare of the Town and Harbour of Whitehaven, and of the well-wishers of the Prosperity of the County at large. I am sorry to say, it appears to me, that some of those persons who have not signed the Paper, seem to be waiting an opportunity to take an unfair advantage, and, by the determination of some future Jury, to ruin *you*, *myself*, and the Town, and detriment the Country. In my present situation, it is most necessary for me to act, as the Verdict of the Jury of Carlisle has expressed it,

with caution: and you can easily judge, in the present circumstances, how cautious I ought to act; and that it is absolutely requisite, for the safety of my own Property and yours, and for the restoration of Trade, hereafter to suspend the working of my Collieries, except every person concerned will guarantee his own property. Accidents happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the Mines, I do not include in the exception. I cannot think of involving you in the calamity that might be brought upon me either by the malice or artifice of my Enemies.

I acknowledge your just idea of the Verdict, in thinking that I ought not to have been liable to the Damage: and permit me to say that I am as much impressed with a due sense of your kindness in the offer of entering into engagements to pay all Costs and Damages which I have or may sustain by Littledale's Action, or that I may expend or be put to by this or any future Prosecution, as if I accepted of it; and though my sentiments and feelings will not allow me to receive it from your hands, this proffer you make will ever be retained in my memory as long as my life shall last. I am happy in being able to acquaint you, that new Actions will be brought, for the purpose of again trying this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the Public: and I trust and hope that they will be so conducted as to have a fair and speedy determination; by which means, only a temporary stoppage will be put to the Works, and a termination of the Guarantee.

I am, Sir,

LONSDALE.

To the Right Honourable Lord Lonsdale.

We beg leave to offer to your Lordship our most unfeigned thanks for your Lordship's Answer to the Representation sent to your Lordship; and for your expressions of regard to the welfare and Prosperity of this Town, and the County at large. We desire to express our deep concern that your Lordship had reason to suppose any of us, from not signing the Representation, waited an opportunity to detriment the Town: and to assure your Lordship, on the contrary, that if any difference of opinion arose among us, it was only in the mode of conveying our sentiments to your Lordship, which have ever been unanimous for the Prosperity of this Town in particular, as well as the County at large; both of which we are truly sensible how much it is your Lordship's wishes and endeavours to promote. We lament the difficulties arising to your Lordship from the late Verdict, in carrying on your great and extensive Works; and when we reflect, that only a temporary suspension of them would not only deprive many thousands of industrious Poor of bread, but endanger the entire ruin of the Town, we most humbly implore your Lordship will continue the working of them under a Guarantee, which we entreat your Lordship to accept from each of us, of our own property (accidents happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the Mines, excepted), until this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the Public, is fully determined: for which purpose we are happy to be informed new actions are to be brought; and we have the most firm reliance on your Lordship's great goodness, that

they will be so conducted as to bring this very important business to a speedy and happy issue.

That your Lordship may long continue to enjoy health, prosperity and every other earthly happiness, is the sincere and fervent prayer of

******.

A

COMMISERATING EPISTLE

TO

LORD LONSDALE.

WHAT, Lonsdale! after all thy ranting, tearing,
High threatening, hectoring, bullying, kicking, swearing,—
What! thou the Brazen Bully that bestrode
Triumphant navies and the roaring flood,
Yield to the anger of a tiny *town*,
Who oft hast frighten'd *counties* with a frown!
A set of smutty Colliers mock thy power!
A Hog-sty lord it o'er a lofty Tower!
A few blind Mice, in little league allied,
Ye Gods, o'erturn a Pyramid of pride!

Shades of the Lowthers, arm'd with vengeance rise,
And shake this Lonsdale, who his birth belies.
Shock'd at his weakness, History turns pale,
And madly tears the leaf that holds the tale.
Look through the desert of five hundred years!
Lo, not a Lowther virtue *once* appears.

Then why to Fame's fair volume madly rush,
And give thy poor old Ancestors a blush?
Ah! do not so unfashionably doat,
And stitch *one* Spangle on an old Black Coat!
Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid,
A Farthing Candle 'midst a World of Shade.—
But grant a *solitary* deed; achieve it:
Pray, who the devil, Lonsdale, will believe it?
Thus will the Nation with one voice exclaim:
" A Lowther do an act of virtuous fame!
When from a Lowther did a Scyon shoot,
A Lowther Trunk not rotten at the root?
Expect much sooner Nonpareils from Crabs,
Honour from Thieves, and Decency from Drabs.
Horace declares (a Bard whom all approve),
The Vulture never breeds the tender Dove."

Learn, Lonsdale, learn Ambition's spur to feel;
And snap, like Mites, a Million at a meal.

See yon proud Oak, whose darkening branches spread
High o'er the Rills that course the pebbled bed!
With what *humility* those Rills salute,
And trembling wind around, his rugged root;
Like busy Slaves, their little stock afford,
And creeping, kissing, feed their frowning Lord!

Mark too, around that Oak's majestic pride,
The Pismires crawling up his channell'd side;
And mark his sheltering Limbs, support of Fowl,
The Wren, the Hawk, the Cuckoo, and the Owl.—
Say, Lonsdale, canst thou not resemblance see,
Resemblance *strong*, between that Oak and Thee?
Why be a Willow then, and meanly bend?
Why bid the Lowther blood in Lonsdale end?

How! has thine Heart dismiss'd its lordly state,
And oped to Pity's cry its iron gate?
Or is it that Heart, which soar'd o'er man, sublime,
Struck by the palsying hand of envious Time?

Say, does Repentance wound Thee? 'Tis a driveller.
Despise that *thing* call'd Meekness; 'tis a sniveller,
With pious sentiments, forsooth, who glows,
And kisses the vile hand that deals her blows.
Spurn at Forgiveness, that even fears to *chide;*
And keep *again* the company of Pride.

Go herd with Brudenell; who, with *Bardolph* face,
Scowls high contempt on all th' *untitled* race.
Go herd with Leeds, in native pride so stable,
Who scorns to let his Mother sit at table*.

* Poor Mistress Anguish has been refused, *in form*, the honour of a Knife and Fork near her most exalted Daughter. "*Nimiùm ne crede colori:*" the Duke is by no means so *soft* a man as he *looks*.

Herd with the Dame of Blenheim*, of hard lot,
Whose pride lies poison'd by the lovely Scot;
Mad that the Marlborough blood, where honour reigns,
Should join the puddle of a Sawney's veins.
Herd with the *lofty* Squire of Strawberry Hill,
Whom Genealogies with reverence fill;
Who on no Threads of Life a value puts
That are not fairly spun from William's Guts.—
How great in Horace, thus to reverence *birth*;
Himself a well-known clod of *common* earth!

What, Lonsdale! melted down thy ruthless rage?—
With Demons *once* thy spirit dared engage,
Spit on the Mob that Freedom's ensigns bore,
Smiled at his storm, and mock'd his Thunder-roar;
Faced keen Contempt, and Murder's sanguine eye,
And horsewhipp'd whining Mercy to her sky.
How art thou sunk! how wither'd! Lost, I fear.
Where is the Lowther spirit? tell me where?
Speak, can the Ghost of Conscience haunt *thy* mind?
Hear'st thou the call of Death in every wind?—
Lo, Resolution to thy terror turns,
And o'er the skeleton of Manhood mourns!

* Lady Susan Stuart, equal in good qualities, beauty, and accomplishments, to any of the *Spencers*, is presumed, by her union with *her* son, the Marquis of Blandford, absolutely to have defiled the family!

Go, Wonder, to Earth's utmost limits fly,
And say if aught like this e'er stretch'd thine eye.

Rouse, and let "Richard be himself again:"
Forge, forge anew Oppression's galling chain;
Strip o'er his ears bold Opposition's skin,
And bid with gags the mouth of Freedom grin.
Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,
And Cumberland afresh thine anger feel:
Yes, yes, of Cumberland the Comet blaze,
And Crab-like roast her Rascals with thy rays.
Stretch o'er the shrinking towns thine arm of pow'r;
And, Hydra-like, their croaking frogs devour.
Show that thy breath, like Envy's, baleful blows:
A Canker be, that kills the lovely Rose.
Prove *how* a rising country can be curst,
And bid with spleen old Nero's Spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eye should be the band
That happy fatten'd on the fertile land,
Forced Cain-like off, where Famine sucks her nails,
To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails!

Thus triumph: "Shall Dominion's Ensigns shrink,
And to a Beggar's Rag, a Malkin, sink?

What! shall the Vulture-wing that scour'd the sky,
Sneak to a Bat's, that shuns the public eye?
Jove's Bird, the thunder from his talons torn,
Turn Owl, to cry "Tee-whit" in some old barn?
What! *I*, through Opposition's surly surge
Who boldly dared so oft a passage urge,
Cry out at last, "Help, help," to Fear a slave,
Pale, panting, puking, spent beneath the wave?
Shall Resolution that defied a World,
Opposed by Pigmies, from his height be hurl'd?
Those Pigmies o'er the huge Man-mountain straddle,
Or, laughing, rock the Giant in a cradle?—
No, low-bred Villains; nought my power controls;
I'll hunt you all like Vermin through your holes.
Out, root and branch; men, women, dogs, and cats;
Run Children from the ruins just like Rats;
Writhe into earth, like Worms, and fear my frown;
For, damn me, all your houses shall come down.
Wretches, your heads are in the Lion's jaws:
Off with them! Lonsdale dares defy the laws.
What though it thins my Purse? it feeds my Spleen:
So, Scythe of Desolation, sweep the scene."

Such is the glowing language thou shouldst hold,
And *nobly* emulate thy Sires of old.

For speech like this, (too weak the voice of Fame)
The mouths of Cannon shall convey thy name:
Such threatened deeds of hostile godlike ire,
Should travel only on the Wings of Fire.

Shall Pity be an inmate of thy breast?
No, be a Grinding-stone its rugged guest.
Why should a *virtue*, man, *thy* mind bewitch?
Lo, Generosity was never rich.
What! woo the Virtues, of the world the sport;
Nay, worse, who dare not show their nose at Court!

What gives the general wish for power to glow?—
To look contemptuous on the World below;
To bid *that* World bow down, admire, adore;
And grind the sallow faces of the Poor.

Ask, to the Forest-laws what man gave birth?
A Nimrod, lo! a lofty Lord of Earth.
Yet why should Hares, and Partridges, and Grouse,
Alone be ravish'd from the farmer's house?—
Go, Lonsdale, get an Act to raise thy fame,
And make the farmers' Wives and Daughters game.

Whence, on a *sudden*, dost thou thus inherit
This soft, forbearing, Lamb-like, Dove-like spirit?

I saw sharp Vengeance tip-toe in thine eyes:
How comes it that the threatening spirit dies?

Yet, yet I see the Feudal Times return,
When Tyrants bid in chains the Million mourn;
When Slaves to Grandeur crouch amid the dust,
And Havoc roams to please the ruling lust;
When Pride as calmly from the shoulders plucks
The heads of Vassals, as the heads of Ducks.

Curse on the liberty of modern days!
Again let Power her rod of iron raise.
Hang the French dogs; a mangy mongrel Cry,
That, running riot, on their Huntsman fly!
How are the sacred robes of Greatness rent!
Kings and Nobility fall'n *cent per cent!*

Sure, Lonsdale, thou art not too weak to know,
From *general riches* what *misfortunes* flow.
Wealth, for *delicious* Slavery *spoils* a Nation:
Adieu at once to Gods and Adoration!

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,
Crouch, flatter, tremble?—Keep the rascals *poor*.
Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and carve 'em?
Their backs are at your service, only *starve* 'em.

Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves,
Forgetting in a moment they are Slaves:
Lost to the meanness of their former station,
The scornful *upstarts* damn their occupation.
Lo, the proud Blacksmith, late a slave to coal,
To *honours* turns his elevated soul!
The cross-legg'd Taylor, lo, forgets his peers;
Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his shears!
The Show-man scorns poor Punch, his late support,
And straw-stuff'd Ladies of th' Arcadian Court;
This quits his Camel; that, his Conjuring Hogs;
And Kings no more can dance with Dancing-dogs*.
Grant wealth, no more the humble Cobler cow'rs;
But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as *ours*,
And *blasphemously* thinks th' Almighty's plan
Ordain'd *no difference* between man and man.
Such is the *sad* effect of wealth, rank pride:
Thus, mount a Beggar, how the rogue will ride!

Parent of Insolence is Wealth, I ween:
Then 'mid thy *neighbours* let her not be seen.
'Tis Poverty that forges curbs for men,
And tempts *divine* Oppression from her den.

* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain *great* King (it is said, for the diversion of his *children only*) held out the skirts of his coat, and danced a Minuet on Windsor Terrace, some years since, with one of the *canine* Figurantes.

What folly then, to let thine host repose;
To suffer Cumberland to lift the nose!—
Down with their Hosts, and horsewhip them like Dogs;
Sties be their Beds, their food the food of Hogs.
Keep famish'd, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers:
Nor let them beat in trade their grinning Brothers;
Iberian Monkeys, that, to *business* bred,
Well pleas'd, for maravedis* hunt the head.

To India's history turn thy *happy* eyes,
And bid a second scene of Horrors rise.
By Britons led, did Famine's spectre train
Pour devastation on the fair domain.
What humbled victims sunk beneath the strife!
What thousands, tottering, snatch'd at parting life!
Nought could, alas! their suppliant hands avail:
In vain each feature told a starving tale;
On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,
Their eye-balls fastening in a deadly glare.
There hadst thou seen the sallow Babe distrest,
Hard-clinging to a dying Mother's breast;
Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,
Its plumpness wither'd, and its fountain dry.
Such was the scene; while every night, to sup,
The Jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

* A very small Spanish coin, much inferior in value to a Farthing.

Humanity's a pigeon-hearted fool;
Soft, puling, as the Girl at Boarding-school,
That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,
And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where is Ambition? Dead?—It never dies:
Brutes, insects, boast it; elephants and flies.
The Horse would rather the blood-spur should gore him,
Than let a Fellow-traveller pace before him:
And lo the Spaniel, when the master cheers
A Brother, with what jealousy he hears!
Unblest, attention how he tries to raise;
Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise.

Eye nature through, and mark the arm of Pow'r:—
The great unceasingly the small devour.

Blest on a dainty dish of Flies to dine,
Lo, by the Spider weaved the silken line!
A giddy Wanderer strikes the waving net;
Hitch'd his poor pinions, hitch'd his harmless feet:
Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,
The nimble Tyrant scours along the thread;
Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,
And binds his Captive's vainly-buzzing wing;

Remorseless deals the bite of death; and then
The Cacus drags the victim to his den.

Lo, hovering in mid sky, the caitiff Kite
Sweeps the blue vault, and wheels with watchful flight;
A Son of Rapine, and untaught to spare,
The feather'd Nimrod roams the wild of air.
At length his searching eyes with joy explore
A Hen and Chicken near a farmer's door:
Sudden the Tyrant quits th' aërial steep;
Down from his sphere he pours with Lightning sweep,
Each iron talon fills with callow food,
And carries off in triumph half the brood.
In vain the Parent flutters, capers, cries,
And kens her captive Children up the skies;
And, lo! in vain the cursing Farmer runs,
To send the leaden vengeance from his guns:
Safe seeks the Rogue some solitary stone,
To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the stream's clear bosom, prythee, peep;
See, sly below, the Alligator creep:
Whate'er he seizes, yields to Fate's dread laws,
Crush'd in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy *great* Examples; careful mind 'em,
And do not in a tittle lag behind 'em.
Be *thou* the Spider, that devours the flies;
Be thou the tyrant Kite, that scours the skies;
Be thou the hard-mouth'd subtle Alligator,
Th' inexorable monarch of the water.

And lo, the Lords of Ocean! See the Whale
On all th' inferior hosts of sea regale:
The Shark, the Grampus, how before their eye
Th' affrighted under-world of Fishes fly!

Then *why not* Man, endued with giant pow'r,
The region of *inferior* Mortals scour?
For thee then was all Cumberland design'd;
The Whale, the Shark, the Grampus, of mankind.
Lo, at thy foot, the People whine and pray:
But kick them, Lonsdale; 'tis the *Lowther way:*
Tread on each Neck, and deem it but a Beast,
And emulate the Tyrants of the East.
Perchance thou fearest to be damn'd, *or so?*
On that, thou shouldst have ponder'd *long ago.*—
Look at thy *boroughs:* not *one* Vote alone
Can give a candidate the mob-raised Throne:
Thus to the shrine of Virtue must be given
More than *one* Deed, to seat the soul in Heaven.

Deem otherwise, it were too mad by half:
Lord! how would Shoemakers* and Angels laugh!

With abject prayer, behold! Whitehaven plies thee:—
Heed not her men; 'tis plain, they all *despise* thee.
For ask thyself, "Amid this smutty Nation,
What have I done to merit *approbation?*"

Look! has Contrition swell'd a single eye?
List! from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh?
Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan!*
Knee and mouth *penitence*, indeed, alone.
With Voices louder than the common Crier's,
I hear their Hearts abuse their Tongues for liars;
For, Lord! how *should* they *like* thee, who can tell?—
Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell:
For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,
And Stomachs form a Turnpike-gate to Love.

Kite of the North, again, and yet again,
I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the plain.
Hang o'er those Sparrows with o'ershadowing pride,
And bid them trembling in their thatches hide.
Oh wake thy plagues, and break the shameful truce!
Unmuzzle Vengeance; let the blood-hound loose,

* Shoemakers are frequently the most respectable Votes in Country Boroughs.

To bid Humanity, pale Fool, adieu,
And flesh his hunger on the coal-black crew.—
Thus shall the Lowther name again be great,
Men tremble at the sound, and Children sweat;
High o'er thy walls, to prove a Host one Slave,
The lordly flag of Tyranny shall wave:
Thus at thy feet shall dûmb Obedience fall,
And Hell in lustre yield to Lowther Hall.

ODES OF IMPORTANCE:

VIZ.

TO THE SHOEMAKERS.
TO MR. BURKE.
TO IRONY.
TO LORD LONSDALE.
TO THE KING.
TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR.
TO A MARGATE HOY.

OLD SIMON, A TALE.

THE JUDGES; OR, THE WOLVES, THE BEAR, AND INFERIOR BEASTS: A FABLE.

—Sic positi, suaves miscetis odores.

SWEET-BRIAR, hawthorn, lilies, nettles, roses;
What a nice *bouquet* for all sorts of noses!

Ludimus innocuis verbis, nec lædere quenquam
Mens nostra. MARTIAL.

MY Verse's *sweetness, mildness*, none deny:
Lord! playful Peter would not wound a Fly.

ODES OF IMPORTANCE.

RESIGNATION.

An Ode to the Journeymen Shoemakers, who lately refused to work except their Wages were raised.

Sons of Saint Crispin, 'tis in vain:
Indeed 'tis fruitless to complain.—
I know you wish good Beef or Veal to carve:
But first the hungry Great must all be fed;
Mean time, *you* all must chew hard musty Bread,
Or, what is *commonly* unpleasant, starve.

Your *masters* like *yourselves* oppression feel;
It is not they would wish to stint your meal:
Then suck your paws like Bears, and be resign'd.
Perhaps your *sins* are many; and if so
Heaven gives us very frequently, we know,
The Great as Scourges for mankind.
Your *masters* soon may follow you, so lank;
Undone by simple confidence in *rank*.

The Royal Richmond builds his state on Coals;
Salisbury and Hawkesbury, lofty souls,
With their fair Dames must have the Ball and Rout.
Kings must our Millions have, to make a glare;
Whose Sycophants must also have a share.—
But pout not: 'tis a *libel*, Sirs, to *pout*.

Closed be your mouths, or dread the jail or thong:
You must not for your Money have a Song.

Cease, cease your riot, pray, my friends:
It answereth (believe me) no good ends
And yet the time will come, I hope to God,
When black-faced, damn'd Oppression, to his den
Shall howling fly before the curse of men,
And feel of anger'd Justice the sharp rod.

Go home, I beg of you, my Friends, and eat
Your sour, your mouldy Bread, and Offal meat;
Till Freedom comes: I see her on the way.
Then shall a smile break forth upon each mien,
The front of banish'd Happiness be seen,
And, Sons of Crispin, you once more be gay.

Now go, and learn submission from your Bible:
Complaint is now-a-days a flagrant *libel*.

Yes, go and try to chew your mouldy bread:
Justice is *sick*, I own, but is not *dead.*

Let Grandeur roll her chariot on our necks;
Submission, sweet humility bespeaks:
Let Grandeur's plumes be lifted by our sighs.
Let Dice, and Chariots, and the stately Thrones,
Be form'd of poor men's hard-work'd Bones:
We must contribute; or, lo, Grandeur dies.
We are the Parish that supports her show;—
A truth that Grandeur wishes not to know.

Full many a time reluctantly, I own,
I view our mighty Rulers with a groan,
Who eat the labours of us *vulgar crew;*
Bask on our shoulders in their lazy state:
And if we dare *look up* for ease, th' ingrate
Look down, and ask us, " Damme, who are you?"

Now such forgetfulness is most unpleasant.
The man who doth receive a Hare or Pheasant,
Might *somewhat*, certainly, from manners spare,
And say, " I *thank ye* for the bird or hare."

But then I'm told again, that Grandeur's *sore*
At owning obligations to the *poor;*

Such favours *cut no figure* in discourse:
She thinks she might as well thank Dogs and Cats
For finding partridges and catching rats;
And say " I'm much obliged t'ye" to a Horse.

Lo, to the Great we breathe the Sigh in vain;
A Zephyr murmuring through the hollow walls:
Our Tear, that tries to melt their souls, the Rain
That printless on the rock of ages falls.

The lofty Great must have the softest bed,
To lay the *soft* luxurious head:
And from our bosoms we poor *geese*, so tame,
Must pluck submissively the tender feather;
Ourselves exposed to Nature's rudest weather,
Denied the liberty to cry out, " Shame!"
Thus, while *their* heads the Pillow's down imprint,
Ours must be only bolster'd by a Flint.

You must not heed your Children's hunger'd cry,
Nor once upon their little sorrows sigh:
In tears their blubber'd faces let them steep,
And howl their Hunger and their Grief to *sleep*.
'Tis *impudence* in Babes to cry for bread:
Lo, Grandeur's favourite *dogs* must first be fed.

See yon proud Duchess, yet *of late* so *poor*,
With not above *ten thousand pounds* a year:
Behold! a hundred coaches at her door,
Where Pharo triumphs in his mad career.
We *must* support her, or by hook or crook;
For lo, her Husband was—a Royal Duke!

We *must* support too her fine gold-laced crew,
Behind her gilt coach, dancing Molly-fellows,
With canes and ruffles goodly to the view,
And (suiting their *complexions*) *pink* umbrellas.
It must be so; for lordly Grandeur rules.
Lo, Quality are Gods, and Mob are Mules!

I know you wish to see on gold, so good,
King George's Head, that many a want supplies;
So very pleasant to his People's eyes,
As pleasant as the Head of *flesh and blood.*

Money's a rattling sinner, to be sure:
Like the sweet Cyprian Girl (we won't say Whore),
Is *happy* to be *frequently employed*,
And not content by *one* to be enjoyed;
Yet, like the Great ones, with fastidious eye,
Seems of *inferior* mortals rather *shy*.

Then go, my Friends, and chew your mouldy bread:
'Tis on *our* shoulders Courts must lift the head.
Remember, we are only Oxen yet;
Therefore, beneath the yoke, condemn'd to sweat.
But gradually we all shall change to men;
And then!!! what *then*?—Ye heavens! why *then*
The lawless sway of Tyranny is o'er;
Pride falls, and Britons will be Beasts no more.

ODE TO BURKE.

Ah, Burke! full sorry is the Muse indeed,
That *thou* art from the Patriot Phalanx fled:
For what? To crouch and flatter Queens and Kings?
Meanly to mingle with a Courtier Gang,
That Infamy herself would scorn to hang;
Such a poor squalid host of creeping things?

Has madness fired thy brain? Alas! return,
Thy fault in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:
Join not a Court, and Freedom's foulest foes.
Repentance, lo, shall try to wash thee white:
Then howl not, Edmund, 'mid the Imps of Night;
Swell not the number of a Flock of Crows.

What murky Cloud, the Vapour black of Courts,
(For many a cloud the breath of Kings supports,)
Attempts thy Reputation's spreading beam?
What Bat-like Demon, with the damn'dest spite,
Springs on thy fame, on Glory's sacred height,
To souse it in Disgrace's dirty stream?

Alas! if Majesty did gracious say,
" Burke, Burke, I'm glad, I'm glad you ran away:
I'm glad you left your party, very glad.
They wish'd to treat me like a Boy at School;
Rope, rope me like a Horse, an Ass, a Mule:
That's very bad, you know; that's very bad.

" I hate the Portland junto; hate it, Burke:
Poor rogues, poor rogues, that cannot draw a cork:
Nothing but empty dishes, empty dishes.
We've got the loaves and fishes, loaves and fishes."

I say, if thus a mighty Monarch spoke
As usual, not by way of joke,
Did not the speech so withering make thee shrink?
Didst thou not inward say, " I've damn'd myself:
" Why, what a miserable elf!"
And then upon each old Acquaintance think;
And with a sigh recall those Attic days
When Wit and Wisdom pour'd the mingled blaze?

Burke, Burke, most easily do I discover
Thou loathest the weak smile that won thee over;
From Treachery borrow'd, ne'er to be return'd.
Even now thou art not happy at thy heart:
It sighs for Wisdom's voice, and pants to part
From fellows by the honest Virtues spurn'd.

Thy Tongue has promised friendship with a sigh;
For, lo, th' interpreter of thoughts, thine Eye,
Hangs heavy, beamless on the motley band
To whom thou stretchest forth thy leaden hand.

Yes, slowly does that hand of *friendship* move;
The startled Courtiers feel no grasp of love:
A cold and palsied shake of gratulation,
As though it trembled at contamination.

O Burke! behold fair Liberty advancing;
Truth, Wit, and Humour, sporting in her train:
Behold them happy, singing, laughing, dancing,
Proud of a Golden Age again!

When all thy Friends (thy Friends of late, I mean)
Shall, flush'd with conquest, meet their Idol Queen,
The Goddess at whose shrine a World should kneel;
When *they* with songs of triumph hail the Dame,
Will not thy cheek be dash'd with deepest shame,
And Conscience somewhat startled feel?

Ah! will thine eye a gladsome beam display;
Borrow from smooth Hypocrisy's a ray,
To hail the long-desired return?

Speak, wilt thou screw into a smile thy mouth,
And welcome Liberty, with Wit and Truth;
And for a moment leave thy Gang to mourn?

Yes, thou wilt greet her with a half-forced smile;
Quitting thy *virtuous* company awhile,
To say, "Dear Madam, welcome: how d'ye do?"—
And then the Dame will answer with a dip,
Scorn in her eye, contempt upon her lip,
"Not much the better, Mister Burke, for *you*."

Poor Burke! I read thy soul, and feel thy pain:
Go, join the Sycophants that I disdain.

ODE TO IRONY.

O THOU, with mouth demure and solemn eye,
Who laughest not, thou Quaker-looking wight,
But makest others roaring laugh outright,
Thus chasing widow Sorrow and her sigh!
O thou who formest pills to purge the spleen!
No more in Britain must thou dare be seen.

There *was* a time, but not like ours so *nice*,
When thou couldst banish Folly, nay and Vice:
Leagued with thy Daughter Humour, damsel quaint;
And Wit, that could have tickled even a Saint.

But times are alter'd. Certain Greybeads say,
" Ye vagabonds, you've had indeed your day;
But never dare to show your face agen,
To take vile liberties with lofty men.
Grin, if you please; with joke the World regale:
Yet mind, a *critic* hears you, call'd a *jail*."

But lo, fair Liberty divinely strong!
A Patriot Phalanx leads the Dame along.

Thou, Wit, and Humour, shall adorn her train.
And let *me* proudly join the noble few;
While, to the cause of glory true,
The Muse shall shout her boldest strain.

Even I, 'midst such a Patriot Band,
Will gain importance through the Land;
Rise, from a poor Extinguisher, a Steeple:
And, O Ambition! hear thy suppliant's pray'r;
A sprig of thy unfading laurel spare,
And crown me, crown me, Poet of the People.

ODE TO LORD LONSDALE.

Fie, fie, my Lord! attack a Saint-like Poet?
Oh let not Ascalon nor let Gath know it!
What! by Law Bulldogs bid the Lambkin groan?
O Lonsdale! *genuine* Poetry is rare,
Half of our Verse *adulterated* ware:—
I speak of *others'* Verses, not *my own.*

Ah! stop not, stop not, Peter's tuneful throat.
Hereafter he may warble in thy *praise,*
Who so supasseth thousands in his note;
A Philomel amidst a flock of Jays.

The banishment of Ovid into Thrace
Did Cesar's glory grievously disgrace;
Dropp'd on his Coat of Arms a Stain of Ink,
And made the honest pen of History shrink.

Thou who shott'st Serjeant Bolton through the foot
(At least, didst make the Serjeant shoot himself),
Oh think how thou mayst suffer in repute,
By falling on a harmless rhyming elf!

Revenge herself would blush at such a deed;
For Poets always were a *dove-like* breed.

Fire at a great Law Serjeant; then let fly,
Bounce, on a simple Rhymer such as I;
Great *condescension* verily requires:
What Sportsman at the Pheasant aims, and then
Hunts in his humble bush the twittering Wren?
On Grouse and Grasshoppers what mortal fires?

At London frequently we meet
A lofty Camel in the street,
Moving with state-unwieldiness along:
We also see a Monkey on his hump,
Now, with an arch grimace, from head to rump
Skipping, and drawing wonder from the throng;
Against Lord Chesterfield's grave Maxim sinning,
The merry Grig; that is to say, by *grinning*.

Now this same Camel, a well-judging beast,
Feels not of goading ridicule the least;
Calmly the ruminating creature goes,
Poking his head, and shaking it in guise
Much like great Doctor Johnson, (call'd the Wise,
For pulling every Scotchman by the nose;

When ponderous moving through the Northern track,
With dapper Jemmy Boswell on his back.)

Now would not every mortal smile,
To see this Camel, all so full of bile,
  Bouncing unhappily about,
Dancing and staring, grunting, kicking, moaning,
And like a creature in the Colic groaning,
  Making for playful Jacko all this rout?—

When Hawkesbury, Salisbury, Leeds, and more beside,
Fearing the tinsel on the back of Pride
  Might tarnish by an acid drop of Rhyme;
And consequently lose the magic rays
That call forth Admiration's gape and gaze,
  And make her think she views the *true* sublime;—

I say, to Majesty when those *great* Lords
Pour'd forth a foaming torrent of hard words;
  As, "Hang that Peter Pindar, if you please:
Sire, make the graceless varlet understand
What 'tis to smile at Rulers of the Land;
  A Beggar that disgraces his own Fleas.

"Sire, sire, th' Attorney-general's Tiger gripe
Would quickly stop the ragamuffin's pipe;

Then for his laugh at Grandeur let him swing."—
" No," quoth the King:

" If *I'm* not hurt, my Lords, *you* may be quiet;
'Tis for *yourselves*, *yourselves*, you wish the riot:
Yes, yes, you fear, you fear, that Peter's Muse
Will hang *your* Grandeurs in her noose.

"No, no, my Lords, Macdonald* must not squeeze him:
You see I give up *new-year* Odes, to please him;
And faith, between me and the post and you,
I fear the knave will get the *birth-day* too.

" No, no; let Peter sing, and laugh, and live:
I like to read his Works; Kings are fair game.
What though he *bites?* 'Tis glorious to forgive.—
Go, go, my Lords, go, go, and do the same.

" Should Peter's Verse be in the *right*,
Our conduct must be in the *wrong*.
Poor, poor's the triumph of a little spite:
We must not hang a Subject for a Song.

" My Lords, my Lords, a whisper I desire:
Dame Liberty grows stronger, some feet higher;

* The Attorney-general.

She will not be bamboozled, as of late:
Aristocrate, and *la lanterne*,
Are very often cheek by jowl, we learn,
Within a certain neighbouring bustling State.
I think your Lordships and your Graces
Would not much like to *dangle* with wry faces.

" But mum, my Lords; mum, mum, my Lords; mum, mum:
You must be *cautious* for the time to come:
The People's brains are losing their old *fogs*.
Juries before the Judges won't look slink:
No, no; they fancy they've a *right* to *think*:
They say, indeed they won't be driven like Hogs.

" No Star-chambers, no Star-chambers, for *them*:
Slavery's the Devil, and Liberty a Gem.

" You see, my Lords, their heads are *not* so *thick*.
Take care, or soon you'll have a *bone to pick*;
And perhaps you would not like this same hard bone:
So let the laughing rhyming rogue alone."—

Sweet Robin of the Muse's sacred Grove,
Whose Soul is Butter-milk, and Song is Love;

So blest when Beauty forms the smiling theme:
Who wouldst not Heaven accept (the sex so dear),
Had charming Woman no apartments there;
Thy morning vision, and thy nightly dream:—

Mild Minstrel, could their Lordships call *thee* rogue,
Varlet, and knave, and vagabond, and dog?
What! try to bring *thee*, for thy *harmless* wit,
Where Greybeards in their robes terrific sit,
With sanctified long *fortune-telling* faces;
While Erskine, eldest-born of Ridicule,
From solemn Irony's bewitching school,
Tears to *un*judgelike grins the *hanging*-Graces?

Meek Poet, who, no prostitute for price,
Wilt never sanction fools, nor varnish vice;
Nor rob the Muse's altar of its flame,
To brighten with immortal beams a King
(If Freedom finds no shelter from his wing),
And meanly sing a Tyrant into fame!—

Thus, Lonsdale, thou behold'st a fair example
Of Greatness in a King, a noble sample.

Thou criest, "What must I do? on *thee* I call."—
Catch up your pen, my Lord, at once, and say,
"Dear Peter, all my rage is blown away;
So come and eat thy beef at Lowther Hall."

ODE TO THE ACADEMIC CHAIR,

ON THE

ELECTION OF MR. WEST TO THE PRESIDENCY.

How art thou fallen, thou *once* high-honour'd Chair!
Most Hedgehog-like, thou bristlest up my hair.—
  But possibly I'm only in a dream:
If so, immediately, oh! let me wake;
Good Morpheus, drag me from this sad mistake;
  Open my eyes, or lo, I shall blaspheme.

By Heavens, it is no vision: 'tis *too* plain
That thou, poor imp, are fated to sustain
  Of Benjamin th' abominable bum.
What! after Reynolds, to take up with West!
Th' Antipodes thou seekest, I protest:
  From Jove's grand Thunder, to an Infant's Drum:—

The lightning Courser, to the creeping Mole;
The World's wild Orbit, to a Spider's Hole;
From some fair Column, or Corinthian Dome,
Sunk to a dreary Dungeon, or the Tomb.

And yet, on recollection, that old Throne,
In Westminster's fair Choir for two-pence shown,
Which bore the Edwards, Harries, of our isle,
Has been obliged (a truth most melancholy)
To shrink beneath a leaden load of Folly,
And every meanness that can man defile.

Thy virtue is gone out of thee, I ween:
Thy Brother-chairs, of late with humbled mien,
That jealous envied thee thy towering fame,
All with one voice exclaim,
And all the poignant power of ridicule,
" He is not equal to an old Joint-stool.

" *He* who of late so lofty held his crest,
Arrayed so gorgeous in a crimson vest;
He now is worse than us poor humble Hacks,
With not a single rag about our backs.

" Get thyself burnt, thou sad degraded Creature;
Go, boil some poor old Washerwoman's water;
Or get thyself to Skewers and Crock-sticks turn'd:
To some dead Beggar's Coffin give each Nail,
And yield thy Velvet to some Strumpet's Tail;
For, know, thou shouldst no longer be adorn'd."

Thus speak thy Brother-chairs: and yet 'tis cruel;
As thou wouldst rather be cut up for Fuel,
Or rest the backs of Beggars in the street.
But lo, West fills thee, by his King's commands;
Loved by his Subjects, *fear'd* by foreign lands,
And full of Wisdom as an Egg of Meat!—

"I like West's works; he beats the Raphael school.
I never liked that Reynolds: 'twas a fool,
Painted too thick; a Dauber: 'twon't, 'twon't pass.
West, West, West's Pictures are as smooth as Glass.
Besides, I hated Reynolds from my heart:
He thought that *I knew nought* about the Art.

"*West* tells me that my Taste is *very pure;*
That I'm a Connoisseur, a Connoisseur:
I like, I like, I like the Works of West."
Thus doth our King, in sounds so gracious, cry:
Which proves that Kings with *little* can be blest,
And give the wings of Eagles to a Fly.

OLD SIMON.

A TALE.

FOLKS cannot be *for ever* snivelling, no,
With Fountain Noses that for ever flow:
The World would quickly be undone.
Widows, and lovelorn Girls, poor souls! would die;
And for his rich old Father sob and sigh,
And hang himself perchance, a *hopeful* Son:—

And for their Cats that happ'd to slip their breath,
Old Maids, so sweet, might mourn themselves to death.
Sorrow may therefore have her decent day,
And smiling Pleasure come again in play.

No: folks can't brood *for ever* upon Grief;
Pleasure must steal into her place at last:
Thus then the heart from horror finds relief,
Snatch'd from the cloud by which it is o'ercast.

Thus was an anger'd Lord my constant theme,
My constant thought by day, my constant dream:

Tears at his image oft burst out, with sighs.
At length Charles Fox appear'd*: behold the change
No longer after Sorrow did I range,
But on the smile of Pleasure cast mine eyes.

Pleasure's a lass that will at length prevail:
Witness the little pleasant following Tale.—

Narcissa, full of grace, and youth, and charms,
Had slept some years in good Old Simon's arms;
Her kind and lawful Spouse, that is to say:
Who, following of numbers the example,
Wishing of sweet *young* Flesh to have a sample,
Married this charming Girl upon a day.

For from grey-headed men, and thin, and old,
Young Flesh is finely form'd to keep the *cold*.
Thus of the pretty Shunammite we read,
Who warm'd the good King David and his bed,
Brought back his flagging spirits all so cool,
And kept the King of Israel warm as Wool.

* With the Libel-bill; on which the Lord Chancellor wished to *consult* the Judges. Few are the men candid enough to part *voluntarily* with power, however tyrannical: it must be *torn* from them. The Judges have been rendered independent of the Crown, by the People: now let them show their gratitude.

Indeed she warmer could the Monarch keep,
Than any thing belonging to a Sheep.

Most virtuous was Narcissa, lo!
All purity from top to toe;
As Hebe sweet, and as Diana chaste.
None but Old Simon was allowed to kiss,
Though hungry as a Hound to snap the bliss;
Nor squeeze her hand, nor take her round the waist.

Had any dared to give her a green gown,
The Fair had petrified him with a frown:
For Chastity, Lord bless us! is *so* nice;
Pure as the Snow, and colder than the Ice.

Thus then, as I have said before,
Sweetly she slept, and probably might snore,
In good Old Simon's unmolesting arms.
Some years, with this *antique* of christian clay,
Did pass in this same tasteless, tranquil way:
Ah, Gods, how *lucky* for such *tender* charms!

Yes, very *fortunate* it seem'd to be;
For, had Narcissa wedded some *young* chaps,
Their impudences, all forsooth so free,
Had robb'd her eyes by night of half their *naps*.

And yet, on second thoughts (sometimes the best),
Ladies *might* choose to lose a little rest,
Keep their eyes open for a Lover's sake,
And thus a *sacrifice* to Cupid make.

It pleased at length the Lord who dwells on high,
To bid the good old simple Simon die;
" Sleep with his fathers," as the Scripture has it:
Narcissa wept, that they were doom'd to part,
Blubber'd and almost broke her little heart;
So great her grief, that nothing could surpass it.
Not Niobe mourn'd more for fourteen Brats;
Nor Mistress Tofts, to leave her twenty Cats*.

Not to his grave was poor Old Simon *hurried*;
No! 'twas a fortnight full ere he was buried.
'Tis said, Old Simon verily did stink.
A pretty Sermon on th' occasion given,
Proved his good works, and that he was in heaven:
Scraps too of Latin did the parson link
Unto the Funeral Sermon, all so sweet,
The Congregation and the Dead to greet:

* The famous Singer. She died a few years since at Venice, and left to every Cat a *legacy*.

For every Wife that is *genteelly* bred,
Orders a sprig of Latin for the dead.
And of a sprig of Latin what's the cost?—
A poor Half-guinea at the most.

Latin sounds well: it is a kind of Balm,
That honoureth a corpse just like a Psalm;
And 'tis believed by folks of pious qualm,
Heaven *won't receive* a Soul *without* a Psalm.—

But now for poor Narcissa, wailing Dove!
Nothing, no, nothing equall'd her dear love;
Such tears and groans burst forth, from eyes and mouth;
Where'er she went, she was so full of woes,
Just like a dismal Day that rains and blows
From every quarter, east, west, north and south;
And like some Fountains were Narcissa's Eyes,
Lifting a constant water to the skies.

Resolved to keep his Image near her breast,
She got him beautifully carved in wood;
Made it her Bed-fellow, to sooth her rest;
And thought him much *like him* of flesh and blood,

Because it lay so wonderfully *quiet*,
And, like Old Simon, *never* bred a *riot*.
'Twas for some weeks, sweet soul! her pious plan,
Nightly to hug her dear old wooden Man.

Yet, verily, it doth my fancy strike,
That buxom Widows, full of rich desires,
Full of fine prancing blood, and Love's bright fires,
Might such a *wooden* Supplement *dislike*.
But who can answer for the Sex indeed?
Of things *most wonderful* we sometimes read!

It came to pass, a Youth admired the Dame;
Burning to satisfy a lawless flame;
With much more Passion fill'd, the rogue, than Grace.—
What did he? Bribed, one night, Narcissa's Maid,
And got *his* limbs, so devilish saucy, laid
(Th' *impostors!*) in poor wooden Simon's place.
Susan, though born among a vulgar tribe,
Knew *nature*, and the *nature* of a Bribe.—

The Dame came up, delicious, and undrest;
When Susan's *candle* suddenly *went out*.
Misfortunes sometimes will attend the best:
No matter; sweet Narcissa made no rout.

She could not miss the way, although 'twas dark,
Unto her bed, and dear old Bit of Bark.

In slipp'd the Fair, so fresh, beneath the sheets,
Thinking to hug her dear old oaken Love:
But, lo, her Bed-fellow with *kisses* greets:
She trembles like an Aspen, pretty Dove!
In short, her *terror* kept her so much under,
She *could not* get away; and where's the wonder?
Since 'tis an old and philosophic notion,
That terror robbeth all the limbs of motion.

The upshot of the matter soon was this:
Her horrors *sunk*, and *died*, at every kiss;
And, 'stead of wishing for the Man of Wood,
She *seem'd* to *relish* that of Flesh and Blood.

Next day, but *not* indeed *extremely soon*
(Some five or six o'clock, the afternoon),
Susan came tapping at the chamber-door:—
(Now this was very prudent, to be sure;
It had been *foolish* to have tapped *till then:)*
"Well, Madam, what d'ye choose for dinner, pray?"—
"Fish, flesh, and fowl," the Lady quick did say:
"The *best* of every thing; I don't care *when*."—

" But, Madam, I want wood to make a fire:
'Tis rather late; our hands we have no time on."—
" Oh!" cried Narcissa, full of her new Squire,
" Then, Susan, you may go and *burn Old Simon.*"

ODE TO THE KING.

WRITTEN SOME TIME SINCE.

An't please your Majesty, 'twas rumour'd lately
That you had got it in your head so stately,
That we must have a Law-suit: God forbid it!
Whether 'tis Hawkesbury, or his Grace of Leeds,
Invented such intended hostile deeds,
Or whether the more lofty Salisbury did it,
I say not: but great Lords are given to chatter;
So, Sir, I deem it all a lying matter.

There's my Lord Bluff too, Cardigan the *great*,
Whose *face* Dame Nature *never meant* should *cheat;*
Who, if aught hurts the King, doth shrink and wince,
As *faithful* to his *sovereign* as his *prince:*
Brimful of loyalty his noble Breast;
Large and fermenting like a Tub of Yeast.
Glad at the Aloes thrown into my cup,
He says too that you mean to eat me up,

That heartily they wish it, I don't doubt;
Most loyal *seem* they in your cause, and stout:

You can't think how they *seem* to take your part;
And at the Poet, as the Devil, start.

I say the Devil, Sir, because *some* Peers
Are with the Devil oft in large *arrears:*
They *open'd an account,* Sir, long ago;
And Satan's a *great creditor,* I know.

Yes, *hugely* do they *seem* to take your part:
And at the Poet, as a Demon, start;
Just like a Horse or Ass at some wild Beast
Prepared to jump upon their backs, and feast.

This Loyalty's a Bird of Passage, Sire;
Likes the Sun's eye, a comfortable fire:
Warm'd by this fire, so cheerful doth she sing
The hack'd old ballad, call'd "God save the King."
But be in trouble, Sir; soon, very soon
The Jade will drop the good old tune.

Yes; much your Lords are like the Birds of May,
Crying, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," so gay;
But if a gloomy month appear, so rough,
And frost, and snow, and storms lay waste the land,
Where are the pretty Birds with note so bland?—
Off!

Spit on the Courtiers, when with praise they greet:
What from their mouth's unhallow'd censer flows?
Instead of Fame's Perfume, so passing sweet,
Lo, putrid Dunghills smoke beneath thy nose!

Good God! that Man should so far lose his nature,
To beg Hypocrisy to mould each feature;
Crawl like the meanest Reptile of the plain:
Kick'd, Cur-like whipp'd, and whistled back again!

You tell me that such Reptiles you abhor,
And that you *never see* my fancied Cur.—
Indeed, Sir! Then I strongly do surmise,
On Levee-days you always *shut your eyes.*

ODE TO A MARGATE HOY.

WHEN Virgil shipp'd himself for Greece;
Whether to scape the Bailiffs, I can't tell;
Or libels wrote, got drunk, and broke the peace;
But Horace wrote an Ode, to wish him well.

Whether, like Margate Hoys, the ship was cramm'd
With Roman Quality, no histories know it;
But Horace swore she might as well be damn'd,
As show her nose again without the Poet:
In the same Verse he breath'd a pious wish
To blustering Boreas, and the King of Fish*.

Now if a Bard, and that a *heathen* too,
Could offer Verse to make old Ocean quiet,
Instruct the great King Neptune *who* was *who*,
And bid the God of Mackrel breed no riot;

A *christian* Bard may give a Hoy an Ode,
So oft with *valuable people* stow'd,
That, thick as Rats or Maggots, from Wool Quay
Crawl down the ladder to their watry way.—

* Neptune.

Go, beauteous Hoy, in safety every inch.
That storms should wreck thee, gracious Heaven forbid!
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kidd.
Go, with thy cargo Margate town amuse;
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews!

Soon as thou gett'st within the Pier,
All Margate will be out, I trow;
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst Wild Beasts to show.

O Venus, Queen of every kissing-joy!
Beneath thy soft protection take the Hoy;
Protect each Damsel from the dangerous brine;
For many a Nymph it holds, thou callest *thine*.

Alas! the little Loves, and blooming Graces,
Would all put on most melancholy faces,
Should Ocean, hostile to the soft desires,
O'erwhelming, quench for aye their amorous fires.

My good friend Johnson, Mesdames Windsor, Kelly,
Who for the Public, let me tell ye,

And through Saint James's-street, the Park, Pall-Mall,
Oft lead their lovely giggling Tits along,
A pretty pleasing fascinating throng—
Much would they *grieve* to find the Voyage fail:

Like three stout Men of War for safety made,
From port to port who convoy the *fair* Trade;
Or three protecting Ducks, that guard their brood,
And lead their cackling young to pick up food.

Yet not alone would *those* be taken napping:
Great were the loss of *gentlefolks* from Wapping,
Who, fond of travel, unto Margate roam,
To gain that *consequence* they *want* at *home*.

At Margate, how like Quality they strut!
Nothing is *good enough* to greet their jaws;
Yet, when at Home, are often forced, God wot,
To suck, like Bears, a dinner from their paws:—

Forced on an old Joint-stool their tea to take,
With Treacle 'stead of Sugar for their gums;
Buttering their hungry loaf, or oaten cake,
Like mighty Charles of Sweden, with their Thumbs.

But, Hoy, inform me, who is She on board,
That seems the Lady of a first-rate Lord;

With Stomach high push'd forth as if in scorn,
Like Craws of ducks and geese o'ercharged with corn:—

Dress'd in a glaring, gorgeous, damask gown,
Which Roses, like the Leaves of Cabbage, crown;
With also a bright Petticoat of Pink,
To make the eye from such a lustre shrink?

Yes, who is She, the Patagonian Dame,
As bulky as of Heidelberg the Tun;
Her face, as if by Brandy taught to flame,
In blaze superior to the noon-day Sun:
With Fingers just like Sausages, fat things;
And loaded, much like Curtain-rods, with Rings?

Yes, who is She that with a squinting eye
Surveys poor Passengers that sickening sigh;
Sad, pale-nosed, gaping, puling, mournful faces,
Deserted by the blooming smiling Graces;
That, reaching o'er thy side, so doleful throw
The Stomach's Treasure to the Fish below?—

'Tis Madame Bacon, proud of worldly goods;
Whose *first* Spouse shaved and bled, drew teeth,
made wigs:
Who, having by her tongue destroy'd poor Suds,
Married a Wight that *educated* Pigs.

But hark! she speaks, extremely like a Man;
Raising a furious Tempest with her Fan:
"Why, Captain, what a beastly Ship! Good God!
Why, Captain, this indeed is very odd!
Why, what a grunting dirty pack of doings!
For Heaven's sake, Captain, stop the creatures' spew
ings."—

Now hark: the Captain answers, "Mistress Bacon,
I own I can't be with *such matters* taken;
I *likes* not Vomitings no more than *you*:
But *if so be* that *gentlefolks* be sick,
A woman hath the bowels of Old Nick,
Poor souls, to bung their mouths: 'twere like
Jew."—

Majestic Mistress Bacon speaks again:
"Folks have *no business* to make others sick:
I don't know, Mister Captain, what you mean
About your Jews, and Bowels of Old Nick.
If all your Cattle will such hubbub keep,
I know that I shall leave your stinking Ship.

"Some folks have devilish dainty guts, good Lord!
What business have such Cattle here aboard?

Such gang indeed to *foreign places* roam!
'Tis more becoming them to spew at home."—

But hark, the Captain *properly* replies:
" Why, what a breeze is here! God damn my eyes!
God bless us, Mistress Bacon! who are *you?*
Zounds, Ma'am, I say, *my* Passengers *shall* spew."

THE WOLF AND THE LION.

A TALE,

DEDICATED TO LORD HAWKESBURY.

KINGS really are in general not *so bad*,
And therefore I must take their part;
But 'tis their Servants that are drunk or mad,
With every demon trick and little art.

Champions for *master's* fame, they fire away:
And 'midst the bustle of the idle fray,
Like Lubbers, knock him on the head;
Then, staring, wonder how he should be *dead!*

Sometimes a King discovers he has eyes,
Then for himself he sees; now that is wise.

Once on a time, a Lion, (not a fool,
Though in the *under class* of Wisdom's school,)
Amidst his Subjects had a Monkey got,
Who, rather impudent enough,
Would take his Sovereign's foibles off,
Tell stories of him, mimic him, what not?

This for the scheming Wolf was quite a feast;
Who told the Monarch of the Monkey's sinning,
Relating all his mimicry and grinning,
Trying to irritate the noble Beast.

"What, what, what doth he say?" the Lion cried.—
"Dread Sir, you are most wickedly belied,"
Rejoin'd the Wolf with brazen face:
"He says that you to merit are no friend,
And only to a patronage *pretend;*
And slight th' inferiors of the brutal race.

"He swears you don't encourage useful Beasts;
That for *yourself alone* you're making feasts;
And that it is beyond a question,
No beast has such a wonderful digestion:—

"That, all so saving, you would skin a Stone,
And only think of *number one;*
And that it is a sin indeed and shame
My Lady Lioness should do the same:—

"That Sycophants, who flatter, fawn, and creep,
Are really all the company you keep;
That Beasts of Talents, whom you *should* support,
Are all forbid to show their nose at Court."

"What?" quoth the Monarch: "what, what? doth
he so?"—
"Yes, Sire, now hang him, and the rogue requite."—
"Wolf," quoth the Lion, "no, no, no, no, no;
I fear, I fear, the rogue is *in the right*."

Now this was noble; like a King, in sooth;
Who scorn'd to *choke* a Subject for the *truth*.

THE WOLVES,

THE BEAR, AND OTHER BEASTS.

A FABLE.

ALL Judges *should be* mild and just;
This *is* the case with *English ones*, I *trust*.
Such Kenyon, Buller, shine, those rare Law-sages:
Neither of *these* a rash or hot-brain'd fool;
Most charming dove-like imps of Mercy's school,
Whose names shall live to distant ages:
All meekness, sweetness, tender nature—
And all their Virtues of a Giant stature!

What happiness it needs must yield a Land,
To see such *goodly* men upon the Bench,
Whom *none* can with a single *murder* brand;
Whose *hearts*, so pure, did *ne'er* emit a *stench*
Like Carrion, so offensive to our noses;
But scents of lilies, violets, and roses!

They *never*, with the faces of the Furies,
Dared *dictate*, *brow-beat*, and *control* the *juries*;

Nor wilful *misinterpreted* the Law:
Full well they know that juries are *above 'em*,
And 'tis astonishing how much they *love 'em*.—
When Judge and Jury thus together draw,

With so much pleasure, like a pair of Nags,
Behold, no tongue opprobrious wags;
No tongue cries "Jeffries, bloody Jeffries, Scroggs!
Hang, hang those Traitors, like a brace of Dogs.

"Not in their beds be they allow'd to die,
Nor let their putrid carcases have graves:
Slap Pity's face, if e'er she bids her eye
Hold but a drop for such a pair of knaves."

Full of rich character shall *such* descend,
And honour'd with their high-famed fathers sleep;
Fair Justice shall with sighs their hearse attend,
And Pity's song of melancholy weep.

Like Leaves, while *others* fall unmourn'd away,
And load of death the solitary glooms,
Lo! Glory from her Sun shall pluck a ray,
And bid it spread eternal round their tombs.

Yet Nations *have been* cursed with wicked Judges,
Who, fond of power, possess'd hard Jury-grudges;

Who calmly sent poor Culprits to their graves,
Just as an eastern Despot sends his Slaves.
For *such* I pen a neat Esopian Tale,
Hoping the pretty Moral will prevail.

Th' *inferior* Beasts most bitterly complain'd,
(And who will not complain, whose cheek is smitten?)
That from the Wolves much hardship they sustain'd,
And often most inhumanly were bitten.
This wantonness Dame Justice did cry "Fie" on;
And mentioned it, but vainly, to the Lion.

"Those damn'd *furr'd* rascals!" growl'd the angry Beasts,
"Each Wolf upon our meat continual feasts;
Yet *snap*'s the word, and quick off goes a head.
We must take out their Teeth; it can't be borne:
Yes, from their jaws their Grinders must be torn.
Behold, the very fields with blood are red!"

But first the Bear must be consulted.—Bruin,
Who did not much approve jaw-ruin,
With his black hide, to all the Beasts appear'd,
And with much gravity their story heard.

" Sirs," quoth the Bear, " you talk of taking Teeth
With such an easy and familiar breath,
As though it might be pleasant to their jaws.
But I must ask the Wolves if they'll consent
That from their mouths their Grinders shall be rent:
For this is necessary, Sirs, because
The Wolves are *owners* of the Teeth; and therefore,
Before Ruspini's* call'd, will ask a *wherefore*."

Bruin, in consequence, the Wolves address:
" Lord Wolves, it is the wish of many a Beast,
That you consent your Teeth may all be pull'd.
Damn me if I would lose my Snags, my Lords;
I'd tell the Knaves so, in so many words.
God damn me, of one's Grinders to be gull'd!—

" What! lose our Teeth?" exclaim'd the Wolves: " no no:
We'll keep them, if it only be for *show*.
Say, my Lord Bruin, that, and let them *chew* it.
Nay, tell the fools, we wish them somewhat longer,
Sharper, and more of them, and stronger;
And, if we lose them, force shall only do it."

* The Chevalier, a famous Dentist.

This answer of the Wolves, Lord Bear reported:
Which answer did not please the Beasts at all;
Who, slighted, now no longer pray'd and courted,
But on the villains fast began to fall,
Choked two or three prime rogues; and, on condition,
Received, from all th' affrighted rest, submission.

THE

TEARS OF ST. MARGARET;

ALSO

ODES OF CONDOLENCE

TO THE

HIGH AND MIGHTY MUSICAL DIRECTORS, ON THEIR DOWNFALL.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE ADDRESS TO THE OWL:

LIKEWISE

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF, & JUDGE BULLER'S WIG; A FABLE.

ALSO

THE CHURCHWARDEN OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE,

OR THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

——Delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.

THE King was wroth; and, smelling matters out,
He put the Grand Directors to the rout.

TO THE READER.

THE frequent complaints of ignorance, partiality, profusion, &c. exhibited against the Most Noble Musical Directors, together with their quarrels with the principal Singers and Performers, having brought them into unpopularity; and what seemed worst of all, the Most Noble Directors having imprudently made a public declaration, without his Majesty's consent, that there was an end of Abbey Commemoration, such a favourite Hobby-horse of Majesty; the King resolved on their dismission from all and every interference at the Oratorio to be performed at St. Margaret's Church. The immediate consequence of the Royal denunciation was, the *displeasure* of the Directors; and was also, of consequence, the *displeasure* of the Lyric Bard, who sighed on the mournful occasion, and took up the cudgels in their defence. Great has been the cry against them, that they feasted at the Saint Albans Tavern, at the expense of the Musical Fund. Although I do not credit such rumour, I have taken the fact for granted, that (like their Deputies, who actually *did* feast at different times at the Saint Albans Tavern, at the expense

of the fund) the Noble Directors *did* condescendingly show the example; and I have hinted that those Most Noble Directors had as fair a right to be rewarded with dinners as Parish Officers and their friends, who so frequently have a jovial meeting to eat and tipple eleemosynary on the birth of a Bastard.

PROLOGUE TO THE ODES;

OR,

THE TEARS OF ST. MARGARET.

Now Night, the Negro, reign'd. "Past one o'clock,"
The drowsy Watchman bawl'd: from murky vaults,
The dough-faced Spectres crowded forth: the eye,
The sunk, the wearied eye of Toil, was closed:
Mute, Nature's busied voice, her brawl and hum;
While Horror, creeping on the World of Gloom,
Breath'd her dark spirit through the death-like hour.
Now from her silver-fringed East the Moon
Peep'd on the vast of shade; up-mounting slow,
In solemn stillness, till her labouring orb,
Freed from the caves of darkness, gain'd its sphere,
And moved in splendid solitude along.
At this blank hour of awe, amid her fane,
That caught a partial radiance on its walls,—
A radiance stealing on the shadowy tombs,
Illuminating death,—the pious Maid

Whose flesh did wonders in its days of bloom,
And bones work'd marvels when she smiled no more,
The pensive Margaretta, stalk'd and paus'd,
And paus'd and stalk'd, and stalk'd and paus'd again:
Now nailing to the twilight floor her eye;
Now gazing on the holy windows dim;
Now motionless, and now with hurrying step
Along the hollow-sounding aisle she pass'd;
And, leaning lorn at murder'd Raleigh's tomb,
Of Silence waked the pale and sacred sleep,
With plaintive accent, thus:——

MARGARET'S LAMENTATION.

WHY should yon old Abbey, shouldering
My poor fane with Gothic pride,
Cracking, sinking, falling, mouldering,
On the back of Margaret ride?

What is that huge Ruin's merit?
Only fit for housing Rats.
Be her Guests, with all my spirit,
Hooting Owls, and horrid Bats!

Why am *I* to be despised,
Why am *I* to be kept under;
I who once by Kings was prized?
What's the meaning on't, I wonder?

I whose power could agues charm,
Fits and tooth-aches, cramps and evils;
Satan's wicked self disarm;
Him, the great proud Prince of Devils.

Lo, that Abbey for past years,
At each grand Commemoration,
For Directors, boasted *Peers*;
Peers, the Glory of the Nation.

Who were *my* Directors? Lo,
Doctor Parsons, Justice Collic;
Arnold and Dupuis and Co.—
What a very pretty frolic!

But 'tis said, the King commanded,
And the grand Directors fell:
By the King were they disbanded?
Fame will blush, the tale to tell.

Soon I'll go (for what should hinder?)
To the first of rhyming men;
To that Giant, Peter Pindar:
He shall hear—and *then*, and *then!*

Peter in his wrath shall rise,
And the Scythe of Verse prepare:
Lo, I see his Lightning Eyes!
Lo, his Arm of Vengeance bare!

Backs of Monarchs shall he slice,
As he scorns them so *sincerely*.
Woman need not ask him twice;
Peter loves the Ladies dearly.

Thus spoke the Saint. When Morn her blushes spread,
To Covent-garden's Square she wing'd her flight;
And drew the curtains of the Poet's bed,
Who fortunately slept *alone* that night.

To him she told her story o'er and o'er;
When Peter, roused by Margaret's sad narration,
Pull'd off his night-cap, and devoutly swore
He'd *roast* a *certain* Ruler of a Nation.

Saint Margaret thank'd the Bard with sweetest smiles,
And Peter thunder'd on the King of Isles.

ODES OF CONDOLENCE.

ODE I.

The Poet breaks mournfully out on the Fall of the Noble Directors—Threatens to expostulate with the King—Laments the Loss of Direction-importance, Boxes, White Wands, and Dinners at the Saint Albans Tavern, &c.

Poor Leeds! poor Uxbridge! and poor Joah Bates!
And all ye other poor ones, of hard fates!
'Tis a strange man, this King of ours, indeed.
There's reason, to be sure, in roasting eggs.
What! raise an Oratorio at Saint Peg's,
And set a thing on *foot* without a *head!*

What! could the King have Music in a *church*,
And leave the *great* Directors in the lurch?
Even so: but lo, I'll parley with the King,
And *such* a peal into his ears I'll ring!

Thus will I say, howe'er it may disgust:
"An't please your Majesty, you are *unjust*."—
"How, how?" the King will cry, with wild rapidity.—

" Yes, Sire; the grand Directors take it ill;
Deeming themselves all men of tuneful skill,
And having all for crotchets Hawk-avidity;

" That they should lose the lead in this affair:
Which really makes them marvel, and *so* stare,
Not knowing what offence they have committed;
Being a set of very clever men,
So stuff'd with crotchet-knowledges, and then
For Oratorios so nicely fitted!

" Behold, no boxes for Directors, no,
Who at the Abbey form'd a Raree-show,
With nice kid-gloves, medallions, wands so white!
Tagrag and bobtail now condemn'd to join:
What's ten times worse, condemned to *pull out* coin;
Men so *unused* to pay a single doit.

" When, proud to view of Royalty the rays,
Your Subjects had their bellies full of gaze,
Amid the Abbey's Glory, for past years;
Then would they ponder on the White-stick row
Of Uxbridge, Grey de Wilton, Leeds, and Co.;
And, *next* to Majesty, admire the Peers.

" ' Who's that slim whey-faced Gentleman and thin,
With some Old Gentlewoman's nose and chin ?
And *he* so surly, with a sable face ?'
Would gaping Strangers all so curious cry :—
When, all so solemn, I have made reply,
' *That* Lord is Leeds's very noble Grace,

" ' With lath-like form, whey face, and cheeks so thin,
And good Old Gentlewoman's nose and chin.
And he who lours as though he meant to bite,
Is Earl of Uxbridge, with his Face of Night.'—
And then I've told the names of all the rest :
At which the Strangers have been all so *blest*,
Bow'd, curtsey'd low, *so* grateful ; I don't doubt it,
They told their dear Relations *all about it*.

" No more Directors challenge admiration,
No more the tuneful Rulers of a Nation :
Unknown, in *vulgar* seats they bite their thumbs ;
Now half-awake they nod, and now they sleep,
And now they sigh, and now in dreams they weep,
And mumble much displeasure 'midst their gums.

" Heavens ! with what huge delight their eyes would hail
The *breeches* blazing at Saint Margaret's tail,

Instead of Stephen*, who, to all belief,
Poor fellow, must have travell'd with a brief†!

" But, Sir, this is not all; for, in your ear,
Something *more horrible* brings up the rear.
No longer on the *tweedle-dum* account,
At yon fair Tavern in Saint Albans Street,
Those Men of Taste and Music *joyful* greet,
And load their stomachs to a large amount;

" All for the good of the *poor* Fund, so kind!—
Now this is dreadful, to my simple mind;
To think those titled men, whose valiant jaws,
And Stomachs all so keen, and deep as Sacks,
And teeth so valorous in feast-attacks,
So bravely *battled* in the tuneful cause,
Should, by the Royal word so hard commanded,
Disgracefully be turn'd adrift—disbanded.

" I hear, I hear the angry Lords exclaim,
' Thus to be all discarded! 'tis a shame:
The Royal Mandate will be *cruel* styl'd.

* Poor Saint Stephen had a very warm Pair of Breeches clapped to l lately; but the Saint luckily shook them off.

† To solicit charity, like many others who suffer by *fire*.

Behold! Churchwardens, Overseers so sleek,
Read their card-invitations every week—
" Sir, you're desired to come and *eat a child.*"

" ' One Child a week they constantly devour;
Sometimes they eat two Children, sometimes four.
If thus those fellows live, the lazy Drones,
Lords of a *charity* may pick the bones;
Yes, as provisions are so very dear,
Eat a *few fidlers* once or twice a year.'

" Such is the language Lords employ, O King!
Enough the hearts of Savages to wring;
And make, I *hope*, your Royal conscience ache.
Such reasonings are indeed extremely deep:
Why should of *lords* the teeth and stomachs sleep,
While those of keen *churchwardens* are awake?"—

Thus to the King of Nations will I cry:
But what will be his Majesty's reply?—
" Thank, thank ye, Peter, for supporting straws;
Good advocate, good, good, in a bad cause.
I'll have no more such doings, let me tell ye:
No, no; no eating calves in the cow's belly."

ODE TO ST. CECILIA.

The Poet very loyally calls upon St. Cecilia, the great Patroness of Music, by way of Justice of Peace, Constable, and Comforter, to come down from Heaven to the noble Directors; issue a Proclamation for dissolving Societies of Musical Instruments; taking them up, and knocking them to Pieces, as also the Heads of the Musicians against each other.—The Poet concludes with a Prophecy of returning Power to the Directors.

DIVINE Cecilia, pray, from Heaven step down;
Most wondrous are the doings in this town.
Behold, behold a *tuneful* Revolution;
Directors banished, but *no* execution!
Thank God, no grinning heads of Lords, poor souls,
Amid the Mob, survey the streets on poles.

The Fiddles screech with rapture, one and all;
The Flutes and Oboes whistle at the fall:
The pompous Organ, for rebellion ripe,
Glad of the long-wish'd overthrow, he opes,
To show the World his pleasure, all his stops,
And pours his thunders through each Giant pipe;

While all his Pigmies, trilling, squeaking, squalling,
Like mad things, every one his tune are bawling:

The hoarse Bassoons their nasal twang employ;
And Hog-like Basses *grunt* the song of joy.

Wild screams the Trumpet's brazen note so clear;
And on th' occasion, scorning to be mum,
Like Cannon soundeth on the loaded ear,
At solemn intervals, the Double Drum.

The various Instruments of Wind and String,
Thus to the World in saucy triumph sing:
"What are those Lord-directors?—arrant fools;
Mean mongrels, never bred in Music's schools;
With just as much of Science as a Pig;
Who scarcely know a Psalm-tune from a Jig.
Are these the men to lead us? Music swears,
And to the pillory recommends their ears."

And, lo! of Music the choice Bands,
Delighted, clap their madding hands;
And, raising to the stars their eyes devout,
"Thank Heaven," they roar, "those *fellows* are turn'd out.
No longer shall their tyranny impose,
And lead the King of Nations by the nose."

Then, sweet Cecilia, leave thy lofty station;
Oh haste, and issue out thy Proclamation:

Of *wondrous danger* let it talk aloud;
Root up societies of Flutes, Bassoons;
Knock down the Organ for his rebel tunes,
The brazen Trumpet break, and crack the Croud.

Lay on the necks of the rebellious band
Thy powerful and chastising hand;
And for their impudent and senseless pother,
Sweet Goddess, knock one head against another.

Oh haste and keep the mournful Lords in heart,
As scarce a single mortal takes their part.
Except the lofty Family of Pride,
Few are the Comforters they boast beside.

These are their constant friends indeed, and stout;
Friends that *few* Nobles ever are *without;*
Hereditary friends of ancient date,
Accompanying great title and estate.

And yet 'tis said no Virtues can reside
Where dwells that lofty scowling spirit, Pride;
That Aconite, the noisome Weed of Gloom,
That near it suffers not a Flower to bloom.

Joy to my soul! Of Leeds his glorious Grace
Puts forth a simpering sweet prophetic face,

Amid this rough mischance, that seems to say,
" Though disappointment mocks the present hour,
Next year shall mark the triumph of my power,
When Faction's scowling fiends shall shun the day."

Thus when the Monarch of the Winds, in spite,
Rolls a dark phalanx on the golden Light,
And blots the beauteous Orb the World adorning,
Sol lifts the sable mantle of a cloud,
And, peeping underneath the envious shroud,
Smiles hope, and says, " I'll shine to-morrow morning."

ODE II.

The Bard advises the Directors to *submit* to their degraded Situation; and, by way of Consolation, informs them of the fallen State of the Poets—and moreover, *comforts* the Directors with the Changes that take place among Crowned as well as uncrowned Heads.

Yet not alone are *you* by Kings despised:
Lo, lofty Poets are no longer prized,
That to an Eagle turn'd a Popinjay;
That scorn'd of Time the ever-dreaded wars,
Turn'd winking Rushlights into blazing Stars,
And stole from frail mortality decay.

Poets, with that rare instrument call'd Rhyme,
Drew with the greatest ease the teeth of Time;
Snapp'd his broad scythe so keen, and broke his glass;
Clipp'd his two wings, and fix'd him on an ass:
Such was the envied power of *ancient* Bards,
When Kings vouchsafed to crown them with rewards.

In days of old, the Bards were sacred creatures,
Deem'd *so* exalted in their natures,
By numbers thought fit company for Gods.
Lo, at the feasts of Kings the Minstrels sat;
Ate, sung, and mingled in the Royal chat;
And *scarcely* did there seem a grain of *odds*.

Thus cried those Kings of old (delightful praise!):
"Touch not the Men of other Days;
Hurt not a hair of those sweet Sons of Song,
Whose voices shall be heard amidst our halls,
When we, amidst of Death the narrow walls,
In gloomy silence shall be stretch'd along."

Scot-free the Poets drank and ate:
They paid no taxes to the State.
Now comes a Butcher, roaring, "Pay your bill."
Now the blue-apron'd Wight of Beer,
And Man of Bread, approach and cry, "Look here;
"Not one more morsel, not a single gill,

Shall, Master Poet, pass your piping throat,
Until you quickly pay up every groat."

Unnatural! alas, what *Gothic* sounds!
Thus 'tis the *rude profane* a Poet wounds.

At Windsor, when the Monarch has been by,
How have I languish'd on the Royal Sty,
Where wanton'd fifty little *grunting* Grigs!
But never had the King the grace to say,
" You're hungry, hungry, Peter; take away,
Take, take a couple of the prettiest Pigs."

Oft of his Geese too have I heard the notes,
And, hungry, wish'd to stop their gobbling throats;
But vainly did mine eyes around them wander.
How easily the Monarch might have said,
" You don't eat roast meat often, I'm afraid;
Take, take away the fattest Goose or Gander!"

Kings care not if we neither drink nor carve:
This is their speech in secret, " Sing and starve."
And yet our Monarch has a *world* of Books,
And daily on their *backs* so gorgeous *looks;*

So neatly bound, *so* richly gilt, *so* fine,
He *fears* to *open them* to read a line.

Since of our *books* a King can highly deem,
The *authors* surely might command esteem.
But here's the devil, I fear too many know it;
Some Kings prefer the *binder* to the *poet*.

Yet though it never was poor Peter's fate
To get a sixpence from the Man of State,
Who rather tries to keep the Poets under;
Oft have I dipp'd in golden praise the pen,
Writing *such handsome things* about Great Men,
That Candour's eye-balls have been seen to wonder.

Yet *had* it *happen'd* that the Bard
Had borne on high-bred folk *a little hard;*
Good for an *evil*, mortals should return:
'Tis very wicked, with revenge to burn.

The Sun's a bright example, let me say;
Obliges the black Clouds that veil his ray:
Oft makes them *decent* figures to behold,
And covers all their dirty Rags with Gold.

But let us not an idle pother keep,
And, Ass-like, at a Revolution bray;
Lo, *Kings themselves* like Cabbages, grow cheap:
Thus every dog at last will have his day.
He who this morning smiled, at night may sorrow:
The Grub to-day's a Butterfly to-morrow.

ODE III.

The Poet administers Comfort to the disgraced Directors.

Poor imps, we all are born, at times to groan:
Misfortune won't let Happiness alone;
Sharp as a Cat, for ever pleased to watch her,
And trying with a thousand traps to catch her.

Still must we all submit; it is our fate
To mourn at home, amid this mortal state.
Yet by our folly often worse we make it.
At disappointment frequent have I sigh'd:
"Pox take the World!" indignant have I cried;
"Life is not worth the terms on which we take it."

Then on the lot of mortals did I scowl;
And angry thus, one night, address'd an Owl:—

ADDRESS TO AN OWL.

THOU solemn Bird on yonder ivied tower,
  Wilt thou exchange thy nature, Owl, with me?
Happy to take possession of thy bower,
  I here protest I would exchange with thee.

When to his western bed the Sun retires,
Obeys the Curfew, and puts out his fires;
  When Evening, blushful harbinger of night,
Gems with the dews of health the drooping flow'r,
With cooling Zephyrs fans the sober hour,
  And wakes the Myriads to the fading light;

Forth with what happiness I pass
Amid the moist reviving grass,
To meet the Tribes by Nature made
To crawl and wing the World of Shade!

Daughters and Sons of Night, that creep the ground,
Blest must ye live with such a calm around,
  So unmolested to enjoy your loves:
And lighter people, ye who spread the wing,
Now mid the Moon's pale lustre sport and sing,
  Now playful pierce the shadows of the groves;

Ye harmless Nations, with averted eyes
The Sons of Men your silent world despise,
  Because their eyes no *punch-houses* behold;
Because no *mobs*, nor *fires*, nor *thieves*, appear;
Because no *riots* with their yells they hear;
  No *brothels* scenes of sallow Fate unfold.—

Sweet Owl, this short apostrophe excuse;
And willing now to *thee* returns the Muse.

O Bird of Wisdom, 'mid the twilight scene
Dimly I mark thy philosophic mien;
  And now I see expand thy snowy wings:
To yonder elm, O happy happy fowl!
Thou rushest forth to call upon Miss Owl,
  Expectant of her Beau, who darkling sings.

Together now ye sail the dusky vale,
Now dart on prey, now mount again the gale;
  Now on the moon-clad barn or silent grove,
Your four hands fill'd with various game, ye go
(For hunger must be satisfied, I trow);
  And, after feasting, kiss, and sing of love.

To-morrow, sullen must I move to town,
Shook in a wooden engine up and down,

For want, O Owl! of thy soft-gliding wing:
Stowed with a gang of Thieves perchance, and Trulls,
Too noisy for the thickest human sculls;
Who smoke, and laugh, and roar, and swill, and sing.

Gladly at length I quit my wooden hive;
Fatigued, at busy London I arrive,
Parent of Sin, and Nastiness, and Noise:
By coach and cart, and wheelbarrow and dray,
Through motley mob I force my sighing way;
Pimps, porters, chairmen, chimney-sweepers' boys:

Saluted as I pass along,
By all the various Imps of *Song;*
This crying "Rabbits, rabbits," wild fowl that,
Another, mackrel, salmon, oyster, sprat.

With such a howling ear-distracting note,
And Mouth extended as a Barn-door wide,
That fish and flesh forsooth may be *well* cried,
A man might leap into each cavern throat.

In Covent-Garden, at the Hummums, now
I sit; but after many a curse and vow,
Never to see the madding City more:
Where barrows truckling o'er the pavement roll;
And, what is horror to a tuneful soul,
Where Asses, asses greeting, *love-songs* roar;

Which Asses, that the Garden-square adorn,
Must Lark-like be the heralds of my morn.

Let others talk with wild affright
Of horrors, and the shades of night:
You *want not* Sol's refulgent painful ray;
Night to your eyes is but a milder Day.

Let others mock your airs that simply flow,
Teeho teewhit, teewhit teeho;
But then, dear Owl, 'tis sweetly simple, mind.
Avaunt the *scientific* squall;
I hate it, Nature hates it all:
But lo! 'tis *science* and the *ton*, I find.
The ear with harsh chromatics must be teased,
Grown much too *fashionable* to be *pleased.*

Here could I wander 'mid the dewy glade,
On sacred silence feast, and shade:
But ah! farewell; Rest calls me, 'tis night's noon.
On wings of freedom as thou sweep'st the sky,
Sweet Child of Shadows, o'er my hamlet fly,
And kindly sooth my slumber with a tune.

THUS out of humour I address'd the Bird,
Wishing to change conditions with the fowl;
But at the cheerful morn, upon my word,
I liked the *man*-state better than the *owl*.—

Thus, anger'd at the wayward tricks of Fate,
Pettish you wish your Grandeur at the Devil;
Yet, after cursing *high and mighty* state,
You wisely deem it *not so huge* an *evil:*

Contented to be Men of Worship still,
Pleased with the gifts that *kings*, not *Heaven*, bestow;
Proud, from the height of Title's star-clad hill,
To mock us poor *unhonour'd* Grubs below.

ODE IV.

The Poet *comforteth* again and again and again the noble Directors with moral Reflections, &c.

'TIS given as Gospel, both in Prose and Rhymes,
That people should not be for ever blest:
Misfortune therefore must be good at times,
A salutary though satiric guest;

That goads to Virtue's works the rump of Sloth;
  Like Gout, that bites us into health so fair;
Or like the Needle, while it *wounds* the cloth,
  It puts the rag into *repair*.

Sigh now no more; nor let those Suns, your Eyes,
  Be dimly gleaming through perpetual showers:
Let Pleasure bring the beam of summer-skies,
  And gild the pinions of your sable hours.

Let not Grief's surge along your bosom roll,
Nor Fancy gather sorrows for the soul.

Ah! sigh no more, sweet Lords, pray sigh no more:
  Not *all*, not *all* your consequence is dead;
In Tottenham-street you still preserve a pow'r,
  And proudly bear an elevated head;
Where, all obedience, and with one accord,
Musicians learn to tremble at *the Lord**.

* *Of the night:* who selects the Music, and sometimes gives a *soprano* song to a *bass* voice; and who once ordered, in the *Jubilate*, the *trumpet* part to be executed by the *German flute*.

ODE V.

The Vicissitudes of Life wonderful.

LIFE changes; now 'tis calm, now hurricane.
Up, down, down, up, a very Windmill's Vane,
Is Man, poor fellow! much too like a Ball:
'Tis high, 'tis low; 'tis this way now, now that;
Just as its *wooden master* wills, the Bat.
Thus Majesty can bid us rise or fall.

The Monarch may repent him of the deed;
His heart, so soft, at your dismission bleed.
To House of Buckingham you may be call'd,
And at the Queen's sweet little concerts sing;
Then how the tribe of Nobles will be gall'd!
This will be soaring on the Eagle's wing.

Thus to the World then be it understood,
What seems *misfortune*, happens for our *good:*
This from my Rhyming storehouse, or my stable,
May be elucidated by a Fable.

MRS. ROBINSON'S HANDKERCHIEF

AND

JUDGE BULLER'S WIG.

A FABLE.

A HANDKERCHIEF that long had press'd
The snows of Laura's swelling breast;
O'er which fair scene full many a longing lover,
With panting heart, and frequent sighs,
And pretty, modest, leering eyes,
Had often been observ'd to hover;—

This Handkerchief, to Kitty given,
Was forced at length to leave its Heaven,
And enter a Jew Clothes-man's ample bag.
Oh what a sad reverse, poor soul;
To sweat in such a horrid hole,
With every sort of dirty rag!

"Pray, who are *you?*" the plaintive Kerchief cried,
Perceiving a rough Neighbour at her side:
"You smell as though your Master were a Pig.

What are you? tell me, stinking creature."—"Ma'am,"
The hairy Neighbour grave replied, "I am
The most tremendous great Judge Buller's Wig."—

"Indeed, Sir! Oh, how changed our fate!
How *different* were we both of late!
Now to be lodged in this vile place!
What will become of us at last? O dear!
Something more terrible than this, I fear;
Something that carries huge disgrace."—

"Madam," rejoin'd the Wig, "don't cry:
No cause have you indeed to sigh;
So trust for once a Wig's prophetic words.
My fate is to be just *the same*, I find:
Still for a *scarecrow's head* design'd;
To *frighten all the thieves*, the Birds.

"But luckier *you* so changed will rise,
A favourite of ten thousand eyes;
Not burnt (as you supposed perhaps) to tinder:
Changed to the whitest Paper, happy leaves,
For *him*, the Bard who like a God conceives,
The great, th' immortal Peter Pindar."—

"La, Sir, then what a piece of news!
God bless, I say, God bless the Jews:

I wish my dear dear Mistress did but know it.
Her hands then I shall happy touch again;
For Madam always did maintain
That Mister Pindar was a *charming* Poet."

ODE VI.

Still more Comfort for Directors.

Once more I pray you, be not sad;
Remember what the Proverb doth declare:
"'Tis better riding on a Pad,
Than on a Horse's back that's bare."
At Tottenham's concert, to delight ye,
Behold, my Lords, you *still* are mighty.

Think of your titles too: the Name of *lord*,
What *merit* it proclaims of head and heart!
It is a Tradesman's handsome Board,
In letters fair of gold that doth impart
To people who their mouths of wonder ope,
What goodly articles are in the shop.

Yes, as of yore, the pompous name of *lord*
Doth still our awe-clad admiration rule,
And comfort to the hungry doth afford;
As Nods of Lords are Dinners for a *fool*.

" I thank my God, I am not like those fellows,"
Cried the proud Pharisee, the bellows
  Or trumpet of his reputation blowing.
And you in triumph also may exclaim,
Proud of a Peer's exalted name,
  With pride of title and fair birth o'erflowing:
" I thank my stars, I am not like the Mob,
Whom Nature fabricated by the *job*."

You shall, you shall return to power,
And o'er the grumbling Million tower;
  Your sacred laws shall be obey'd:
Musicians to allegiance *must* return,
In sackcloth and in ashes mourn;
  Submitting, if you will it, to be flay'd.

Their Eyes so fierce, that flash'd like Tin Reflectors,
As though they meant to roast the grand Directors,
  Shall from their Meteor fury fade away:
Becoming mild and placid as the Light
Shed by the Worm, the Lamp of dewy Night;
  Or Luna's modest melancholy ray.

Yes; to your noble hearts' delight,
With waving wands and gloves so white,

And gilt medallions, blest shall ye appear:
Smile at us *mob*, the many-headed Beast;
And, as you seem to like a *gratis* feast,
Eat a few *fidlers* every year.

THE CHURCHWARDEN,

OR

THE FEAST ON A CHILD.

The following Story, founded on a *Fact* that happened some Years since, at the Swan at Knightsbridge, is introduced to illustrate the Meaning of *eating a Child*, mentioned in the first Ode.

At Knightsbridge, at a tavern call'd the Swan,
Churchwardens, Overseers, a jolly clan,
Order'd a Dinner, for themselves and friends;
A very handsome Dinner, of the best:
Lo! to a turn the different joints were drest.
Their lips wild licking, every man commends.

Loud was the clang of plates, and knives, and forks;
Delightful was the sound of claret-corks,
That stopp'd so close and lovingly the bottle.—
Thou *Savoir-vivre* Club, and *Je n'sais quoi*,
Full well the voice of honest corks ye know,
Deep and deep-blushing from the generous pottle.

All ear, all eye, to listen and to see,
The Landlord was as busy as a Bee;
Yes, Larder skipp'd like Harlequin so light:
In bread, beer, wine, removal swift of dishes,
Nimbly anticipating all their wishes.—
Now this, to Man voracious as a Kite,

Is pleasant: as the Trencher Heroes hate
All Obstacles that keep them from the plate;
As much as Jockeys on a running horse
Curse Cows or Jack-asses that cross the course.

Nay, here's a solid reason too; for mind—
Bawling for things, demandeth *mouth* and *wind:*
Whatever therefore weakeneth *wind* and *jaws,*
Is hostile to the gormandizing cause.

Having well cramm'd, and swill'd, and laugh'd, and sung,
And toasted Girls, and clapp'd, and roar'd, and rung,
And broken bones of Tables, Chairs, and Glasses,
Like happy Bears, in honour of their Lasses—
(Not *wives;* not *one* was toasted all the time:
Thus were they decent; it had been a crime,

As Wives are *delicate* and *sacred* names,
Not to be mix'd indeed with Whores and Flames)—

I say, when all were cramm'd unto the chin,
And every one with wine had fill'd his skin,
In came the Landlord with a Cherub-smile:
Around to every one he lowly bow'd;
Was *vastly happy, honour'd, vastly proud.*
And then he bow'd again, in *such* a style!

" Hoped *gemmen* liked the dinner, and the wine."—
To whom the *gemmen* answer'd, " Very fine!
" A glorious dinner, Larder, to be sure."—
To which the Landlord, laden deep with bliss,
Did with his bows so humble almost kiss
The floor.

Now in an *alter'd* tone, a tone of gravity,
Unto the Landlord full of smiles and suavity,
Did Mister Guttle the Churchwarden call.
" Come hither, Larder," said soft Mister Guttle,
With solemn voice, and Fox-like face so subtle:
" Larder, a little word or two, that's all."

Forth ran th' obedient Landlord with good will,
Thinking *(most naturally)* upon the *bill.*

" Landlord," quoth Guttle, in a soft sly Sound,
Not to be heard by any in the room,
Yet which like Claps of Thunder did confound,
" Do you know any thing of Betty Broom?"—

" Sir?" answer'd Larder, stammering: " Sir! what, sir?
Yes, sir; yes, yes: she lived with Mistress Larder:
But may I never move, nor never stir,
If but for *impudence* we did discard her.
No, Mister Guttle; Betty was too *brassy:*
We never keep a *sarvant* that is saucy."—

" But, Landlord, Betty says she is with child."—
" What's that to *me?*" quoth Larder, looking wild:
" I never kiss'd the Hussey in my life,
Nor hugg'd her round the waist, nor pinch'd her cheek;
Never once put my hand upon her neck.
Lord, Sir! you know that I have got a *wife.*

" Lord! nothing *comely* to the Girl belongs:
I would not touch her with a pair of tongs.
A little puling Chit, as white as Paste;
I'm sure, that never suited with *my* taste.

" But then, *suppose*, I only say *suppose*,
I *had* been wicked with the Girl: alack,
My Wife hath got the cursed'st keenest nose,
Why, zounds, she would have catch'd me in a crack;
Then quickly in the fire had been the fat.
Curse her! she always *watch'd me* like a Cat.

" Then, as I say, Bet did not hit my taste;
It was impossible to be unchaste:
Therefore it never can be true, you see;
And Mistress Larder's *full enough* for *me*."—

" Well," answer'd Guttle, " Man, I'll tell ye what;
Your wind and eloquence you now are wasting:
Whether Miss Betty hit your *taste* or not,
There's good *round* proof enough that you've been
tasting.

" And, Larder, you've a Wife, 'tis very true,
Perhaps a little somewhat of a Shrew;
But Betty was *not* a *bad* Piece of Stuff."—
" Well, Mister Guttle, may I drop down dead
If ever once I crept to Betty's bed!
And that, I'm sure, is swearing strong enough."—

"But, Larder, all *your* swearing will not *do*,
If Betty swears that she's with child by *you*.
Now Betty came, and said she'd *swear* at once.
But *you* know best: yet mind, if Betty 'll *swear*,
And then again should Mistress Larder *hear*,
The Lord have mercy, Larder, on thy sconce!
Why, Man, were this affair of Betty told her,
Not all the Devils in Hell would hold her.

"Then there's your modest stiff-rump'd Neighbours all;
There'd be a pretty kick-up: what a squall!
You could not put your nose into a shop.
There's lofty Mistress Wick, the chandler's wife,
And Mistress Bull, the butcher's imp of strife,
With Mistress Bobbin, Salmon, Muff, and Slop,
And fifty others of such old compeers:
Zounds, what a Hornet's Nest about thy ears!"

From cheerful smiles, and Looks like Sol so bright,
Poor Larder fell to Looks as black as Night;
And now his head he scratch'd, importing guilt:
For people who are innocent indeed,
Never look down so black, and scratch the head;
But, tipp'd with confidence, their noses tilt,

Replying with an unembarrass'd front;
Bold to the charge, and fix'd to stand the brunt.—

Truth is a towering Dame, divine her air;
In native bloom she walks the World with state:
But Falsehood is a meretricious Fair,
Painted and mean, and shuffling in her gait;

Dares not look up with Resolution's mien,
But sneaking hides, and hopes not to be seen;
For ever haunted by a doubt
That all the World will find her out.

Again: there's Honesty in Eyes,
That shrinking show when Tongues tell lies.—
With Larder this was verily the case;
Informers were the Eyes of Larder's face.

"Well, Sir," said Larder, whispering, hemming, hawing,
Each word so heavy like a Cart-horse drawing;
"This is a damn'd affair, I can't but say.
Sir, please t' accept a note of twenty pound;
Contrive *another father* may be found;
And, Sir, here's not a halfpenny to pay."—

Thus ended the affair, by prudent treaty;
For who, alas! would wish to make a pother?
Guttle next morning went and talk'd to Betty,
When Betty swore the Bantling to *another**.

* By this ingenious mode of Parish Cookery, the same Child may be devoured a dozen times over.

A

PAIR OF LYRIC EPISTLES

TO

LORD MACARTNEY

AND HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagshot Wonders tell Kien Long;
Delicious subjects for an Epic Song!

EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY.

Oh! if successful, thou wilt be adored:
Wide as a Cheshire Cat our Court will grin,
To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
As will not leave thee room to stick a Pin.

EPISTLE TO THE SHIP.

TO THE READER.

It has been my wish, that the following Pair of Lyric Epistles might be presented, with my Odes, to the Emperor Kien Long, on account of the quantity of original merit; but, to use a sublime phrase, as it would be "*letting the cat out of the bag*," I have forborn.

The bustle and prowess of the invincible Duke on Bagshot Heath—the Heath on fire—the Royal visit—the Man of Straw blown from the mine—the explosion of the Powder-mills at Hounslow—the attention of Gods, as well as of the Crows, to the camp—the *humility* of the Bagshot *bushes*, &c.—are circumstances which, however they may be disdained by the fastidious pen of History, ought to be recorded. Indeed I from my soul believe, that our Historians, as they are called, are too conceitedly lofty to think of sullying a page with an account of the Camp-transactions: but Poets were the only Historians of ancient times, which

I am ready to prove by a profusion of learned quotation; and consequently your dull uninspired Prose-men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the poetical charter; and consequently, as often as the Duke, and the King, and the Queen, and Madame Schwellenberg, and Lord Cardigan, and old Nicolai the Fidler, and Sir Francis Drake, and the Pages, the Cooks, and the Stable-boys, &c. shall utter good things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such events shall be honoured with niches in my Lyric Temple of Immortality.

The Epistle to the Ship seems to be full of Poetry and good wishes: but the horrid picture of the futur disappointment of our Ambassador and his Suite i Pekin, with the disgracefully attendant circumstanc we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of t Muse; and that she has really been visited by such flogging-illuminations.

A LYRIC

EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* King,
Deck'd in *his* livery too, a *glorious* thing,
Amid the Wonders at Saint James's done;
At House of Buckingham, in Richmond bowers,
At Kew, and lastly Windsor's lofty towers,
Rich scenes at once of *majesty* and *fun!*

Forget not thou the Camp on Bagshot Heath,
Where met the grimly Regiments of Death;
Where not the Devil their rage sublime could damp:
Though Heaven, as if it meant to *mock* the matter,
Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
And made the mighty Heath a dirty Swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot Wonders tell Kien Long;
Delicious subjects for the Epic Song.

Talk of the valiant Troops, all heaven-descended,
On which the Kings of Britain oft depended
When bold Rebellion through the Nation ran;
Her venom spread; and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble sweet Subordination lost,
That lo! the mightiest Monarch was but *man*.

Such Soldiers! *such* rare Generals! no Poltroons,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to Balloons!
Where, though those Men like Bacon all were smoked,
Not one, by God's good Providence, was choked.

Of Richmond's mighty Chieftain, Richmond, speak:
"Now wet, a riding Dishclout," shalt thou say;
"Now broiling, whizzing, dropping, like a Steak,
So valorous, 'mid the Sun's meridian ray."

Talk to Kien Long about his Grace's Soul;
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervade the whole.

But Souls in common are a dreary Waste,
By brambles, thistles, barbarous docks, disgraced;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire:
Some souls are Caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy Fool on high,
  On Fortune how with fierce contempt I scowl!
She hangs a dirty Cloud upon the Sky,
  And with an Eagle's pinion imps an Owl.

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky* hours;
  And Ribbons, 'stead of Ropes, their backs adorn:
Thus crawls the Toad amid the fairest flowers,
  And with the Lily drinks the dews of morn.

But *royal* Richmond honours exaltation;
The Pole-star of our *military* Nation.
How pleasant then to see a Richmond rise,
Friend of a King, and *favourite* of the Skies!

Charles*, to support a Bastard and a Whore,
Imposed a Tax on Coals, that starved the Poor:
  Those *Sans-culottes* men made the saddest din!
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil:*
This deed of Charles is now a *white-wash'd* devil;
  Lo, Richmond casts a *lustre* round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* Tax on Coal,
He sniggles *modest* Merit from her hole.

* King of England, whose Mistress was a Frenchwoman, the great, great, and illustrious Ancestor of his present Grace.

Where is the Soldier that is not *his* friend?
See Admiration to his virtues bend:
And lo! the scar-clad Veteran adores;
While Glory, humbly kneeling to the skies,
With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say that his Grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch martial fame:
And say too, how most fortunate the Duke;
What noble Fishes hang upon his Hook;
While humbler mortals, labouring day and night,
Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a bite.

Power in the hands of Virtue is Heaven's Dew,
That fostering feeds the flower of happiest hue:
In Vice's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills;
'Tis then the Fang so fatal, form'd to make
A passage for the venom of the Snake,
That Nature's life with dissolution fills.

Bow down, ye Armies, then, and thank your God
That Richmond holds the military rod:
No Janus he, with selfish views to fob,
And touch the Nation's pocket with a *job**.

* Witness the convenient House and Gardens near Plymouth Dock, so *economically* built with the Public Money. The [illegible] Honour furnish us not with a sublimer instance *of self-denial*.

Yes, let the Emperor *all about him* hear.
Talk of the *bold* transactions of the Peer:
And say, what probably he can't believe,
That lo, the dauntless Body of his Grace,
In Duels bored, has scarcely one sound place;
A Honeycomb, a Cullender, a Sieve!

Say *how* that nothing could his *courage* check;
Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,
Though only *one* upon his shoulders dear.
Thus Valour smiles at danger, death, and pain;
And feels an Eighteen-pounder through his Brain,
Coolly as some a Pat upon the Ear.

Say how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale:
Struck all the *birds* with terror; save the Crows,
Who, spying such commotion in the land,
Concluded some great matter was in hand,
Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say how the World his deeds with wonder saw;
Say that the Bagshot Bushes bow'd with awe;
And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
That lo, the very ground he trod caught fire*.

* This is a literal fact.

Say how went forth to see him half the Nation,
Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admiration;
So ardent every eye's devouring look
To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling every day;
Nothing to pay!
All the Duke's Friends, great Quality and small,
Our great King George, and lovely Queen,
Were entertain'd *scot-free* I ween;
Our *generous* Nation doom'd to pay it all.

And yet, when Parliament beholds the *bill*,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,
May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This Game of Soldiers, such a *childish* play;
But let *me* answer Parliament, and say,
It was *not* childish, for *it pleased the King*:—

It made Tom Paine, the Bull-dog, hold his tongue;
Arm'd with such Lion-paws, and teeth so long.

Say that the Sun-like Duke shone forth so bright,
That Punch ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.

Say how he *fired* the Hounslow Mills of Powder;
Say how the sympathizing Grain, with sound,
Frighten'd the Tiles from all the roofs around,
Defying the bold Thunder to roar louder.

Say that immortal Cesar trod the place
Now fiercely gallop'd over by his Grace*.

Say that the Gods beheld him from on high;
That, to the Lord of Battles†, with a sigh,
Thus spoke the Monarch of the Clouds: "Son Mars,
Had Troy possess'd a Hero like the Duke,
With *such* a soul, and *such* a *fighting-look*,
Our City had been safe amidst her wars.

"Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the Duke,
And beg a lesson from the Hero's book."

Lord! as the Duke, where *powder only* flamed,
Was *so* inspired, *so* valorous, and *so* hot;
How had this Duke the Sons of Battle shamed,
'Mid scenes of thunder, where they charged with *shot!*

* Julius Cesar was most certainly at Bagshot.

† Mars.

Say too (and verily it was no joke),
Although so lofty on their cloud-capp'd towers,
Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
Smutty as Blacksmiths look'd the Heavenly Powers;
And that the Man of Straw (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their Godships in a fright*.

Tell him (which probably may cause a smile),
That at the distance of a mile,
His Grace, a scull that Powder wants, can note
(Which when it happens, let that scull beware);
See too a club with *one* disorder'd Hair,
And mark *one* Spot of Grease upon a coat.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly, unchaste,
Till Richmond usher'd in the morn of Taste.

Say too, that, for the honour of the Nation,
We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame;
That *private only* damns a noble name†.

* It is *reported*, that a Colossal Figure, stuffed with *straw*, was blown out of the hill, to give their Majesties an *adequate* idea of the ascent of ten thousand men *or so*, a *frequent* event at grand sieges. It is moreover *reported*, that this stuffed Figure obtained a *large* portion of Royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story. It was quite a *new* idea.

† The Reader is desired to ask Lord Lauderdale concerning this matter.

Thus the poor Nymph, too easy to contend,
Who blushing sins *in secret* with a *friend*,
Shall be a viler hussey than the Woman
Who hangs her Lips like Cherries out for sale;
And shows her Bosom's lilies, to regale
Each grazing beast that offers—quite a Common.

"Why should I say all this unto the King?"
Thou cryest, O Macartney!—Good may spring:
It may unto thy embassy give weight,
By putting great Kien Long into a *fright*.

"Who knows," Kien Long may whine with rueful face,
"But *all* the Rank and File are like his Grace?
Then shall I shake upon my sapphire Throne:
For Troops like Richmond, that on valour feast,
May, like wild Meteors, pour into mine East,
And leave my Palace neither stick nor stone;—

"Like roaring Lions, rush to eat me up;
In Britain breakfast, and in China sup."

TO THE SHIP.

O Thou, so nicely painted, and so trim!
Success attend our Court's delightful *whim;*
And all thy gaudy Gentlemen on board,
With Coaches just like Gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of China the Imperial Lord.

Methinks I view thee towering at Canton:
I hear each wide-mouth'd Salutation-gun;
I see thy Streamers wanton in the gale:
I see the sallow Natives crowd the shore,
I see them tremble at thy Royal roar;
I see the very Mandarins turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang and Chou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our travelling Britons bow;
Bow, Mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-chan;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thundering voices raise;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
With Geese of Sou-chen-che and Tang-ting-tan.

O Monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
Then grin applause upon the gaudy Throng,
And *drop* them *honours* as they pass along.

Frogs of Fou-si, oh croak from pools of green!
Winnow, ye Butterflies, around the scene;
Sing "Oh be joyful," every village Pig;
Goats, Sheep, and Oxen, through your pastures prance;
Ye Buffaloes and Dromedaries, dance;
And Elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
The glittering coaches with their happy load,
All proudly rolling to Pe-kin's fair town:
And lo, arrived, I see the Emperor stare,
Deep marvelling at a sight so very rare;
And now, ye Gods! I see the Emperor *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emperor say,
"Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray?"—
And now I hear aloud Macartney cry,
"Emperor, my Court, inform'd that you were *rich*,
Sublimely feeling a strong *money-itch*,
Across the Eastern Ocean bade me fly;
With tin, and blankets, O great King! to barter,
And gimcracks rare for China-man and Tartar.

" But *presents*, *presents* are the things we mean:
Some pretty Diamonds to our gracious Queen,
Big as one's Fist *or so*, or somewhat *bigger*,
Would cut upon her Petticoat a *figure;*
A Petticoat of whom each Poet sings,
That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.

" Yes, *presents* are the things we chiefly wish:
These give not half the toil we find in *trade.*"—
On which th' astonish'd Emperor cries, " Odsfish!
Presents! *present* the rogues the *bastinade.*"

Stern Resolution's eye, that flash'd with fate,
At danger cowering, wears a wither'd look;
Palsied his sinewy arm, where Vengeance sate,
Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook:
His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill;
Sunk from a Torrent to the creeping Rill.

In short, behold with dread Macartney stare;
Behold him seized, his *seat of honour* bare;
The Bamboo sounds, alas! no voice of Fame:
Stripp'd, Schoolboy-like. And now I see his Train,
I see their lily *bottoms* writhe with pain,
And, like his Lordship's, blush with blood and shame.

Ah! what avails the Coat of scarlet dye,
And Collar blue, around their pretty necks?
Ah! what the Epaulettes, that roast the eye,
And loyal Buttons blazing with *George Rex?*
Heavens! if Kien Long resolves upon their stripping,
These are no Talismans to ward a Whipping.

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
I see the mighty Emperor gravely place
Fools'-caps on all the poor degraded men:
And now I hear the solemn Emperor say,
"'Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay;
Now, Children, ye may all go home agen."—

O beanteous Vessel, should this prove the case,
How in Old England wilt thou show thy face?
I fear thy visage will be wondrous long.
Know, it may happen: Ministers and Kings,
Like *common* folk, are fallible; poor things!
Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be adored:
Lo, like a Cheshire Cat our Court will grin;
How glad to find as many Gems on board
As will not leave thee room to stick a Pin!

ODES TO KIEN LONG,

THE PRESENT EMPEROR OF CHINA;

WITH

THE QUAKERS, A TALE;

TO A FLY,

DROWNED IN A BOWL OF PUNCH;

ODE TO MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, AND JEALOUS,

THE THIEF-TAKERS;

TO CELIA;
TO A PRETTY MILLINER;
TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE;
TO SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON;
TO MY CANDLE, &c.

Αγα βαρβιτον δοντσω, &c. ANACREON.

"YES, let us strike the Lyre, and sing, and rhyme;
By far the wisest way of spending time."—
So says Anacreon, my dear Kien Long;
Let Britain then, and China, hear *our* Song.

TO

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

DEAR KIEN LONG,

At length an opportunity presents itself for conversing with the *second* Potentate upon earth; George the Third being most undoubtedly the *first*, although he never made Verses. Thy praises of Moukden, thy beautiful little Ode to Tea, &c. have afforded me infinite delight; and to gain *my* plaudit, who am rather difficult to please, will, I assure thee, be a feather in thy Imperial cap.

Principibus placuisse Viris, non ultima laus est.

Praise from a Bard of *my* poetic spirit,
Proclaims indeed *no small* degree of merit.

Excuse this piece of egotism: it is natural, and justified by the sublimest authorities. What says Virgil?

" *Tentanda via est quâ me quoque possim*
Tollere humo, Victorque virûm volitare per ora.

What likewise Lucretius?

" *Insignemque meo capiti petere* inde *Coronam*
Unde priùs nulli velârunt tempora Musæ."

What also Ovid?

" *Jamque Opus exegi,*" &c.

What moreover Horace?

" *Exegi Monumentum ære perennius,* &c.

What Ennius?

" *Nemo me lacrumis decoret nec funera fletu,*" &c.

What again the great Father of Poetry, Homer, in his delightful Hymn, that some impudent Scholiasts declare he never wrote?

——τίς δ' ὕμμιν ἀνὴρ ἡδιστος ΑΟΙΔΩΝ
Ἐνθάδε πωλεῖται; καὶ τίῳ τέρπισθε μάλιστα;
Τυφλὸς ἀνήρ· οἰκεῖ δὲ χίῳ ἰνὶ πετραλοέσσῃ·
Τοῦ πᾶσαι μετόπισθεν ἀριστεύουσιν Ἀοιδαί.

Which, with a few preceding lines omitted in the quotation, I thus a little paraphrastically and beautifully translate:

Should Curiosity at times inquire,
Who strikes with sweetest art the Muse's Lyre?
This be thine answer: " A poor man, stark blind;
An aged Minstrel that at Chios dwells,
Who sells and sings his Works, and sings and sells,
And leaves all other Poets far behind."

So much for my *profound* learning in defence of egotism; for where is the man that does not rank himself among *his own* Admirers?

Now to the point.—As Lord Macartney, with his most splendid retinue, is about to open a trade with thee, in the various articles of tin, blankets, woollen in general, &c. in favour of the two Kingdoms; why might not a *literary commerce* take place between the great Kien Long, and the no less celebrated Peter Pindar? Thou art a man of Rhymes; and so am I. Thou art a genius of uncommon versatility: so am I. Thou art an enthusiast to the Muses: so am I. Thou art a lover of novelty: so am I. Thou art an idolater of Royalty: *so am I.* With such a congeniality of mind, in *my* God's name and *thine,* let us surprise the World with an interchange of our Lucubrations, both for its improvement and delight. And to show thee that I am not a literary Swindler, unable to repay thee for *goods* I may receive from thy Imperial Majesty, I now transmit specimens of my talents in Ode, Ballad, Elegy, Fable, and Epigram.

I am, dear Kien Long,
Thy humble Servant, and Brother-poet,
P. PINDAR.

ODES TO KIEN LONG.

ODE I.

Peter complimenteth Kien Long on his poetical Talent, and condemneth the Want of literary Taste in *western* Kings.

Dear Emperor, Prince of Poets, noble Bard,
Thy brother Peter sendeth thee a card,
To say thou art an honour to the times:
Yes, Peter telleth thee, that *for a King*,
Indeed a most extraordinary thing,
Thou really makest very charming Rhymes.

Witness thy Moukden*, which we all admire;
Witness thy pretty little Ode to Tea,
Composed when sipping by thy Tartar fire;
Witness thy many a Madrigal and Glee.

Believe me, venerable, good Kien Long,
Vast is my pleasure that the Muse's Song

* A favourite City of the Emperor.

Divinely soundeth through thy Tartar groves;
Still greater, that the first of Eastern Kings
Should praise in Rhyme the Tartar vales and springs,
And pay a tuneful tribute to the Loves.

Yet how it hurts my Classic soul to find
Some Western Kings to Poetry unkind!—
What though they want the skill to make a riddle,
Charade, or rebus, or conundrum? Still
Those Kings might show towards them some ***good will***,
And nobly patronize Apollo's Fiddle.

But no: the note is, "How go Sheep a score?
What, what's the price of Bullocks? how sells Lamb?
I want a Boar, a Boar, I want a Boar;
I want a Bull, a Bull; I want a Ram."—
Whereas it should be this: "I want a Bard,
To cover him with honour and reward."

Kings deem, ah me! a grunting Herd of Swine
Companions sweeter than the tuneful Nine:
Preferring to Fame's Dome a Hog-sty's mire;
The Roar of Oxen, to Apollo's Lyre.

"Lord! is it possible?" I hear thee groan.
Kien Long, 'tis true as thou art on thy Throne.
For souls like thine, 'tis natural to doubt it:
Macartney can inform thee ***all about it***.

ODE II.

More Compliments to the Emperor—A Dissertation on Thrones, and Kings and Queens—A very *proper* Attack on the French Revolutionists—The Fate of poor Religion, prophesied—also, of his Holiness the Pope—More Lamentations on *degraded* Royalty.

THOU art a second Atlas, great Kien Long;
Supporting half th' unwieldy Globe, so strong:
But, Lord! what pigmy souls to Empire rise!
Unconscious of its glorious frame, they sleep:
Now just like Mice from Pyramids that peep;
Thinking a hole's a hole, where'er it lies.

Fortune has too much power in this same world.
Things are too often topsy-turvy hurl'd;
A Bug condemn'd to *fly*, that scarce can *crawl;*
A Maggot taken from his little Nut
(There by the great All-wise most *wisely* put),
To grovel 'midst the grandeur of Saint Paul!

Unluckily, most Thrones are placed so *high*,
That Kings can scarce their loving Subjects spy,

Hopping beneath them like so many Crows;
Which Subjects have in France been taking
Great liberties in *ladder-making*,
To get up *nearer* to the Royal nose.

Thus Wrens ere long their pigmy powers will try;
And, turning to the clouds their little eye,
Aim to arrest, by frequent daring flights,
Their elder brothers of the skies, the Kites.

And yet I hate a Fool upon a Throne:—
We have been happy *hitherto*, thank God.
How Boys would burst with laughter, every one,
Were *monkey* Schoolmasters to hold the rod!

Yet much more mischief follows *royal* Fools,
As Realms are on a larger scale than Schools.
Th' Americans provide against all this;
Which *certain gentlefolk* take much amiss.

And then again, the *wives* of glorious Kings,
In *generosity*, and such-like things,
And temper *mild*, who well themselves demean,
Are for the Subject a rare happy matter:
And let me say indeed, who scorn to flatter,
We Britons are *most lucky* in a Queen.

Of humbling their Superiors, folks seem fond,
And treating Monarchs as so many Logs:
Whereas it is in Courts, as in a Pond;
Some Fish, some Frogs.

Thus do the rebel Foes of Sovereigns cry,
Rending with wild disloyalty the sky:—

"*When* will the lucky day be born, that brings
A Bridle for the Insolence of Kings?
Too slowly moves, alas! the loitering hour.
When will those Tyrants cease to fancy Man
A fawning Dog in Providence's plan,
Ordain'd to lick the blood-stain'd rod of Pow'r?"

Kings have their *faults* undoubtedly, and *many:*
The man who contradicts me is a zany.
Some rob, some kill, some cheat, some cringe and beg;
Curst with an avarice, some would shave an egg.
And yet, with all their sins, I drop a tear
On what I'm daily forced to see and hear.

Great is the change of late: *such* horrid scenes,
Such little reverence both for Kings and Queens!—

Thus cry the Frenchmen, seldom over-nice:
" We want no sceptred Plunderers of States;
Out with them! folly to maintain more Cats
Than capable of catching Mice.

" Death to their Parasites: we'll have no more
Leeches that suck the heart's blood of the Poor.
Down with Dukes, Earls, and Lords, those Pagan *Josses*,
False Gods! Away with Stars, and Strings, and Crosses!"

The French are *very wicked*, I declare:
They raise upon one's head, one's very hair;
So much those fellows Majesty abuse.
Of Royalty the Purple Robe so grand,
Which seizes the deep reverence of a Land,
They to a Malkin turn, to wipe their shoes.

" Out with State-Pickpockets!" they cry aloud.
" Death to the ravenous Eagles," cries the crowd,
" That happy hover o'er a people's groans;
Thieves, in the plunder of an Empire drest;
Flattery's vile Carrion-flies, on Kings that feast;
Rank Bugs that shelter in the wood of Thrones!

" The Dustman, in his cart that hourly slaves,
Drawn by an ass, the partner of his toils,
Towers far superior to those titled Knaves,
In coaches glittering with a Kingdom's spoils."

The old *sic volo*, that with thundering sound
Roused all the provinces of France around
(And, if great things we may compare to small,
Just like the Boatswain's Whistle, that makes skip
The jovial fellows of a Ship)—
This great *sic volo* is not heard at all.

To *humbler* phrases changed, by some degrees;
" With your good leave, Messieurs: Sirs, if you please."

Yes, savage are the French to Kings and Quality;
Void of good manners, common hospitality:
Barbarous, they Dog-like wish to pick their bones;
Make just as much of Dukes as of a Duck
(Nobility has therefore shocking luck),
And dash an Infant Prince against the stones.
Thus Butchers calmly stick a Sucking-Pig,
And o'er a bleeding Lambkin hum a jig.

Religion too is in a deep decline,
Her Votaries treated like a Herd of Swine,

Rich Relics look'd upon as rotten Lumber.—
Who will be canonized for frightening Devils,
For bringing back lost limbs, and curing evils,
Scald heads, wry necks, and rickets beyond number,
Without a draught, a bolus, or a pill;
That of redoubted Doctors foil the skill?

Religion, who in France, some years ago,
Made in rich Silks so wonderful a show,
So used with all the Pride of Curls to charm,
Is now, poor soul! obliged to beg her bread,
With scarce a Cap or Ribbon to her head,
Or woollen Petticoat to keep her warm.

Ah! sinking fast, 'tis thought she may expire;
Her whips demolish'd, and extinct her fire,
Her pincers broken, snapp'd in twain her cleaver;
That flogg'd, that burnt a Sinner to salvation,
Roasting away the soul's adulteration,
And chopp'd and pinch'd him to a true Believer.

No longer are her Priests to be maintain'd.
Thus is that horrid beast the Devil unchain'd:
That roaring Bull at once his triumph shows;
For, if not paid, what Priests will prove their might,
" Fight the good fight,"
And, like staunch Bull-dogs, nail him by the nose?

Death, and the Devil (the smutty rogue), and Sin,
A pretty Junto, are upon the grin;
Hoping to *fill* the dark Infernal Hole,
If all the Priests refuse to help a soul.
That most important contest then is o'er:
"Pull Devil, pull Parson," will be seen no more.

Yes, at her wounded power Religion faints:
Alas! no more *old* Bones shall make *new* Saints;
No more shall Lent, lean Lady, cry her fish;
No more shall Slices of the Cross be courted;
Despised the Manger that our Lord supported,
His *sacred* Pap-spoon, and the Virgin's Dish.

No Absolutions, like Potatoes, sold;
No Purgatory-souls redeem'd by gold:
No more in Cloth of Gold, and *red-heel'd* Shoes,
Bag-wig and Sword, a Mob the Saviour views*:
Sold no Certificates of good Behaviour,
To show the Lord, the Virgin, and that Saviour†.

* Once a year this *fine* mummery is exhibited in France, and in other Romish countries.

† In some part of Russia, narrow Slips of Paper, in form of a ribbon, consecrated by the Bishop, are sold for about three-pence apiece, and bound about the heads of dying people. They are Certificates of their good behaviour. The inscription on each is as follows:—"To Old God Almighty, to Young God Almighty, and Young God Almighty's Mamma: this is to certify that the Bearer hereof died a good Christian."

No more shall Miracle obtain applause,
Laugh at old Time, and break Dame Nature's laws;
No more dead Herrings, fill'd with life and motion,
Leap from the Frying-pan, and swim the Ocean.

Soon may this wicked spirit steal to Rome,
And poison every *sacred* Dome;
Relics be kick'd and mock'd by many a giber;
The Pontiff to the very Workhouse brought;
Or, what could never have been thought,
Plump'd with his Triple Crown into the Tiber:
There may we view him floundering wild about,
With not a Saint he dubb'd to pull him out:—

The fair chaste Quills, from Angel-wings procured,
Be turn'd to uses not to be endured;
To villain Pens, instead of Crow-quills, cut,
To draw lewd figures, and deliver *smut*:—

Melted the Church's *sacred* Plate to mugs,
To candlesticks, to punch-ladles, and jugs;
To porringers the Pipes* of sacred tunes,
And silver Christs to canisters and spoons.

* Of the organs.

Phials that held of Saints the suffering Sighs,
Seen by the dimmest of *believing* eyes,
Lo, to the meanest offices shall sink;
Hold Aquafortis, or *reviling* Ink:—

The Virgin's gowns and garters, stockings, shoes,
Sold to her enemies, perhaps, the Jews;
Her paint, curls, caps, hoop, gauzes, muslin, lace,
Sold to trick Harlots for a rogue's embrace!——

Now to disloyal Mongrels we return,
That bark at Kings, and for Confusion burn.

How have our mighty Monarchs been brought down;
Trod in the dust, like some old Wig, the Crown!
The Wearers, some confin'd in jails so dread;
Some shot; some poison'd with as much *sang froid*,
As though the Mob had merely been employ'd
To knock a thieving Polecat on the head.

In *birth* the Public sees no kind of *merit*.
Think of the present equalizing spirit,
Amidst the Populace how rank it springs!
Nay, from the Palaces the Virtues fly;
While, boldly entering from their beastly sty,
The vulgar *passions* rush, to pig with *kings!*

ODE III.

The Poet sweetly reproveth the Emperor for neglecting to *turn a Penny* in an honest Way, and demonstrateth the *Inconvenience* of Generosity—proving that a Mind on a *broad* Scale may be productive of *narrow* Circumstances.

GREAT King, thou never educatest Swine,
Nor takest Goslings under thy tuition:
Nor boardest by the week thy neighbour's Kine,
Like Pharaoh's; that is, in a lean condition.

Nor dost thou cut down Palaces to Pens,
Nor sendest unto market Cocks and Hens;
Nor to a butcher sellest Pork and Beef:
Nor Wool nor Egg-merchant, O King, art thou;
Nor dost thou watch the Girl who milks the Cow,
For fear the Girl might sip, and prove a thief;
Nor settest Traps to save thy fowls and eggs,
And catch thy loyal Subjects by the legs.

Nor dost thou go a *shopping*, mighty King:
I know that thou *despisest* such a thing;

Yes, to expose such meanness thou art loth.
Thou scorn'st to pride thyself on *buying cheap;*
And for some trifle a huge pother keep,
An ounce of blackguard*, or a yard of cloth.

Nor dost thou (which *some people* may deem strange)
Send Pages with a *halfpenny* for *change;*
Nor dost thou (which would be a crying sin)
Cheat of his dues the Parson of Pe-kin.

Thy mind was form'd upon an ampler scale:
Each Thought is generosity, a Whale;
Not a poor Sprat, to dunghills to be hurl'd:
Thy Soul, a Dome illumed by Grandeur's rays,
That o'er thy mighty empire casts a blaze;
A Beacon to inform a world.

But, ah! Kien Long, thou never wilt be rich,
If generosity thy heart bewitch:
What says Economy? "Let Subjects groan:
Let Misery's Howl be Music to thine ear;
Yes, let the Widow's and the Orphan's tear
Fall printless on thy Heart as on a Stone."

The Souls of *many* Kings are vulgar Entries,
With not a Rushlight 'midst the dismal winding;
A long, dark, dangerous, dreary Way, past finding:
Hypocrisy and Meanness the two Sentries.

* A coarse snuff, emphatically so called.

Ambition, that on riches casts its eyes,
Mounts on the Tempest of a People's Sighs.
O Emperor, Generosity 's a fool:
She wants advice from *saving* Wisdom's school.

Look at a smiling Field of Grass:
Nothing can eat it out, nor horse nor ass,
Provided that you put, to *spare* the feast,
A *padlock* on the mouth of every beast.
Thus, *muzzle* but thy Palace now and then,
Thou wilt be wealthy among Sceptred Men.

Invite not a whole million to thine hunt*:
Thy purse with such a heavy weight would grunt.
In England, when a King a deer unharbours,
The sport a half a dozen Butchers share;
Of smutty Chimney-sweeps perchance a pair,
With probably a brace or two of Barbers.

What though 'tis *not quite* Royal? still we boast
Of gaining glorious fun with *little cost*.
The pocket is a very serious matter:
Small-beer allayeth thirst; nay, *simple water*.

The Splendour of a chase, or feast, or ball,
Though strong, are passing, momentary rays;
The lustre of a little hour, that's all:
While *guineas* with *eternal* Splendour blaze.

* This is the number of the Emperor's attendants, in general, at a hunt.

ODE IV.

Peter breaketh out into a strange Rhapsody; so unlike Peter, who christeneth himself the Poet of the People! He adviseth the Emperor to Actions *never practised* by *Kings*.

GIVE nothing from thy Privy Purse away,
I say:
Nay, should thy coffers and thy bags run o'er;
Neglect, or pension Merit on the Poor.

Give not to Hospitals; thy Name's *enough:*
To death-face Famine, not a pinch of snuff.
On Wealth, thy Quarry, keep a Falcon-view,
And from thy very *children* steal their *due.*

Shouldst thou, in hunts, be tumbled from thy horse,
Unlucky, 'midst some river's rapid course;
Though sharp between thyself and Death the strife,
Give not the Page a *sous* that saves thy life.

Should Love allure thee to some Fair-one's arms,
Who yields thee all the luxury of charms,

And deluges thy panting heart with blisses;
Take not a *sixpence* from thy groaning chest,
To buy a ribbon for the fragrant breast
That swell'd with all its ardour to thy kisses:—

Buy not a garland for her flowing hair;
Buy not of mittins, or of gloves, a pair,
To shield her hands from frost, or summer's ray;
Buy not a bonnet to defend her face,
Nor kerchief to protect each snowy grace,
And deck her on some rural holiday.
But suffer her in homely geer to pine,
In simple elegance, where others shine.

Thou probably mayst answer, with a groan,
"What! give a vile contagion to the Throne!
Perdition catch the wealth, in heaps that lies,
While trodden Merit lifts her asking eyes!

"That Calf, shall garish Ostentation grin,
Deck'd by the sweat of Labour's sun-burnt skin,
Poor Cart-horse, envied even his very oats?
Heavens! shall this mummer Ostentation cry,
'Roast in the sun, thou Mob; in ashes lie;
Mine be the *guineas*, Slave, and *thine* the *groats*:—

Mine be the luxury of wine and oil;
Thine, that I *condescend* to drink thy toil?' "

Ah! say'st thou thus? dares Honour this high pitch?
Then, noble Emperor, thou wilt ne'er be *rich.*

Gold should not gather in a *subject's* chest:
The crew grows mutinous, it cannot rest;
It talketh of *equality* indeed!
No; let the *monarch's* bags and coffers hold
The flattering, mighty, nay *al*mighty Gold:
On this shall brawny Power his sinews feed;
Jove's Eagle near the Throne, with eye of fire,
The vengeance-bearer of the Royal ire.

Enrich the Realm, Subordination dies.
Wealth gives a wing that dashes at the skies.

Blush not, though up to neck, to nose, in gold,
To let thy favourite Mandarin be told,
" The Emperor pants for money: hunt about."
And should thy Minister, with impious breath,
Say, " Sire, we've squeezed the People nigh to death,"
Off with the villain's head, or *kick him out.*

'Tis pleasant to look down upon the hovel,
And count the Royal Treasure with a *shovel:*

Pleasant to mark the whites of wishing eyes,
And hear of Poverty the fruitless sighs:
Grand, on their knees to see the Million cower!—
Pale starved submission is the *feast* of Power.

Prythee, to Europe come, Kien Long, with speed:
We'll give thee much instruction on this head;
Nay, some *examples* also shall be brought,
Which beats a cold dry precept all to nought.

Precept's a Pigmy, hectic, weak, and slight:
Example is a Giant in his might.
Then prythee to our Europe haste, to stare:
Lo, Europe shall produce thee *such a pair!*
A Pair to whom lean Avarice is a fool,
And means to take a lesson from their school.

ODE V.

Peter giveth an Account of the Expedition of Lord Macartney; and, contrary to the Tenour of the preceding Ode, absolutely recommendeth Generosity to the Emperor.

KIEN LONG, our great *great people*, and Squire Pitt,
Famed through the universe for *saving wit*,
Have heard uncommon tales about thy Wealth;
And now a Vessel have they fitted out,
Making for good Kien Long a monstrous rout,
To trade, and *beg*, and ask about his health.

This, to my simple and *unconnying* mind,
Seems economical, and very kind.
And now, great Emperor of China, say,
What handsome things hast thou to *give away?*

Accept a proverb out of Wisdom's schools:
"Barbers first learn to shave, by shaving *fools*."
Pitt shaved *our* faces first, and made us grin;
Next the *poor French;* and now the hopeful Lad,
Ambitious of the honour, seemeth mad
To try his razor's edge upon *thy* chin.

Thee as a *generous* Prince we all regard;
For every Present, lo, returning *double:*
'Tis therefore *thought* that thou wilt well reward
The Ship and Lord Macartney for their trouble.

And now to George and Charlotte what the *presents?*—
No humming-birds, we beg; no owls, no pheasants:
Such gifts will put the Palace in a *sweat.*
For God's sake, send us nothing that can *eat.*

"What gifts, I wonder, will thy King and Queen
Send to Kien Long?" thou criest.—Not much, I ween;
They *can't afford* it; they are *very poor:*
And though they shine in so sublime a station,
They are the *poorest* people in the nation,
So wide of *charity* their neat *trap-door**.

Our King may send a dozen Cocks and Hens;
Perhaps a Pig or two of his own breeding;
Perhaps a pair of Turkeys from his pens;
Perhaps a Duck of his own feeding:—

Or *possibly* a half a dozen Geese,
Worth probably a half a crown apiece;

* Reader, this expression is uncommonly beautiful. The *most secret* Charities are generally the *largest*, and most acceptable to God.

And that he probably may deem *enough.*—
Her gracious Majesty may condescend
Her precious Compliments to send,
Tack'd to a pound or two of Snuff:—

The History of Strelitz too, perhaps;
A place that *cuts a figure* in the maps.

Most mighty Emperor, be not thou afraid
That *we* shall Generosity *upbraid:*
Send *heaps* of things; poh! never heed the measure:
If *palaces* wont hold the precious things,
Behold, the Best of Queens and eke of Kings
Will build them *barns* to *hold* the Treasure.

I know thy delicacy's such,
Thou fanciest thou canst send *too much;*
But, as I know the *great ones* of our isle,
The very thought indeed would make them *smile.*

Lord! couldst thou send the Chinese Empire o'er,
So hungry, we should gape for *more:*
Yes, couldst thou pack the Chinese Empire up,
We'd make no more on't than a China Cup;
Even then my Lady Schwellenberg would bawl,
"*Gote dem de shabby fellow: vat, dis all?*"

Whales very rarely make a hearty meal:
Thus Princes an *eternal hunger* feel;
Moreover, fond of good things *gratis;*
Whose stomach's motto should be, *nunquam satis.*

Then load away with rarities the Ship,
And let us cry, " She made a *handsome trip.*"—
But mind, no Humming-birds, Apes, Owls, Mackaws;
The Devil take presents that can *wag their jaws.*

ODE.

SIMPLICITY, I doat upon thy tongue;
And thee, O white-robed Truth, I've reverenced long:
I'm fond too of that flashy varlet Wit,
Who skims earth, sea, heaven, hell, existence o'er,
To put the merry table in a roar,
And shake the sides with laugh-convulsing fit.
Oh yes, in sweet Simplicity I glory:
To *her* we owe a charming little Story.

WILLIAM PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF;

A TALE.

As well as I can recollect,
It is a story of famed William Penn;
By Bailiffs oft beset, without effect,
Like numbers of our Lords and Gentlemen.

William had got a private hole, to spy
The folks who came with writs, or "How d'ye do?"
Possessing too a *penetrating* eye,
Friends from his Foes the Quaker quickly knew.

A Bailiff in disguise one day
(Though not disguised to our friend Will)
Came, to Will's shoulder *compliments* to pay;
Conceal'd, the Catchpole thought, with wondrous skill.

Boldly he knock'd at William's door,
Drest like a Gentleman from top to toe,
Expecting quick admittance to be sure:
But no.

Will's servant Nathan, with a straight-hair'd head,
Unto the window gravely stalk'd, not *ran*.
"Master at home?" the Bailiff sweetly said.—
"Thou canst not speak to him," replied the man.

"What," quoth the Bailiff, "won't he see me then?"—
"Nay," snuffled Nathan, "let it not thus strike thee:
Know verily, that William Penn
Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee."

TO A FLY

TAKEN OUT OF A BOWL OF PUNCH.

Ah! poor intoxicated little Knave,
Now senseless, floating on the fragrant wave;
Why not content, the cakes alone to munch?
Dearly thou pay'st for buzzing round the bowl;
Lost to the world, thou busy sweet-lipp'd soul:
Thus Death, as well as Pleasure, dwells with Punch.

Now let me take thee out, and moralize.
Thus 'tis with Mortals as it is with Flies,
For ever hankering after Pleasure's cup:
Though Fate, with all his Legions, be at hand,
The beasts the draught of Circe can't withstand,
But in goes every nose; they *must*, *will* sup.

Mad are the Passions, as a Colt untamed:
When Prudence mounts their backs, to ride them mild,
They fling, they snort, they foam, they rise inflamed,
Insisting on their own sole will so wild.

Gadsbud, my buzzing Friend, thou art not dead;
The Fates, so kind, have not yet snipp'd thy thread.
By Heavens, thou movest a leg, and now its brother
And kicking, lo again, thou movest another!

And now thy little drunken eyes unclose:
And now thou feelest for thy little nose,
  And, finding it, thou rubbest thy two hands;
Much as to say, "I'm glad I'm here again."—
And well mayst thou rejoice: 'tis very plain,
  That near wast thou to Death's unsocial lands.

And now thou rollest on thy back about;
Happy to find thyself alive, no doubt:
  Now turnest, on the table making rings;
Now crawling, forming a wet track,
Now shaking the rich liquor from thy back,
  Now fluttering nectar from thy silken wings:

Now standing on thy head, thy strength to find,
And poking out thy small long legs behind:
And now thy pinions dost thou briskly ply,
Preparing now to leave me; farewell, Fly.

Go, join thy Brothers on yon sunny board,
And rapture to thy Family afford:

There wilt thou meet a Mistress, or a Wife,
That saw thee, drunk, drop senseless in the stream;
Who gave perhaps the wide-resounding scream,
And now sits groaning for thy precious life.

Yes, go, and carry comfort to thy Friends,
And wisely tell them thy imprudence ends.

Let Buns and Sugar for the future charm:
These will delight, and feed, and work no harm;
While Punch, the grinning merry Imp of Sin,
Invites th' unwary Wanderer to a kiss;
Smiles in his face, as though he meant him bliss;
Then, like an Alligator, drags him in.

ELEGY

TO THE FLEAS OF TENERIFFE.

Written in the year 1768, at Santa Cruz, in company with a Son of the late Admiral Boscawen; at the house of Mr. Mackerrick, a Merchant of that Place.

Ye hopping Natives of a hard, hard Bed,
Whose bones perchance may ache as well as ours,
Oh let us rest in peace the weary head
This night,—the first we ventured to your bow'rs.

Thick as a flock of Starlings on our skins,
Ye turn at once to brown the lily's white;
Ye stab us also, like so many Pins:
Sleep swears he can't come near us while ye bite.

In vain we preach; in vain the candle's ray
Broad flashes on the imps, for blood that itch:
In vain we brush the busy Hosts away;
Fearless on other parts their thousands pitch.

And now I hear a hungry Varlet cry,
"Eat hearty, Fleas; they're some *outlandish* men:
Fat stuff; no Spaniards, all so lean and dry.
Such charming *venison* ne'er may come agen."

How shall we meet the morn?—With shameful eyes,
With nibbled hands, and eke with nibbled faces,
Just like two Turkey-eggs, we speckled rise,
Scorn'd by the Loves, and mock'd by all the Graces.

What will the stately Nymph Joanna* say?
How will the beauteous Catherina* stare!
"Away, ye nasty Britons! foh! away!"
In sounds of horror will exclaim the Fair.

* Young Spanish Ladies of the first fashion.

What though we tell them 'twas Mackerrick's* bed?
What though we swear 'twere all Mackerrick's fleas?
Disgusted will the Virgins turn the head;
No more we kiss their fingers on our knees.

No more our groaning Verses greet their hand;
No more they listen to our panting Prose;
No more beneath their window shall we stand,
And serenade their beauties to repose.

The *conversazioni*† meet their end;
The love-inspired *fandango* warms no more;
The laugh, the nod, the whisper, will offend;
The leer, the squint, the squeezes, all be o'er.

But, O ye ruthless Hosts, an Arab train,
Ye daring Light Troops of that roving race,
Know ye the Strangers whom with blood ye stain?
Know ye the Voyagers ye thus disgrace?

One is a Doctor, of *redoubted* skill,
A Briton born, that dauntless *deals* in *death;*
Who to the Western Ind proceeds to kill,
And probably of thousands stop the breath:

* He is a principal man in the island, and much respected.
† At his Excellency's, the Governor.

A Bard whose wing of thought, and verse of fire,
Shall bid with wonder all Parnassus start;
A Bard whose converse Monarchs shall admire,
And happy learn his lofty Odes by heart*.

The other, lo, a Pupil rare of Mars,
A Youth who kindles with a Father's flame,
Boscawen call'd, who fought a Kingdom's wars,
And gave to Immortality a name.

Lo, such are *we*, Freebooters, whom ye bite!
Such is our British quality, O Fleas!
Then spare our tender skins this *one, one night*:—
To-morrow, *eat* Mackerrick if ye please.

* Part of this prophecy has been amply verified.

The present *unnatural* and *fatal* Enmity towards those *best* Creatures in the World, Kings and Queens, putting our most august Couple more on their Guard against evil Machinations, by selecting Mr. Townsend, Mr. Macmanus, and Mr. Jealous, the *most accomplished* Thief-takers upon Earth, to watch over them as a *Garde de Corps*; such an *important* Circumstance, so *illuminative* of the historical Page, could not escape the Eagle Eye of the Lyric Bard; who, in consequence, has addressed an Ode of Praise and Admonition to the three aforesaid *Gentlemen*.

ODE

TO MESSIEURS TOWNSEND, MACMANUS, AND JEALOUS,

The Thief-takers, and Attendants on Majesty.

Ye friends to Justice Gibbet, Justice Jail,
And Justice Cart's slow-moving tail,
  Accept the Bard's *sincere* congratulation:
Ye glorious imps, of thief-suppressing spirit,
Elected, for your most *heroic* merit,
  The Guardians of the Rulers of the Nation.

When Blood, that enterprising chap,
Attempted *only* on the *crown* a rape,

Pale Horror rais'd her hands, and roll'd her eyes:
But should some knave, with fingers most unclean,
Attempt to steal away our *king* and *queen*,
How would the Empire in disorder rise!
Just like the Nations of the honeyed Hive;
Who, if they lose their Sovereign, *never thrive*.

At midnight, lo, some knave might steal so sly,
In silence, on the Royal sleepy eye,
And, giving to his sacrilege a loose,
Bear off the mighty Monarch on his back;
Just as sly Reynard, in his night attack,
Bears from the farmer's yard a *gentle* Goose.

Ye glorious Thief-takers, oh watch the Pair;
We cannot such a *precious* Couple spare:
Oh, Cat-like, guard the door against Tom Paine!
Tom Paine's an artful and rebellious dog;
Swears that a *sacred* Throne is but a Log,
And Monarchs *too expensive* to maintain.

I know their Majesties are in a fright;
I know they very badly sleep at night:
Tom Paine's indeed a most terrific word;
A name of fear, that sounds in every wind;
A Goblin damn'd, that haunts the Royal mind;
Of Damocles the hair-suspended Sword.

Why should our glorious Sovereigns be unblest?
Why by a *paltry* Subject be distrest?
Is there no poison for Tom Paine? alas!
Is there no halter for this Knave of Knaves?
Audacious fellow! lo, the Crown he braves,
And calls the Kingdom a poor burden'd Ass.

For this poor burden'd Ass, he swears he feels;
And bids him lift (a Regicide!) his *heels*.

What a bright thought in George and Charlotte,
Who, to escape each wicked varlet,
And disappoint Tom Paine's disloyal crew,
Fix'd on the brave Macmanus, Townsend, Jealous,
Delightful company, *delicious* fellows,
To point out, every minute, *who is who!*

To hustle from before their noble Graces,
Rascals with ill-looking designing faces,
Where treason, murder, and sedition, dwell;
To give the *life* of every Newgate wretch;
To say who next the fatal cord shall stretch—
The *sweet* Historians of the pensive Cell.

Oh with what *joy* felonious acts ye view!
How *pleased*, a Thief or Highwayman to hunt!
Blest as Cornwallis, Tippoo to pursue;
Blest as old Purseram Bhow, and Hurry Punt.

How itch your fingers to entrap a Thief!
How nimbly you pursue him!—with what soul
Track him from haunt to haunt, to mercy deaf;
And drag at last the felon from his hole!

Thus when a Chambermaid a Flea espies,
How beats her heart! what lightnings fill her eyes!
To seize him, lo, her twinkling fingers spread,
And stop his *travels* through the Realm of Bed.

He hops: the eager Damsel marks the jump;
Now sudden falls in thunder on his rump.
She misses: off hops Bloodsucker again:
The Nymph with wild alacrity pursues;
Now loses sight of him, and now gets *views*,
While all her trembling nerves with ardour strain.

Now fairly tired, with melancholy face,
Poor sighing Susan quits th' important chase;

Once more resolved, she brightens up her wits,
And, furious, to her lovely fingers spits;—
Thrice-happy thought! yet, not to flatter,
'Tis not the *cleanliest* trick in nature.

Now in the blanket deep she sees him hide,
Who, winking, fancieth Susan cannot see:
Now Susan drags him forth, with victor pride;
The Culprit crusheth; and thus falls the Flea!—

What *pity* 'tis for this important Nation,
The Princes all *have had* their education!
What pounds on Gottingen were *thrown away!*
How had *ye* moralized their youngling hearts!
How had *ye* given an insight of the *arts*,
So necessary, Sirs, for sovereign sway!

Cunning's a pretty Monitor for Kings:
She teacheth *most extraordinary* things;
She keepeth Subjects in their *proper* sphere;
She brings that fool, the Million, tame to hand,
To dance, to kneel, to prostrate at command.—
A Kingdom is a Monarch's Dancing Bear.
By means of this same humble capering beast,
What Royal Showmen fill their fobs, and feast!

Oh tell the World's great Masters, not to *spare;*
A Subject's murmur is *beneath* their care:
When *well accustomed* to the busy *thong,*
Flogging's a matter of *mere sport,* a song.

All know the tale of Betty and the Eel.
" You cruel bitch," a man was heard to say,
" To serve poor creatures in that horrid way!"—
" Lord, Sir," quoth Betty, turning on her heel,
" The Eels are *used to it!*" So saying,
And humming *ça ira,* continued flaying.

Oh how I envy you each happy name!
Time shall not eat the mountain of your fame;
For *thus* Myself your Epitaph shall write,
And dare the vile old Stone-eater to bite:—

THE EPITAPH.

" Here lie three Crimps of Death, knock'd down by Fate;
" Of Justice the staunch Blood-hounds too, so keen;
" Who *choked* the *little* Plunderers of the State,
" And glorious *saved* a mighty *king* and *queen.*"——

Behold, the Guards, so disappointed, mourn!
With *jealousy* their *glorious* bosoms burn,
To find by *you*, dread Sirs, usurp'd their places.—
"What! not the Regiments of Death be trusted!
By *thief-takers*, O Jesu, to be ousted!
Thief-catchers, *gardes de corps* unto their Graces!"

Thus, thus exclaim the angry Men in Red;
Who, with their swords and guns, may go to bed.

Gods, how I envy our *great folk* their *joys!*
Your *tales* of House-breakers, those nightly curses;
Of Heroes of the Heath, Saint Giles's Boys;
Histories of Pocket-handkerchiefs and Purses!

Oh for *minds royal* what delightful food!
Stories surpassing those of Robin Hood.

Sweet are of slight-hand Barrington the tales;
Of *changeful* Major Semple, charming too!
Delicious story through each Hulk prevails,
Full of instruction pleasant, sage, and new.

Hence the pure Streams of thieving-science flow,
Which through your mouths to *gaping* Monarchs go;
And frequently the Royal gaze ye greet
With curious Instruments for robbing meet.

Who would not wish to see the gliding Crook,
With which the purses oft in silence stray?
Who would not on the Tools with rapture look,
That from post-chaises snap the trunks away?

Who would not ope false Dice, ingenious bones?
A curious *speculation*, worthy Thrones!

Laugh the loud World, and let it laugh again;
The Great of Windsor shall such mirth disdain.—
In days of *yore* (dull days, insipid things),
Kings trusted *only* to a People's Love;
But modern times in politics *improve*,
And *Bow-street Runners* are the Shields of Kings.

ODE TO CELIA.

Envy must own that thou art passing fair;
Love in thy smiles, and Juno in thy air:
Yet, Celia, if with Gods I may be free,
I think that Jove commits a sort of sin,
By stripping all the Graces to the skin,
Merely to make a *nonpareille* of *thee*.

Celia, thou knowest too that thou art pleasing;
Most Spider-like, the hearts of mortals seizing:

And, what too maketh me confounded sour,
Thou knowest (what I wish to hide,
Which rather mortifies my pride)
That I'm a simple Fly, and in thy power.

When Nature sent thee blooming from above,
She meant thee to support the cause of Love;
To *keep alive* a beautiful Creation:
Thy Graces hoarded, Girl, thou must be told,
Are really like the sordid Miser's Gold,
Worthless for want of *circulation.*

Behold! a Guinea, by a *proper* use,
Another pretty Guinea will produce:
And thus, O peerless Girl, thy Beauty
May bring thee *cent per cent* within the year;
That is, *another* Beauty may appear,
If *properly* it minds its duty.

Of wonder, lo, thou puttest on the stare:
It seems a *dark* and *intricate* affair;
Thou wantest a good, able, sound adviser.
Well then, my Dear, at once agree,
As *chamber*-counsel to take *me;*
I know none better qualified, nor wiser.

ODE TO A PRETTY MILLINER.

O Nymph, with bandbox tripping on so sweet,
For Love's sake stay those pretty tripping feet,
  Join'd to an ancle form'd all hearts to steal:
That ancle to the neatest leg united,
Perhaps, with which I should be much delighted;
  For men by *little* matters guess a deal.

Love lent thee Lips, and lent that Bloom divine;
But, dearest Damsel, what can make them mine?
  Heaven rests upon those heaving Hills of Snow;
The fascinating Dimple in thy chin:
In short, thy charms without, and charms within,
  Speak, are they *purchasable?*—aye, or no?

Thou seest my soul wild-staring from my eyes;
  "Let me not burst in ignorance," fair Maid:
Why showest thou, O peerless Nymph, surprise?
  I am no Wolf to eat thee: why afraid?

Oh could I gain by gold those heavenly charms,
Could gold once give thee to my eager arms,

Lo, into Guineas would I coin my Heart;
Those would I pour pell-mell into thy lap,
With thee to wake to love, and then to nap,
Then wake again, again to sleep depart.

All happy circled in thy arms of bliss;
To snatch, with riot wild, *thy* burning kiss;
A kiss! a *thousand* kisses let me add,
Ten thousand from thy unexhausted mint,
And then ten thousand of *my own* imprint.—
Speak, tempting Syren, to a swain stark mad.

Heavens! o'er thy cheek how deep the crimson glows,
And spreads upon thy Breast of purest Snows!
Why mute, my Angel? Thou disdain'st reply?
Sdeath! what a Cuckoo, what a rogue, am I!

O Nymph so sweet, forgive my wild desires:
That knave, thy Bandbox, waked my lawless fires,
Bade me suspect what chastity reveres.
What will wipe out th' affront, O Virgin, speak,
That flush'd the rose of virtue on thy cheek,
Chill'd thy young heart, and dash'd thine eye with tears?

Go, guard that honour which I deem'd departed.
Oh yield thy beauties to some Swain kind-hearted,
Whose soul congenial shall with thine unite,
And Love allow no respite from delight.

A MORAL AFTER-THOUGHT

ON THE ABOVE.

Dear Innocence, where'er thou deign'st to dwell,
The Pleasures sport around thy simple cell;
The Song of Nature melts from grove to grove;
Perpetual sunshine sits upon thy vale;
Content and ruddy Health thy hamlet hail,
And Echo waits upon the voice of Love.

But where, but where is scowling Guilt's abode?
The spectred heath, and Danger's cavern'd road,
The shuffling Monster treads with panting breath:
The cloud-wrapp'd storm insulting roars around;
Fear pales him at the thunder's awful sound;
He stares with terror on the flash of death.

He calls on Darkness with affright,
And bids her pour her deepest night;

Her clouds impenetrable bring,
And hide him with her Raven-wing.

Are these the pictures? Then I need not muse,
Nor gape, nor ponder *which* to choose.
O Innocence, this instant I'm thy slave:
Who but the greatest *fool* would be a *knave?*

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Sir William, what! a new estate?
I give thee joy of Gabia's * fate:
More broken pans, *more* Gods, *more* mugs,
More snivel-bottles, jordens, and old jugs,
More saucepans, lamps, and candlesticks, and kettles;
In short, all sorts of culinary metals!

Leave not a dust-hole unexplored:
Something shall rise to be adored.

* A newly-discovered town, sister in misfortune to Herculaneum, Pompeia, and Pæstum.

Search the old Bedsteads and the Rugs;
Such things are sacred: if, by chance,
Amidst the wood, thine eye should glance
On a nice pair of Antique Bugs;

Oh, in some box the *curious* vermin place,
And let us Britons breed the *Roman race!*

Old nails, old knockers, and old shoes,
Would much Daines Barrington amuse:
Old mats, old dish-clouts, dripping-pans, and spits,
Would prove delectable to other wits:
Gods' legs, and legs of old joint-stools,
Would ravish all our Antiquarian schools.

Some reverend Moth, with ne'er a wing,
Would charm the Knight of Soho-square*:
A *headless* Flea would be a pretty thing,
To make the Knight of Wonders stare.

A Curl of some old Emperor's Wig;
Or Nero's Fiddle, 'mid the flames of Rome,
That gave so exquisite a jig;
Believe me, would be well worth sending home.

* Sir Joseph Banks.

Oh, if some *lumping* rarity of *gold*
Thy lucky eyes by chance behold,
Send it to our good King and gracious Queen:
No matter what th' inscription; if there's none,
'Tis *all one!*
Plain Gold will please as well as *work'd*, I ween.
Much will the Present their *great* eyes regale,
Let it but cut a figure in the *scale.*

Oh! could an earthquake shake down Wapping,
And catch th' inhabitants and goods all napping,
And then a thousand years the ruin shade,
What fortunes would be quickly made!
What rare Museums from the rubbish rise,
Wapping Antiques to glad the eyes!

How Portraits of Moll Flanders, Hannah Snell,
And Miss D'Eon, those heroines, would sell,
Canning and Squires!
How would the *dilettanti* of the Nation
Devour the Prints with eyes of admiration,
And to their *merits* Poets strike their Lyres!

Sign-posts, with Old Blue Boars, and Heads of Nags,
Would from the proud possessor draw *such* brags!
Red Lions, Crowns and Magpies, George the Third,

The Cat and Gridiron, our most gracious Queen,
With rapturous adoration would be seen:
They would, upon my word.
Such would transport the people of hereafter,
Though subjects now of merriment and laughter.

POSTSCRIPT *(sub rosâ)*.

Hist! What *fresh* ovens of Etrurian ware,
What pretty jordens has my Friend to spare?
What Gods are *ripe* for *digging up*, O Knight?
What Britons, *knowing* in the *virtu* trade,
Soon as a grand *discovery* shall be made,
Are near thee, Gudgeon-like, prepared to bite?

What brazen God, baptized with chamberlie,
For which the future *connoisseurs* may sigh,
Is *going into* ground, with front sublime?
Hereafter to be worshipp'd soon as seen:
A *resurrection* rare, array'd in green;
A downright satire upon Time;—
Who seems, a poor old fumbling fool, to doat;
Taking two thousand years to make a *coat* *.

* Sir William keeps an old Antiquarian to *hunt* for him; who, when he stumbles on a tolerable Statue, *bathes* him in *urine*, *buries* him, and, when ripe for

A whisper: Lock'd is the Museum-door,
From whence antiques were wont to *stray;*
Whose parents ne'er set eyes upon them more,
So much the little creatures lost their way.
Pity *thou* couldst not *news* of them obtain,
And send the Gods and Godlings back again* !—

Sir William, what's become of that same Monk †,
From whose old corner-cupboard, or old trunk,
Thine history issued about Burning Mountains?
For who would toil, and sweat, and hoe the hill,
To *find* perhaps of knowledge a poor *rill,*
Who easily can *buy* the *fountains?*

O Knight of Naples, is it come to pass
That thou hast left the Gods of *stone* and *brass,*
To wed a Deity of *flesh* and *blood* ‡?

digging up, they proclaim a *great discovery* to be made, and out comes an *antique* for universal admiration!

* Some valuable *antiques,* not long since, made their escape from the Royal Museum, and travelled *the Lord knows where.*

† He lived in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius; and furnished the Knight with all his Volcanic observations, which pass on the world as *his own.*—*Nam quod emis, possis dicere jure tuum.*

‡ It is really true: the Knight *is married* to a beautiful *virgin,* whom he styles his *Grecian.* Her Attitudes are the most *desirable* Models for young Artists.

Oh lock the temple with thy strongest key,
For fear thy Deity, a *comely* she,
Should one day *ramble* in a frolic mood :—

For since the Idols of a *youthful* King,
So very volatile indeed, take wing;
If *his* to wicked wanderings can incline,
Lord! who would answer, poor old Knight, for *thine*?
Yet *should* thy Grecian Goddess fly the fane,
I think that we may catch her in Hedge-lane*.

EPIGRAM,

On a Stone thrown at a *very great Man*, but which missed him.

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
From a flint so unluckily thrown:
I think very different, with thousands indeed;
'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone*.

TO CHLOE.

Dear Chloe, well I know the Swain
Who gladly would embrace thy chain;

* The resort of the Cyprian Corps, an avenue that opens into Cockspur-street.

And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on *these* eyes;
Thou'lt ask me not, to *name* him.

ON A NEW-MADE LORD.

The Carpenters of ancient Greece,
Although they bought of wood a stubborn piece,
Not fit to make a Block; yet, very odd!
No losers were the men of chipping trade,
Because of this same stubborn stuff they made
A damn'd good God.

Thus of the Lower House a stupid wretch
Whose mind to A, B, C, can scarcely stretch,
Shall, by a Monarch's all-creative word,
Become a *very decent* Lord.

TO MY CANDLE.

Thou lone Companion of the spectred night,
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep.

Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's Genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.

Flom cloud to cloud the pale Moon hurrying flies;
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through her skies.

But all is silence here: beneath thy beam,
I own I labour for the voice of praise;
For who would sink in dull Oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in Songs of distant days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspeare's page,
I mark, in visions of delight, the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A Column in the melancholy Waste
(Its cities humbled, and its glories past),
Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour:
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship show'r.

I view, alas! what ne'er should die,
A Form that wakes my deepest sigh;
A Form that feels of death the leaden sleep.
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting Maid;
I see the Virtues o'er their Favourite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of Fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare;
A World should echo with her name.—

Art thou departing too, my trembling Friend?
Ah! draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal.
Oh let me, pensive, watch thy pale decay:
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away!
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas, thy thread of fire!
Ah, falling, falling, ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles; all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap:
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering; now no more!

Thus shall the Suns of Science sink away,
And thus of Beauty fade the fairest Flower;
For where's the giant who to Time shall say,
"Destructive Tyrant, I arrest thy power?"

A POETICAL, SERIOUS,

AND POSSIBLY

IMPERTINENT,

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

ALSO

A PAIR OF ODES TO HIS HOLINESS,

ON HIS KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE;

WITH

A PRETTY LITTLE ODE TO INNOCENCE.

Paulo majora canamus. VIRGIL.

To *kings* and *courtiers* we have chirrup'd long:
Muse, give we now *His Holiness* a Song.

PROLOGUE TO THE EPISTLE.

"A CAT may look upon a King;"
So says the proverb, and the proverb s right:
For Monarch now is proved a *human* thing,
Although it lifts its nose to such a height.

"The Lord's Anointed" is an antique phrase,
Left out by Dictionaries of our days.
King-making unto *man* is justly given;
Once the great *perquisite* indeed of *Heaven.*

I say, a Cat may look upon a King:
But foreign Potentates say, "No such thing."
Sicilia's King, replete with *right divine,*
Thinks he may hunt his Subjects like his Swine;
And other Continental Kings beside,
For glory and blood-royal all agog,
Think they may hunt a Subject like a Hog:
This mortifies of us *small rogues* the pride.

What hurts me more, and both my eyes expands,
And lifts with horror from my head my wig,
Those birth-puff'd Kings of foreign lands,
To *common* Christians, have *preferr'd* the Pig!

A dead Pig, to be sure, is *better eating*
Than a dead Christian; handsomer for treating:
But both *alive*, how *different* in their nature!
Man *surely* is the much sublimer creature.

Since Cats may look upon a King, I hope
A Bard may write a letter to a Pope,
Though hand and glove with Heaven—a great connexion!
Who deals, for souls, Salvations from his wallet;
As, from their shops, Green-grocers, for the palate,
Deal Garden-stuff of all complexion:—

And sells a good snug *seat* amidst the Skies,
To any *wicked* Gentleman that dies:
As unto John, Sir Will, my Lord, his Grace,
Great Madame Schwellenbergen *gives* a Place;
A Cook-like Dame, who understands place-carving,
And saves such *worthy* families from starving.——

So much for Prologue to my Pope's Epistle;
To which his Holiness may cry, "Go whistle."
Perchance his Holiness may also add,
"Pox take me, Peter, if you ar'n't too bad:
Dare fix thy impious foot on my Dominions,
I'll *pay* thee for Epistles and Opinions."

Well then, since things are *bonâ fide* so,
And Danger with his poignard lurks at Rome,
I'll not set off to kiss your Worship's toe;
But wave the *glory*, and remain at home.

EPISTLE TO THE POPE.

WHILE France, for freedom mad, invades thy rights,
And pours her Millions o'er the World like Mites;
Knocks the poor growling German o'er the snout,
And threatens hard the Man of Cheese and Grout;
Gives poor Sardinia's Monarch a black eye,
And makes the Nimrod King of Naples cry;
What's worse too, threatens poor Loretto's shrine,
Where the good Virgin goes each day so fine*,
Threatens to tear the Muslin from her head,
And put the cap of Flannel† in its stead;—
Where is th' Almighty's *man*, the Church's Hope,
Prince of Salvation, Peter's Heir, the Pope?

O Thou, the true Descendant of Saint Peter,
In very anger, lo, I pen this Metre!
There was a time when Popes behaved with Spirit;
But nought save Indolence dost thou inherit.

* She has a dress for every day in the year.

† The cap of liberty.

Go, ope thy churches, convents, all thy chapels,
Since Atheism with the true Religion grapples:
Think of thy Ancestors so great of yore,
And bid thy noble Bull as usual roar;
They whose stern looks could make an Emperor cower,
And Kings like School-boys shudder at their power.
Most dangerous are the times; I scorn to flatter:
Then ope thy Cataracts of Holy Water;
Gather thy crucifixes, wood, brass, stones;
Bid the dark catacombs disgorge their bones;
Create new Regiments of Saints for fight;
And chase the gathering Gloom of Pagan Night.

See France against her rightful lord rebel*!
And see her Satan banish'd from his Hell!
Blind wretch, now justly suffering for her evil;
For what are States, without a King and Devil?
A pair so sweetly suited to control
Th' insurgent body, one; and one, the soul.

To thee thy Slaves, the Miracles, belong:
As Music waits on Lady Mary's tongue;

* The Author here does not mean to treat with unfeeling ridicule the fate of the unfortunate Lewis, but merely to notice the extinction of Monarchy and Religion in France.

Humility on Kenyon, void of art;
As melting Mercy *hangs* on Buller's heart.
If Marvels by thine Ancestors were done,
Why not perform'd, in God's name, by the Son?

As Becket, that good Saint, sublimely rode,
Thoughtless of insult, through the town of Strode,
What did the Mob?—Attack'd his Horse's rump;
And cut the tail, so flowing, to the stump.
What does the Saint?—Quoth he, "For this vile trick,
The town of Strode shall heartily be sick."
And lo, by power divine a curse prevails:
The Babes of Strode are born with Horses' Tails!

Lodged in the talons of a famish'd Kite,
And just about to bid the world good night,
A gentle Gosling on Saint Thomas call'd.—
At once the feather'd Tyrant look'd appall'd;
Sudden his iron claw grew nerveless, loose,
And dropp'd the sweet *believing* Babe of Goose.

Such *was* the power of Saints, though dead and rotten;
By thee, one verily would think, forgotten:
Then prythee do at once thy best endeavour,
As all the Saints are *wonderful as ever*.

Saint Dunstan caned the Devil, the story goes,
And pinch'd with red-hot tongs the Imp's black nose:
In vain he swore, and roar'd, and danced about;
Sore was his back, and roasted was his snout.
The powers *he* boasted, to *his bones* are given:
Such is the gift of Saints, when lodged in Heaven.

Hear with what *blasphemy* this France behaves!
"Rome, I despise thee: all thy Popes are Knaves;
Thy Cardinals and Priests, the earth encumber;
Avaunt the Saints, and all such *holy lumber!*
Chop off their heads: away the Legs and Toes;
Away the wonder-working Tooth and Nose;
Away the wonder-working Eyes and Tears,
The vile imposture of a thousand years!
Calves' Heads, Pigs' Pettitoes, perform as well;
Raise from the dead, and plagues and devils expel.—
Saint Geneviève no longer is divine:
The wise Parisians mock her worm-gnawed shrine;
Whose coffin-planks that could such awe inspire,
May go to light the kitchen-wench's fire.
Saint Jail, *Saint* Whip, *Saint* Guillotine, *Saint* Rope,
Possess (we think) more virtue than the Pope.
My wool-comber, my sadler, and my hatter,
No more Saint Blaize, Saint James, Saint Saviour, flatter:

My carpenter, my farrier, and my furrier,
My fishmonger, my butcher, baker, currier,
And eke a hundred trades besides, no more
Bow to those marvel-mongers, and adore*.
'Hang me,' the Barber cries, 'if I'm the fool
To trim for nought the Virgin Mary's poll!'—
'Burn me,' cries Crispin, 'if I don't refuse
To find the Gentlewoman in her shoes!'—
'Curse me,' the Mercer cries, 'if *I* give gowns,
To be the laughing-stock of all our towns!'—
'Damn me,' the Hosier roars, 'if 'tis not shocking,
That I should give the Woman's legs a stocking!'—
'And why,' the Linen-man exclaims, 'a pox,
Should I forsooth be forced to find her smocks?'—
No more shall Bumkins near the altar place
Fair veal and mutton, for th' Almighty's grace;
Grace to *increase* the *loves* of bulls and rams,
And make more families of calves and lambs.
No more shall capons too for grace be swapp'd,
By priests *adored*, and in a twinkling snapp'd.
My Bumkins, *once* such fools, think wiser now,
That God without *their aid* can bless the cow,

* Every Trade has its Saints.

With due *fertility* the poultry keep,
And kindle *love* sufficient for the sheep.
On their past folly with amaze they stare,
And mock the solemn mummery of prayer.
No more, on Antony's once-hallowed feast,
The Horse and Ass shall travel to be blest;
No more shall Hodge's prong and shovel start,
Boot, saddle, bridle, wheelbarrow, and cart;
No more in Lent shall wiser Frenchmen starve,
While God affords them a good fowl to carve.
Away with fasts! a fool could only hatch 'em:
Frenchmen, eat fowls wherever you can catch 'em.
Let not the fear of Hell your jaws control:
A capon, trust me, never damn'd a soul.
Heaven kindly sends to man the things man chooses;
And he's an impious blockhead who refuses.
Melt all the Bells to Cannon, with their *grace;*
And, 'stead of Demons, let them Austrians chase.
Away with relics, holy water, oils,
At which Credulity herself recoils!
Lo, Kellerman's and Custine's gun-clad power
Will do more *wonders* with their iron shower,
Than all the Saints and Crosses of the nation,
Since saints and crosses grew a foolish fashion.

Let crucibles and crucifixes join,
And silver Saints perform their feats *in coin:*
Make a good Rubber of the Virgin's Wig;
Out with her ear-rings, and the Dame *unrig:*
Sell off her gowns and petticoats of gold;
A piece of timber need not fear the cold.—
Out with the Priest, to lust's wild frenzy fed,
Who put the Bridegroom and the Bride to bed;
One eye to Heaven with sanctity applied,
The other leering on the blushful Bride;
Who loads her in hot fancy with caresses,
And *cuckolds* the poor Bridegroom as he *blesses.*
Perish the masses for a burning soul,
That never yet extinguish'd half a coal!
No more for sins let Pilgrims visit Rome;
Th' Almighty can forgive a rogue at home.
Strike me that Purgatory from our creed:
Heaven wants not fire to clarify the dead.
Break me old Januarius's bottle,
And let Contempt the old Impostor throttle.
A truce to prayers for Saints in Heaven to hear:
'Tis idle, since *not one* of them is *there.*
Away with benedictions, canting matter!
A Horse-pond is as good as Holy Water.

Unveil the Nuns, and *useful* make their charms;
And let their Prison be a Lover's Arms.
I scout your Porter Peter and his Keys,
That ope to every rogue a Pope shall please.—
Avaunt the Institutions that *enslave!*
The man who thought of Marriage, was a knave;
Raised a huge Cannon against human bliss;
And spoil'd that first of joys, the rapturous Kiss;
Delicious Novelty from Beauty drove,
And made the gloomy state the tomb of Love;
To *discord* turning what had *charm'd* the ear;
Converting Burgundy to sour Small-beer.
Thus from his bright domain a Sun is hurl'd,
To gild a Pin-hole, that should light a World.
Exulting Reason from her bondage springs,
Claims Heaven's wide range, and spreads her Eagle wings;
While Superstition, lodged with Bats and Owls,
With Horror, and the hopeless maniac, howls."—
Thus crieth France.

Thus Infidelity walks bold abroad,
And 'stead of Faith, the Cherub, see a Toad!
Such is th' *impiety* of France, alas!
And shall such *blasphemy* unpunish'd pass?

No: for the honour of Religion, rise,
And flash conviction on their miscreant eyes.
The French are devils; devils, downright devils;
In heavenly Wheat, accurs'd destructive Weevils;
Abominations, atheists, to a man;
Rogues that convert the finest Flour to Bran;
In Vice's drunken Cup for ever guzzling,
Just like the Hogs in Mud uncleanly nuzzling.
I know the rascals have a sin *in petto*,
To rob the Holy Lady of Loretto;
Attack her temple with their guns so warrish,
And thrust the Gentlewoman *on the parish;*
A Lady all so *graceful*, gay, and rich,
With Gems and Wonders lodged in every stitch.—
Heir of Saint Peter, kindle then thine ire,
And bid France feel thy Apostolic fire.
Think of the *quantity* of sacred wood
Thy treasuries can launch into the flood;
What Ships the holy Manger can create!
At least *a dozen*, of the largest rate:
And lo, enough of sweet Saint Martha's Hair,
To *rig* this dozen mighty ships of war.
Our Saviour's Pap-spoon, that a World adores,
Would make a *hundred thousand* Pair of Oars.

Gather the Stones that knock'd down poor Saint Stephen,
And fling at Frenchmen in the name of Heaven.
Bring forth the *thousands* of Saint Catherine's Nails,
That every-convent, church, and chapel, hails.
For Storms, uncork the *bottled* Sighs of Martyrs,
And *blow* the rogues to Earth's remotest quarters.
Such Relics, of good Mother Church the pride,
How would they currycomb a Frenchman's hide!

Son of the Church, again I say, arise,
And flash new Marvels in their sinner-eyes.
With teeth and jaw-bones on thy holy back,
Thumbs, fingers, knuckle-bones, to fill a sack;
With joints of rump, and loins, and heels, and toes,
Begin thy march, and meet thy atheist foes.
Struck with a panic shall the Villains leap,
And fly thy presence, like a Flock of Sheep:
Thus shall the Rebels to Religion yield,
And thou with holy triumph keep the field.

Thus in Jamaica, once upon a time,
(Ah, well remember'd by the Man of Rhyme!)
Quako, High-priest of all the Negro Nation,
And full of negro-faith in conjuration,
Loaded his jackass deep with wonder-bags
Of monkeys' teeth, glass, horse-hair, and red rags:

When forth they march'd, a goodly solemn pace,
To pour *destruction* on the Christian race*;
To send the Husbands to th' infernal shades,
Hug their dear Wives, and ravish the fair Maids;
To bring God Mumbo Jumbo into vogue,
And *sanctify* the names of Whore and Rogue.
By Fortune's foot behold the scheme disjointed;
And, lo, the black Apostle disappointed!—
But mark; this difference, to the World's surprise,
Between your Holiness and Quako lies:—
O'er France (no more an unbelieving foe,
Who bought thy Relics, and adored thy Toe),
Divine Dominion shalt thou stretch, O Pope!
While luckless Quako only *stretch'd*—a *rope*.

Where is the Priest that cannot curse a rat,
A weasel, locust, grasshopper, and gnat?—
If *journeymen* can curse the Reptile clan,
The *master* certainly can curse a Man.
Father of Miracles, then stir thy stumps,
And break the legs of Sin, that takes such jumps:
Fall not upon thy face, and Cur-like yelp;
And, panting, panic-stricken, cry, "God help!"

* These little bags are called by the Negroes obia, and are supposed to possessed of great witchcraft-virtues.

To show that prayer alone will not avail,
The Muse shall finish with a well-known Tale.

THE WAGGONER AND JUPITER.

A LUCKLESS Waggon roll'd into a slough.
Clod scratch'd his head, and growl'd, and knit his brow;
But what avail'd it? Fast the waggon lay.
Now Clod imagined, like an idle Lout,
A prayer or two might help the prisoner out:
Then unto Jupiter he howl'd away.

"How now, you lazy lubber?" cried the God:
"Clap to the wheel your shoulder, Master Clod;
And, mind me, let your horses be well flogg'd."—
Clod took th' advice, exerted all his strength:
The Waggon moved, and moved; and lo, at length,
Forced from the quagmire, on again it jogg'd.

Such is the simple Tale, O Man of God!
Go thou, and imitate the bumkin Clod.
I do not call your Holiness a *lubber;*
But let me tell thee, in an easy way,
Contrive with skill this *game of Saints* to play,
Thou 'lt beat thy Ancestors, and win the rubber.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

THE READER.

JUST as I had finished my Epistle, it struck me that his Holiness kept a *bad House* at Rome; marvelling Reader, nothing less than a large Bawdy-House, from which he derives an Immensity of *impure* Emolument: so that this great Son of the Church, God's Vicegerent on Earth, taxes female Flesh, winks at *Fornication*, and consequently promotes the Cause of *Carnality*. Thus is a great Commandment broken, and Lasciviousness become sanctioned by the Successor of the Apostolic Peter! From this sad Circumstance probably the Bone, Wood, and Metal Conductors of Miracle, like the Electric Machine in *foul Weather*, will not answer so well; and consequently a Disappointment may attend the *Experiments*. The Bard therefore, wishing the Moral Hemisphere to be as clear as possible, very properly addresses a Pair of Reprimanding Odes to his Holiness on the Occasion, in sanguine *Hopes* of a *Reformation*.

ODE I.

LET me confess that Beauty is delicious:
To clasp it in our arms, is nice; but vicious:
That is to say, *unlawful* hugs; caresses
Which want those bonds that God Almighty blesses.

I do not say that we should not *embrace:*
We *may;* but then, it should be done with *grace.*
The *flesh* should scarce be thought of: there's the merit.
Sweet are the palpitations of the *spirit.*

Pure are indeed the *kisses* of th' *upright;*
So simple, meek, and *sanctified,* and *slight:*
Good men so *softly* press the virgin lip!—
But *wicked* man! what does he, carnal wretch,
With all his Horse-like Passions on full stretch?
The Mouth, sweet Cup of Kisses, scorns to *sip;*

But, with the spicy nectar waxing warm,
The knave gets drunk upon the pouting charm;
Seizes the Damsel round the waist so handy;
And, as I've said before, gets drunk, the beast,
Like Aldermen (the gutlers) at a feast:
For Ladies' Lips are Cherries steep'd in Brandy.

The flaxen ringlets, and the swelling breast;
The cheek of bloom; the lip, delightful nest
Of balmy kisses, moist with rich desires;
The burning blushes; and the panting heart;
The yielding wishes that the eyes impart;
Oft in our bosom kindle glass-house fires.

Oh shun the tempting nets that Satan spins!
The highest pleasures are the deepest sins.

Woman's a lovely animal, 'tis true;
Too well indeed the lawless Passions know it:
Unbridled rogues, that wild the charm pursue,
And madly with the scythe of Ruin mow it:
Thus giving it of death the wicked wound;
A tender flower stretch'd sweetly on the ground.

"Ware Lark!" the Sportsman to his Pointer cries;
Designing him for Partridge, nobler game.
As the soul's *partridge* is the *skies*,
"Ware Girl!" should Piety exclaim.

Blest is the simple man by virtue sway'd,
Who wishful burns not for the blooming Maid;
Whose Pulses calm as sleeping Puppies lie:
Who rusheth not to prey upon her charms,
Full of Love's mad emotions, mad alarms,
Just like a famish'd Spider on a Fly;

That in the tyrant's claws resigns its breath,
Unhappy humming till it sleeps in death.

Blest is the man who marks the cherry lip,
And sigheth not the nectar'd sweets to sip,
Nor press the heaving hills of purest snow;
Who marks the love-alluring waist so taper,
Without one wish, or pulse's single caper,
And to his hurrying Passions cries out, "No:—

"Stop, if you please, young imps, your hot career,
And shun the precipice of Fate so near:
Draw in; or, with the Horses of the Sun,
You drive, like Phaeton, to be undone."

O Pope, I've heard that, when a Friar,
(And Fame, in this, is not a liar,)
Thou oft didst smuggle beauty to thy cell;
And, 'stead of flogging thy own sinful Back,
Didst give a sweet Italian Girl the smack:
The *smacks* indeed of love, that lead to Hell.

And lo, thou sinner Pope, instead
Of *counting* every sacred Bead,
Thou wickedly didst *count* the Damsel's *charms*:
Instead of clasping the *most holy cross*,
Such was of sanctity thy loss,
Thou squeezed'st *mortal limbs* amid thy arms:

Instead of kissing the *most sacred wood*,
Lo, were thy lips defiled by *flesh and blood*.

Instead of Psalmody, the skies to greet,
In sinful Catches didst thou deal, and glee:
And lo, to put the Angels in a sweat,
Thou dandled'st the young Harlot on thy knee;
Singing that wanton song of shame,
"A lovely lass to a friar came."

Instead of begging gracious Heaven,
For all thy sins to be forgiven,
Ready wast thou to manufacture more:
Thy Passions every one a Mutineer;
Just like a Cask of Cyder, Ale, or Beer,
Fermenting, frothing, frisking, foaming o'er.

The Songs of Harlots to thine ear,
So full of witchery, were dear,
And bosom of desire that hook'd thine eye:
Dear as an Execution to a Judge,
A well-known wight who seems to grudge
Life and enjoyment to a fly;

Who, fond of *hanging*, robs the very Cats,
And on a gibbet mounts his captive Rats
And Moles,
To look like dangling Men and Maids, poor souls!

Instead of loudly crying, "Let us pray,"
Thou in thy twilight cell so snug,
Didst to an armful of rich beauty say,
In whisper soft, "Bettina, let us hug."

Instead of turning *upwards* thy two eyes
Devoutly, for a blessing from the skies;
What was thy most unhallowed action? Oh
Vile didst thou cast those eyes on *things below.*

ODE II.

The World was never wickeder than now:
Wedlock abused, her Bond pronounced a Jail;
A Wife called vilely "every body's Cow,
A Canister or Bone to a Dog's Tail!"

What dare not knaves of this degenerate day,
Of marriage, decent hallowed marriage, say?
"Wedlock's a heavy Piece of Beef, the Rump:
Returns to table hash'd, and stew'd, and fried,
And in the stomach, much to Lead allied,
A hard unpleasant undigested lump.

" But Fornication every man *enjoys;*
A smart anchovy Sandwich that ne'er cloys;
A *bonne bouche* men are ready to *devour,*
Swallowing a neat half-dozen in an hour.

" Wedlock," they cry, " is a hard pinching Boot,
But Fornication is an easy Shoe:
The first won't suit;
It won't do.

" A Girl of Pleasure's a light Fowling-piece:
With *this* you follow up your game with ease.
That heavy lump a Wife (confound her!)
Makes the bones crack,
And seems upon the Sportsman's breaking back
A lumbering Eighteen-pounder.

" *One* is a Summer-house, so neat and trim,
To visit afternoons for Pleasure's whim;
So airy, like a Butterfly so light:
The *other* an old Castle with huge walls,
Where Melancholy mopes amid the halls,
Wrapp'd in the doleful dusky veil of night."—

Then, Pope, on Fornication turn thy back:
Oh, let it feel the thunder of attack!

Most dangerous is this habit, Sir, of sinning:
Hang all the Bawds; for where's a greater vice,
Than taking in young creatures, all so nice?
And yet to them 'tis merely knitting, spinning;
No more,
Although the innocent is made a whore.

With just as much *sang froid*, as at their shops
The Butchers sell Rump-steaks, or Mutton-chops,
Or Cooks serve up a Fish, with skill display'd;
So an old Abbess, for the rattling rakes,
A tempting Dish of Human Nature makes,
And dresses up a luscious Maid
(I rather should have said indeed, *un*dresses),
To please a youth's unsanctified caresses.

Thus, in the practices of fleshy evil,
They 're off upon a gallop to the Devil;
Yet deem themselves, poor dupes, cocksure of Heaven:
As though salvation could to Bawds be given;
To jades encouraging those rebel fires,
Pepper'd propensities, and *salt* desires,
Curs'd by the Bible, if we trust translators;
Which sayeth, "Woe be to all fornicators!"

At Rome, each hour, are horrid actions done;
By *thee* approved, thou darest not, Pope, deny:
Yes, yes, the lawless places are well known,
Where youth for venal pleasures madly fly;
Bargain for beauteous Charm; and pick and cull it,
As at a poulterer's Betty turns a Pullet.

I like examples of a wicked act:
Take therefore, Reader, from the Bard a fact.—

An old Procuress, groaning, sighing, dying,
A Rake-hell enters the old Beldame's room:
"Hæ, mother! thinking on the day of doom?
"Hæ, damme, slabbering, whining, praying, crying?
Well, Mother; what young *filly* hast thou got,
To give a gentleman a little *trot*?"—

"O Captain, pray, your idle nonsense cease,
And let a poor old soul depart in peace!
What wicked things the Devil puts in your head!
Where can you hope to go, when you are dead?"—

"How now, old Beldame? shamming Heaven with praying?
Come, come, *to business;* don't keep such a braying.
Let's see your *stuff:* come, Beldame, show your *ware;*
Some little Phillis, fresh from country air."—

"O Captain, how *unpiously* you prate!
Well, well, I see there's no resisting fate;
Go, go, to the next room, and there's a bed,
And such a charming creature in't, such grace,
Such sweet simplicity, and *such* a face!—
Captain, you are a devil; you are indeed.

"I thank my stars that nought *my* conscience twits;
Which to my parting soul doth joy afford.
O Captain, Captain! what for nice young *tits*,
What will you do, when I am with the Lord?"

REFLECTION.

Such was the fact. Thus was this Bawd persuaded,
Heaven's massy door would not be barricaded;
Sure, in her mind, that Peter would unlock it:—
Thus had her soul thy passport in its pocket.

Though the Author has so severely reprimanded His Holiness for his Incontinency, he, with the utmost Candour, suspecteth his own Frailty.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

O Nymph of meek and blushful mien,
Lone wanderer of the rural scene,
  Who lovest not the city's bustling sound;
But in the still and simple vale
Art pleased to hear the turtle's tale,
  'Mid the gay minstrelsy that floats around!

Now on the bank, amid the sunny beam,
I see thee mark the Natives of the Stream,
  That break the dimpling surface with delight;
Now see thee pitying a poor captive Fly,
Snapp'd from the loved companions of his joy,
  And swallowed, sink beneath the gulf of night.

Now see thee, in the humming golden hour,
Observant of the Bee, from flow'r to flow'r,
  That loads with varied balm his little thighs;

To guard against chill Winter's famish'd day,
When rains descend, and clouds obscure the ray,
And tempests pour their thunder through the skies.

Now see thee happy, with the sweetest smile,
Attentive stretch'd along the fragrant soil,
Beholding the small Myriads of the Plain,
The Pismires: some upon their sunny hills,
Some thirsty wandering to the crystal rills,
Some loaded bringing back the snowy grain;

So like the labouring Swains, who yet look down
Contemptuous on *their* toils and tiny town.

Now see thee playful chase the Child of Spring,
The winnowing Butterfly with painted wing,
That busy flickers on from bloom to bloom;
Pursuing wildly now a favourite Fair,
Circling amid the golden realm of air,
And leaving, all for love, the pea's perfume.

Now see thee peeping on the secret nest,
Where sits the parent Wren in patient rest:
While at her side her feather'd Partner sings;
Chants his short note, to charm her nursing day;
Now for his Loves pursues his airy way,
And now with food returns on cheerful wings.

Pleased could I sit with thee, O Nymph so sweet,
And hear the happy Flocks around thee bleat,
  And mark their skipping sports along the land;
Now hear thee to a favourite Lambkin speak,
Who wanton stretches forth his woolly neck,
  And plucks the fragrant herbage from thy hand.

Thus could I dwell with thee for many an hour:—
Yet *should* a rural Venus from her bow'r
  Step forth with bosom bare, and beaming eye,
And flaxen locks, luxuriant rose-clad cheek,
And purple lip, and dimpled chin so sleek,
  And archly heave the love-seducing sigh;

And cry, "Come hither, Swain; be not afraid:
Embrace the *wild*, and quit the *simple* Maid:"—
  I *verily* believe that I should *go:*
Yet parting should I say to thee, "Farewell:
I cannot help it; witchcraft's in her cell.
  The Passions like to be where tempests blow.

"Go, Girl, enjoy thy Fish, and Flies, and Doves;
But suffer *me* to giggle with the Loves."

Thus should I act. Excuse me, charming Saint:
An imp am I, in Virtue's cause so faint;

Like David in his youth, a lawless swain:
Preferring (let me own with blushing face)
The *storms* of Passion to the *calms* of Grace;
One *ounce* of Pleasure to a *pound* of Pain.

PATHETIC ODES.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG THUNDER, AND THE WIDOW'S PIGS; A TALE.
TO A POOR SOLDIER OF TILBURY FORT.
ODE TO CERTAIN FOREIGN SOLDIERS.
ODE TO EASTERN TYRANTS.
THE FROGS AND JUPITER; A FABLE.
THE DIAMOND-PIN AND CANDLE; A FABLE.
THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK; A FABLE.

FAR off the Hero *bleeds* in Brighton wars;
At least, his Horse's *ribs* so glorious bleed:
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
He flies and rallies on his bounding Steed.

EPISTLE DEDICATORY,

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

SIR,

YOUR Grace's well-known accomplishments; your Grace's well-known liberality; your Grace's well-known love of sham-fights; your Grace's well-known rage for public liberty; your Grace's well-known political economy; your Grace's well-known private economy; and last, though not least, your Grace's well-known christian-like benevolence to objects of charity; form such a constellation of virtues as must inspire every Author with an ambition of dedicating his labours to so splendid a Character. Flies are fond of the Sun.

The great displeasure lately given by your Grace to their *high mightinesses* Messieurs Pitt and Dundas, and *one or two* more whom we forbear to mention, has

spurred the Muse to take the part of exalted merit, defend you with her egis against the united wishes of a whole Kingdom, and endeavour to restore your Grace to a *firm seat* on that high-mettled war-horse, Ordnance, upon which your Grace seems to sit so *dangerously loose.*

I am your Grace's, &c.

P. PINDAR.

ODE.

The Poet giveth Philosophy's modest and sublime Picture of Infinity, a Picture damned by the great Folk of the present Day.—Peter maketh a most sagacious Discovery of a Connexion never thought of before, viz. between Folly and Grandeur.—He talketh of Wisdom, and abuseth the Blindness of the *Vulgar*.—He talketh of Flattery.—He plumply contradicteth the *Vulgar*, and advanceth unanswerable Reasons.—He descanteth on Mind and Body, proving that a Horsewhip is as necessary for the one as the other. The wise and elegant Speech of the Squire, or elder Brother.—The Poet discovereth Distance to be the Parent of Admiration; and confuteth the Opinion of Mob, by a pantomimical Illustration.—Peter attacketh many great Men, most aptly making Use of a Windmill and a Warming-pan.—He selecteth *one* great and good Man from the herd of *bad*.

THOUGH huge to *us* this flying World appears,
And *great* the bustle of a thousand years;
How *small* to Him who form'd the vast of Nature!
One trembling Drop of animated Water *.

What are we? Reptiles claiming Pity's sigh,
Though in our own conceits so fiercely stout;
Nay, such small wights in Providence's eye,
As asks *omnipotence* to *find us out*.—

* Consult the wonders of the Microscope.

So says Philosophy. " *Fudge*, cant, mere words,
Trash, nonsense, impudence," cry Kings and Lords

Ah, Sirs! believe the sacred truths I tell:
Folly and Grandeur oft together dwell.
Folly with Title oft is seen to skip,
Stare from his eye, and grin upon his lip.

Wisdom descendeth not from King to King,
Or Lord to Lord, like an Estate;
The present day believeth no such thing:
Matters are *vastly changed* of late.

What says Experience, from her sober school?
" Nature on many a titled front writes *fool*.
But, lo! the vulgar World is blind, stone-blind:
The Beast can see no writing of the kind;
Or, if it *sees*, it cannot *read*.
Now this is marvellous indeed."

Hark to the voice of Flattery! Thus she sings:
" Gods of the Earth are Emperors, Popes, and Kir
Godlings, our Dukes and Earls, and such fine fo
And thus the liar Flattery sung of yore;
The fascinated Million cried *encore*,
For Wisdom was too young to smell the joke.

Wide was the Sphere of Ignorance, alas!
And faint, too faint, of Truth's young Sun the ray;
Too feeble through th' immense of gloom to pass,
And beaming chase a world of Fog away.

Ye Vulgar cry, "Great Men are wondrous wise."—
Whoever told you so, told arrant lies:
It cannot be.—"Not be! why?"—Hear me, pray:
They are so devilish *lazy*, let me say.

The Mind wants lusty flogging, to be *great:*
To use a vulgar phrase, "the mind must *sweat.*"
Now Men of Worship will *not* sweat the Mind:
Meat, clothes, and pleasure, come *without*, they find.

What man will make a Drayhorse of the Soul,
To drag, from Science's hard quarry, stone,
Who really wanteth nothing from the hole;
A toil which therefore may be let alone?

Th' idea seems so wondrously uncouth,
As maketh every *elder brother* start;
Who openeth thus his widely-grinning mouth:
"Fine fun indeed, for *me* to drag a *cart!*

"Let *younger brothers* join it, if they please;
Old Square-toes, thank my God, has caught *my* fleas."—

Suppose ye want a fine strong fellow; speak,
Where for this fine strong fellow would ye seek?
"Seek! seek a drayman," with one voice ye cry;
"A chairman or a ploughman, to be sure;
Men who a constancy of toil endure:
Such are the fellows that we ought to try."

This then is granted: well then, don't ye find
Some likeness 'twixt the Body and the Mind?

Distance has wonderful effects indeed;
But, Sirs, this is not every body's creed:
Mob is not in the secret; that's the case.
Mob deemeth great men Gods: yes, every where,
Far off, or near.—
Now let a short remark or two take place.

First, I assure you that things are not *so*;
By God, they are *not* Gods.—I pray ye, go
To pantomimes, where fine Cascade, and Field,
And Rock, a huge delight to Wonder yield:

Approach them: what d'ye find the frowning Rocks?
Lord! what imagination really shocks;

Black Pairs of Breeches, scarcely worth a groat.
What are the Fields so flourishing? green Baize,
The objects of your most astonish'd gaze.
What the Cascade? a tinsel Petticoat,
And tinsel Gown, upon a windlass turning;
The Fields and Rocks so *naturally* adorning.

Great Men, I've said it, often are great Fools,
Great Sycophants, great Swindlers, and great Knaves;
Too often bred in Tyranny's dark schools,
Happy to see the under-world their slaves.
Great men, at *different* times, are *different* too;
More so when interest is the game in view.

A Windmill and a Warming-pan, no doubt,
Are most unlike each other in their nature;
Yet trust me, the same man, *in* place and *out*,
Is to the full as opposite a creature.

Yet *some* great men are good; and, by mischance,
Their eyes on misery will not always glance:
As, for example, Richmond's glorious Grace,
A duke of most *unquestionable* merit,
With Mercury's cunning, and dread Mars's spirit,
Who *took—the Ordnance*, a tremendous *place!*

This Duke of Thunder is for ever spying,
To find out objects of sheer merit trying:
How happy too, if objects of *distress!*
Thus is his Grace of Guns adored by all;
For this, where'er he rides, both great and small
Him and his Horse, with eyes uplifted, bless.

This Turenne* would be sorry, very sorry,
Should *one* pale form of Want his eye escape.
"No," cries his Grace; "Misfortune shall not worry,
While *I* a sixpence for the Poor can scrape."
How much like Majesty in Windsor town,
Hunting for Pity's objects up and down!

Yet since distress *has* scaped his Grace's eye,
The muse o'er Tilbury Fort shall breathe a sigh.

Yet ere on Tilbury Fort we drop a tear,
Lo! with a Tale we treat the public ear;
Relate a pretty Story of his Grace.
Much will the Tale his Grace's soul display,
Happening ('tis said) at Goodwood on a day:
'Twill put a smile or frown on every face.

* A French General of the last century, possessed of the sublimest qualities.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S DOG THUNDER,

AND

THE WIDOW'S PIGS.

The Widow's whole Fortune lodged in the Sow.—Her Joy on the Sow's lying-in.—The Duke's Dog Thunder much like Courtiers.—Thunder killeth the young Pigs, yet surpasseth Courtiers in Modesty.—The Sow crieth out.—The Widow joineth the Sow in her Exclamations.—The old Steward cometh forth at the Cry of the Sow and Widow, and uttereth a most pathetic Exclamation.—A sensible Dissertation on the different Species of Compassion.—The Widow's piteous Address to his Grace.—His Grace's humane and generous Answer to the Widow.

A DAME near Goodwood own'd a Sow, her all,
Which *naturally* did into travail fall,
And brought forth many a comely Son and Daughter:
On which the Widow wondrously was glad;
Caper'd and sung, as really she were mad.—
But Tears oft hang upon the heels of Laughter.

At Goodwood dwelt the Duke's great Dog, call'd Thunder;
A Dog, like Courtiers, much inclined to plunder:

This Dog, with courtier-jealousy so bitter,
Beheld the sweetly-snuffling sportive litter.

Bounce, without "By your leave," or least harangue,
Upon this harmless Litter, Thunder sprang;
And murder'd Brothers, Sisters, quick as thought:
Then sneak'd away, his tail between his *rear*;
Seeming ashamed; *unlike* great Courtiers here,
Who (Fame reporteth) are ashamed of *nought*.

The childless Sow set up a shriek *so* loud!
All her sweet Babies ready for the shroud;
Now chased the rogue that such sad mischief work'd:
Out ran the Dame, join'd Mistress Sow's shrill cries;
Burst was at once the bag that held her sighs,
And all the bottles of her tears uncork'd.

"Oh! the Duke's Dog has ruin'd me outright;
Oh! he hath murder'd all my pretty Pigs."
Forth march'd the Steward grey, with lifted sight,
And lifted hands, good man, and cried "Odsnigs!"

Word of *surprise!* which, with a plaintive tone,
And rueful countenance, and hollow groan,
Did seem like *pity* also for her case;

Yet what's "Odsnigs," or moan, or groan, or sighs,
Unhelp'd, by Famine if the object *dies?*
Or what a *yard* of Methodistic face?

Compassions differ very much, we find.
One deals in *sighs;* now sighs are merely *wind:*
Another, only good Advice affords,
Instead of Alms; now this is only *words:*
Another cannot bear to *see* the Poor;
So orders the pale Beggar from the door.

Now *that* Compassion is the best, I think,
(But, ah! the human soul it rarely graces,)
Instead of Groans, which giveth Meat and Drink;
Offering long *purses* too, instead of *faces.*

But Muse, we drop Dog, Duke, and Sow, and Dame,
To follow an old pitiful Remark;
Like wanton Spaniels that desert the Game,
To yelp and course a Butterfly or Lark.

Now to his Grace the howling Widow goes,
Wiping her eyes so red, and flowing nose:

"Oh! please your Grace, your Grace's devilish Dog
Thunder's confounded wicked chops
Have murder'd all my beauteous Hopes:
I hope your Grace will pay for every Hog."

What answer gave his Grace? With placid brow,
"Don't cry," quoth he, "and make so much fo
weather:
Go home, Dame; and when Thunder eats the *sow*,
I'll pay for *all the family* together."

ODE TO A POOR SOLDIER

OF

TILBURY FORT.

The Poet pronounceth the very great *Shyness* subsisting between Merit and Money.—Merit's Connexion with Poverty, and the Consequence.—Attack on Fortune.—Address to the poor Soldier.—He pitieth the poor Soldier's pitiable Fate, viz. his ragged Coat, hungry Stomach, and Want of Fire.—His Companions on the Mud. Peter smileth at the Hubbub made on Account of a Shot-hole in the *little* Coat of a *great* Prince, a Remnant of Glory that may probably add another Ray to the Lustre of St. Paul's.—Peter most pathetically inquireth for his Grace—proclaimeth him to be at Brighton, most heroically engaged.—The different *Amusements* of his Grace at Brighton, *awake* and *asleep*.—Crumbs of Consolation to the poor Soldier.

MERIT and Money very seldom meet:
Form'd for each other, they should oftener greet;
  Indeed *much* oftener should be seen together:
But Money, vastly shy, doth keep aloof;
Thus Poverty and Merit beat the hoof,
  Exposed, poor souls, to every kind of weather.

Thus as a Greyhound is meek Merit lean,
So *slammakin*, untidy, ragged, mean,

Her garments all so shabby and unpinn'd:
But look at Folly's fat Dutch lubber Child;
How on the tawdry cub has Fortune *smil'd*,
When with contempt the Goddess should hav
grinn'd!

So much for Preamble; and now for Thee,
Whose state forlorn his Grace could never *see*.

Poor Soldier, after many a dire campaign,
Drawn mangled from the gory hills of slain,
Perhaps the soul of Belisarius thine;
Why with a tatter'd coat along the shore,
Where Ocean seems to heave a pitying roar,
Why do I see thee thus neglected pine?

Poor wretch; along the sands condemn'd to go,
And join a hungry dog, or famish'd cat,
A pig, a gull, a cormorant, a crow,
In quest of crabs, a muscle, or a sprat!

Now at Night's awful, pale, and silent, noon,
Along the beach I see thee lonely creep,
Beneath the passing solitary Moon,
A Spectre stealing 'mid the world of Sleep.

Grieved at thy channel'd cheek, and hoary hair,
And quivering lip, I mark thy famish'd form;
And hollow jellied orbs that dimly stare,
Thou piteous Pensioner, upon the storm.
The Muse's handkerchief shall wipe thine eye,
And bring sweet Hope to sooth the mournful sigh.

Deserted hero, what! condemn'd to pick,
With wither'd, palsied, shaking, wounded hand,
Of wrecks, alas, the melancholy stick,
Thrown by the howling tempest on the strand;

Glean'd with the very hand that grasp'd the sword,
To guard the throne of Britain's *sacred* Lord;
While Cowardice at home from danger shrinks,
And on an Empire's vitals eats and drinks!

Heavens! let a spent and rambling shot
Touch but a *prince's* hat or coat,
Expanded are the hundred mouths of Fame;
While braver thousands (but *untitled* Wretches),
Swept by the sword, shall drop like paltry Vetches,
Their fate unpitied, and unheard their name.

Poor Soldier! is that stick to make a fire,
To warm thyself, and Wife, and Children dear?
Where is the *goodly* Duke, of Coals the Squire,
Whose heart hath melted *oft* at Misery's tear?

And, Veteran, is that *coat* thy ragged all,
Sport of the saucy winds and soaking rain?
For *this* has Courage faced the flying Ball?
For *this* has bleeding Bravery press'd the plain?

Where is the Man who mocks the grin of Death,
Turns *Bagshot* pale, and frightens *Hounslow Heath?*

Far off, alas! he *bleeds* in Brighton wars;
At least, his Horse's *ribs* so glorious *bleed;*
Where, nobly daring danger, death, and scars,
He flies and rallies on his bounding Steed.

There too his Grace may wield his happy pen,
To *prove* that *truly* great and valiant men
In idle *duels* never should engage,
But nurse for dread *reviews* their godlike *rage.*

Far off, the Hero, in his tent reclin'd,
Where high and mighty meditations suit,
On Leather, Leather, turns his lofty mind,
To make a Cannon of an old Jack-boot.

Great geniuses, how loftily they jump!
Lord! what his rapture when he deigns to ride,
To feel, beneath his Grace's gracious rump,
An *eighteen-pounder* in his *horse's hide!*

There too, to barracks, fired in Freedom's cause,
And to Mount Wyse*, his Lyre the Hero tunes;
There too the power of doating Fancy draws
The Royal George to sight by Air-balloons †.

This, Fancy's power most earnestly can dare:
By Fancy's power the Royal Ship may rise,
Borne by her Bladders through the fields of air,
Just like a Twig by Rooks along the skies.

There too, at midnight drear, the Hero schemes,
'Midst hum and snore of troops, for England's good;
Explores Machines of Death in happy dreams,
For hills of bones, and cataracts of blood.

There, like King Richard, whom the Furies rend,
He bustles in his sleep, and starts, and turns:
Now grasps the Sword; and now a Candle-end,
That, blazing *like himself*, beside him burns.

Thus, 'mid his tent reclined, the godlike man
Vast schemes in slumber spins for England's sake;
"And, lo!" quoth Fame, "his godlike Grace can plan
As *wisely* in his *sleep* as when *awake*."

* A place near Plymouth Dock, on which the national treasure has been so Wisely expended for the *innumerable conveniences* of his Brother Lennox.

† This was actually proposed by his Grace, with every *sanguine* idea of success.

When with his host Caligula came over
(No matter where; for rhyme's sake call it Dover),
What were the Trophies hence to Rome he bore?
Of paltry Periwinkles just a score.
But Richmond from his Brighton Wars shall bring
Life to the State, and Safety to a King.

Blest man! from Brighton field, with laurels crown'd,
He triumphs up to town without a wound*:
From Brighton wars, that witness'd not a corse;
Most lucky, losing neither man nor horse.

Thus then, O Soldier! *distance* hides his Grace;
Thus is the Sun, at times, of Clouds the sport:
Yet soon the glories of his Lordship's face
Shall, like a Comet, blaze o'er Tilbury Fort.

There shall the Muse thy piteous tale unfold,
Gain thee a coat, and coals, to kill the cold;
Nay, fat shall swim upon thy meagre porridge.
The sympathizing Duke her tale will hear;
And drop, at sound of "coat," and "coals," a tear:
For Richmond's *bounty* equals Richmond's *courage*.

* The Poet seems to have forgotten himself; his Motto talks a different language: but the *quidlibet audendi* belongs as much to P. P. as to every other Poet.

AN ODE

TO *CERTAIN* FOREIGN SOLDIERS

IN *CERTAIN* PAY.

A complimentary Address to the Soldiers.—Wholesome Advice.—Peter draweth a natural and pathetic Picture of poor little Lewis, reported to have been disgracefully put an Apprentice to a Cobler.—The Insolence and Cruelty of his Master the Cobler.—The Cobler blasphemously abuseth Title.—The little Cobler King crieth.—Sensible Reflections on the Genius of Kings; with a Lick at the French Convention, and also at his own Stupidity.—Peter supplicateth for the little Lewis—adviseth the Soldiers to a bold Action—inquireth of Soldiers who is to receive their *Death-money*.—Peter comforteth, and *reconcileth* them to Death.

Peter blesseth the King and the War; and curseth *Reform*, a Word in the Mouths of Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Richmond *before* they got into Office.—Peter adviseth *more taxes*, for a weighty political Reason; *videlicet*, on Account of the *Impudence* of a Nation, which always increaseth in an insufferable ratio with Riches.

Ye Heroes, from your Wives and Turnips far,
Who wage so *gloriously* the flying war,
I give you joy of Hand and Leg Endeavour;
And though ye *sometimes chance* to *run away*,
The generous General Murray's pleased to say,
"'Tis very great indeed: 'tis vastly clever."

Perk it in Crispin's face, with saucy pride,
And all the meanness of his trade deride,
And all the state of self-importance feel:
Tell him the *distance* between *them* and *him*.—
Crispin would quickly cry, "A pretty whim!

"Confound your little bodies! Though so fine,
Are not the silk and spangles that ye boast
Put on you at *my* proper cost?
Whatever's on ye, is it not all *mine?*
Did not I put you thus together, pray?"—
What could the simple Shoes in answer say?

There too are *some* (thank Heaven they do not *swarm*)
Who deem it *foul* to stay a Tyrant's arm,
That falls with fate upon their humble sculls:
Some for a Despot's rod have heaved the sigh.
Let *such* on wiser Esop cast an eye,
And read the fable of the Frogs, the fools:—

Oh cut the Frenchmen's throats, the restless Dogs!
Oh, with the Tiger's gripe upon them spring!
A pack of vile, degrading, horrid Hogs;
To make a dirty Cobler of a King!

See stool-propp'd Majesty the leather spread!
Behold his pretty fingers wax the thread,
And now the leather on the lap-stone hole!
Now puts his Majesty the bristle in,
Now wide he throws his arms with milk-white skin,
And now he spits and hammers on the sole.

And, lo! a rascal christen'd *sans-culotte*
Leers on the window of his shed; and, lo!
He bawls (without of awe a single jot)
"Come, Master King; quick, sirrah, mend my shoe."

And see! the shoe the little Monarch takes,
And, lo! at every stitch, with fear he quakes.
Such is of *liberty* the blessed fruit!
The name *licentiousness* would better suit.

Behold Saint Crispin's Picture, strange to tell,
The low-life Cobler's tutelary Saint,
Of little Lewis deck the dirty cell;
How *different* from the lofty Louvre's paint!

See! his hard Master catches up the strap,
And lashes the young King's poor back and side.
How! flog his Majesty!—for what mishap?
Ye Gods, because he spoil'd a bit of hide!

Nay, hear the cruel Tyrant thus exclaim:
"Sirrah, there's nothing in a lofty Name;
'Tis all mere nonsense, sound, and stuff together.
Don't think, because thy Ancestors, so *great*,
Have to a *paring* brought a glorious State,
I give thee leave to spoil a *piece* of Leather."

And now behold the little Tears, like Peas,
Course o'er his tender cheek in silence down;
And now, with bitter grief, he feels and sees
The *difference* 'twixt a Stirrup and a Crown.

Folly, to make a *cobler* of a *king!*
'Tis such a piece of madness, to my mind.
What could Convention hope from such a thing?
The race is fit for *nothing*—of the kind.

Heavens, then how dull I am! It was *disgrace*,
France meant to put upon the Royal Race.
"Aye, and disgrace upon the *cobler too*,"
Most impudently roars the Man of Shoe.

Oh, from the lapstone set the Monarch free!
Oh snatch the stirrup from his Royal knee,
Pull the hand-leather off, and seize the awl,
Seize too the hammer, that his fingers gall!

Soldiers, to Parish rush: strike Robespierre,
Knock Danton down, and crucify Barrere;
Crush the vile Egg from which the Serpent springs,
To dart th' envenom'd fang at *sacred* Kings.

O Soldiers, *whose* your *skin-money*, I pray?
At Thirty Guineas each, how *dear* your Hides!
Much should I like the *contract*, let me say:
Thrice-lucky rogue, that o'er your *lives* presides!

Then pray don't grumble, Sirs, should ye be *shot*;
That is to say, if ye desire to *thrive:*
For know, if death should prove your lucky lot,
You're worth a *vast deal more* than when *alive*.

Postscript.

Now God bless our good King, and this good War
And damn that wicked ord we call Reform,
Breeding in Britain so much horrid jar;
So Witch-like, conjuring up a dangerous storm.

Yet in the mouths of Pitt and Richmond's Lord,
Once what a *sweet* and *inoffensive* word!
Thus proving the delightful Proverb true,
" What's Meat to *me*, may Poison be to *you*."

And now God bless once more good Mister Pitt,
Who for *invention* beats nineteen in twenty;
And may this Gentleman's most ready wit
Supply the Nation all with Taxes *plenty*;
And, as the Kingdom has unclench'd its fist,
Pick out a few *odd pence* for Civil List.

We are *too rich*; Dame Fortune grows too saucy:
Wealth is inclined to be confounded *brassy*.

War is a wholesome Blister for the Back,
Draining away the humours all so *gross*:
Else would the Empire be of Guts a Sack;
A Falstaff, Woolsack, an unwieldy Joss.

War yieldeth such rare spirits to a Nation,
Giving the blood so brisk a circulation!
A Kingdom, and a Poet, and a Cat,
Should never, never, never, be *too fat*.

ODE.

Cats and Princes very much alike.

A CAT who from a window peepeth *out*,
  Is very like a Cat who peepeth *in*.
Thus it is said; and he who is no lout,
  Knoweth that *cats* are unto *men* akin:—

For Princes looking *up* towards a Throne,
Are very much like Princes looking *down*;
That is, love power, love wealth, have great propensities,
Sublimely dealing ever in *immensities*.

Princes have *clawing* passions too, I ween:
Yes, many a *foreign* King and *foreign* Queen;
  With Stomachs wide too as a Whale's, or wider.
The Subject and a King, in *foreign* land,
I often have been given to understand,
  Are a poor Jack-ass and his Rider.

ODE TO TYRANTS.

Peter, with his poetical Broomstick, belaboureth foreign Tyrants—taketh the Part of the oppressed Poor—asketh Tyrants knotty and puzzling Questions—giveth a Speech of Cato.—Peter seriously informeth them that they are not like the Lord.—Peter taketh a Survey of the *Furniture* of their Heads.—Peter solemnly declareth that the Million doth not like to be ridden—giveth an insolent Speech of Tyrants, and calleth them Highwaymen.—The Taylor and the Satin Breeches.—The Shoemaker and the Shoes.—Peter lamenteth that there should be *some* who think it a Sin to resist Tyrants—adviseth them to read Esop's Fables.

WHO and *what* are ye, sceptred Bullies, speak,
That Millions to *your* will must bow the neck,
And, Ox-like, meanly take the galling yoke?
Philosophers your ignorance despise;
Even Folly laughing lifts her maudlin eyes,
And freely on your *Wisdoms* cracks her joke.

How dare ye on the Men of Labour tread,
Whose honest toils supply your mouths with bread;
Who, groaning, sweating, like so many Hacks,
Work you the very clothes upon your backs?
Clothes of calamity, I fear,
That hold in every stitch a tear.

Who sent you?—Not the Lord who rules on high,
Sent you to man on purpose from the sky;
Because of *wisdom* it is *not* a *proof*,
Show your Credentials, Sirs:—if ye refuse,
Terrific Gentlemen, our smiles excuse;
Belief most certainly will keep aloof.

Old virtuous rugged Cato, on a day,
Thus to the Soothsayers was heard to say:
"Augurs, by all the Gods, it is a shame
To gull the mole-eyed Million at this rate;
Making of gaping Blockheads such a game,
Pretending to be hand and glove with Fate.

"On guts and garbage when ye meet
To carry on the holy cheat,
How is it ye preserve that solemn grace,
Nor burst with laughter in each other's face?"

Thus to your Courtiers, Sirs, might I exclaim:
"In Wonder's name,
How can ye meanly grovelling bow the head
To pieces of gilt Gingerbread;
Fetch, carry, fawn, kneel, flatter, crawl, tell lies,
To *please* the Creature that ye should *despise*?"—

Tyrants, with all your wonderful dominion,
Ye ar'n't a whit like God, in my opinion;
Though *you* think otherwise, I do presume:
Hot to the marrow with the *ruling*-lust;
Fancying your crouching Subjects so much Dust,
Your *lofty selves* the mighty sweeping Broom.

Open the warehouses of all your brains:
Come, Sirs, turn out; let's see what each contains.
Heavens, how ridiculous! what motley stuff!
Shut, quickly shut again the brazen doors;
Too much of balderdash the eye explores:
Yes, shut them, shut them, we have seen *enough*.

Are *these* the Beings to bestride a World?
To *such* sad beasts has God his creatures hurl'd?

Men want not tyrants, overbearing knaves;
Despots that rule a Realm of Slaves,
Proud to be gazed at by a reptile race:
Charm'd with the Music of *their* clanking Chains,
Pleased with the Fog of State that clouds *their* brains,
Who cry, with all the impudence of face,

" Behold your Gods! Down, rascals, on your knees:
Your money, miscreants; quick, no words, no strife;
Your lands too, scoundrels, vermin, lice, bugs, fleas;
And thank our mercy that *allows* you *life*."

Thus speak the Highwaymen in purple pride,
On Slavery's poor gall'd back so wont to ride.

Who would not laugh to see a Taylor bow
Submissive to a Pair of Satin Breeches;
Saying, " O Breeches, all men must allow
There's something in your aspect that bewitches!

" Let me admire you, Breeches, crown'd with glory;
And, though I *made* you, let me still *adore* ye.
Though a Rump's humble servant, form'd for need,
To keep it warm, yet, Lord! you are *so* fine,
I cannot think you are *my work* indeed:
Though merely mortal, lo! ye seem divine."—
Who would not quick exclaim, " The Taylor's mad?"
Yet tyrant-adoration is as bad.

See, Crispin makes a pair of handsome Shoes,
Silk and bespangled, such as Ladies use.
Suppose the Shoes so proud, upon each heel,

THE FROGS AND JUPITER.

THE Frogs so happy, 'midst their peaceful pond,
Of *emperors* grew at once extremely fond;
Yes, yes, an *emperor* was a *glorious thing:*
Each really took it in his addle pate,
'Twould be so *charming* to exchange their state!
An *emperor* would *such* heaps of blisses bring!

Sudden out hopp'd the Nation on the grass,
Frog-man and yellow Wife, and Youth and Lass,
A numerous tribe, to knuckle down to Jove,
And pray the God to send an *emperor* down;
'Twas such a *pretty* thing, th' Imperial Crown!
So form'd their pleasures, honours, to improve!

Forth from his old blue Weather-box, the Skies,
Jove briskly stepp'd, with two wide-wondering eyes:
"Mynheers," quoth Jove, "if ye are wise, be quiet;
Know when you're happy."—But he preach'd in vain;
They made the most abominable riot:
"An Emperor, Emperor, yes, we *must* obtain."—

"Well, *take* one," cried the God; and down he swopp'd
A monstrous Piece of Wood, from whence he chopp'd
King's for the gentlefolks of ancient days:
Stunn'd at the sound, the Frogs all shook with dread;
Like Dab-chicks, under water push'd each head,
Afraid a single nose so pale to raise.

At length *one* stole a peep, and then a *second*,
Who, slily winking, to a *third* Frog beckon'd;
And so on, till they all obtain'd a peep.
Now nearer, nearer, edging on they drew;
And finding nothing terrible, nor new,
Bold on his Majesty began to *leap:*

Such hopping this way, that way, off and on!
Such croaking, laughing, ridiculing, fun!

In short, so very shameful were they grown,
So much of grace and manners did they lack,
One little Villain saucily squat down,
And, with a grin, *defiled* the Royal back.

Now unto Jove they kneeling pray'd again:
"O Jupiter, this is so sad a beast,
So *dull* a Monarch, so devoid of brain!
Give us a King of *spirit*, Jove, at least."

The God complied, and sent them Emperor Stork,
Who with his *loving* Subjects went to work;
Chased the poor sprawling imps from pool to pool,
Resolv'd to get a handsome bellyful.

Now gasping, wedged within his iron beak,
Did wriggling scores most lamentably squeak:
Bold push'd the Emperor on, with stride *so* noble,
*Bolting** his Subjects with *majestic* gobble.

Again the croaking tribe began to pray,
'Midst hoppings, scramblings, murder, and dismay:

" Oh save us, Jove, from this inhuman Turk!
Oh save us from this Imp of Hell!"—
" Mynheers," quoth Jove, " pray keep your Emperor Stork:
Fools never know when they are *well*."

* A term to be found in the Hampshire Dictionary; implying a *rapid* deglutition of bacon, without the *sober ceremony* of mastication. It is moreover to be observed, that Hampshire Servants who are bacon-*bolters*, have always less wages than bacon-*chewers*.

ODE.

Peter giveth a gentle Trimming to the Jackets of foreign Potentates; and a Pair of pretty Fables, by way of Looking-glasses for their Most High Haughtinesses.

EMPERORS, and Popes, and Nabobs, *mighty things*,
I think too we may take in *foreign* Kings,
Too often deem their humble *makers* Slaves:
Now such high folk are either fools or knaves,
Or *both* together probably; a case
That happens frequently among the race.
Methinks now, this is scandalous; 'tis hateful;
Wicked, and, what is full as bad, ungrateful.

The Great of many a continent and isle,
Enough to make the sourest Cynic smile,
Or, as the proverb says, "make a dog laugh,"
Think honours from *themselves* arise alone:
Thus are their *makers* at a *distance* thrown;
Consider'd as mere Mob, mere dirt, mere chaff.

The following Fables then will let them know,
What to *us riffraff* of the World they owe.

THE DIAMOND PIN

AND

THE FARTHING CANDLE.

A FABLE.

Upon a Lady's toilet, full of lustre,
A Diamond Pin one night began to bluster;
Full of conceit, like some young flirting Girl,
Her senses lost in Vanity's wild whirl:—

Highly disgusted at a Farthing Candle,
Left by the Lady of the Broom,
Named Susan; slipp'd into another room,
Something of consequence to *handle*.

"You nasty tallow thing," exclaim'd Miss Pin,
"Pray keep your distance: don't stay here, and wink;
I loath ye, you and all your greasy kin.
Good Heavens, how horribly you look and stink!"—

"Good Lord, Miss Pin!" Miss Candle quick replied,
"Soften a little that ungrateful pride.
You *shine* indeed, to this I must agree:
Yes, Miss, you make a very pretty blaze;
But let me tell ye, that your wondrous rays
Owe all their boasted brilliancy to me."—

"How, Madame Impudence!" rejoin'd Miss Pin,
First with a frown, and then a scornful grin:
"I should not sure have dreamt of that,
Miss Fat."—

"Susan," Miss Candle bawl'd, "Susan, come here;
Such saucy language I'll no longer bear:
Susan, come, satisfy the *lady's* doubt;
Take me away, I say, or blow me out."

Susan, who listening heard the great dispute,
By no means could refuse Miss Candle's suit;
So into darkness Susan blew her beam.
"*Now*," with a sharp sarcastic sneer,
"*Now*," quoth Miss Candle, "*now*, my Dear,
Where is of radiance *now* your boasted stream?

"Where are your keen and fascinating rays,
Ten thousand of them, such a mighty blaze?"—
Miss Diamond stared, and stared, and stared again,
To find departed radiance; but in vain:—

Quite vanish'd; not a single ray display'd;
Each Sparkle swallowed in the depth of Shade:
Alter'd, quite alter'd, sadly disappointed,
The bones of her high pride disjointed.

"I fear," quoth Pin. "I much *mistake* my nature."—
"True," answered Candle; "true, my dear Miss Pin:
Lift not, in future, quite so high your chin;
But show some reverence for your *blaze-creator*."

THE SUN AND THE PEACOCK.

A FABLE.

A Peacock, mounted on a barn one day,
Blest with a *quantum sufficit* of pride,
All consequence, amid the solar ray,
Spread with a strut his circling plumage wide.

"Good morrow," quoth the Coxcomb, "Master Sun:
Your brassy face has greatly been admired.
Now pray, Sol, answer me, I'm not in fun;
What is there in it to be so desired?

"If I have any eyes to see
(And, that I have, is clear to *me*),
My *tail* possesses far more splendid grace,
By far more beauty, than your Worship's *face*."

The Sun look'd down with smiles upon the Fowl,
Supposing it at first an Owl;
And thus with gravity replied: "Sir, know,
That though unluckily my Worship's face
Seems far beneath your tail in splendid grace,
Still to my face that glittering tail you owe."—

"Poh," quoth the Peacock, "Master Sun!
Your Highness loves a bit of fun."—
"I beg your pardon," answer'd Sol again:
"And, if you please, I'll condescend to show
How much to me you every moment owe
The boasted beauties of your waving train."—

"Agreed, with all my soul," the Bird replied,
In all the full-blown insolence of pride;
"To credit such a tale I'm not the noddy:
Prove that the glorious plumage I display
Owes all its happy colours to thy ray,
Dam'me I'll tear my Feathers from my body."

The challenged Sun in clouds withdrew
His flaming beams from every view,
And o'er the World a depth of darkness spread:
The bats their churches left, to wing the air;
The cocks and hens and cows began to stare,
And sulky went all supperless to bed;

For not an almanac had oped its lips
About so very wondrous an eclipse.

The Peacock too, among the rest
Of marvelling fowl and staring beast,
Turn'd to his feathers with some doubt,
Amazed to find his hundred eyes put out;
Indeed all nature did appear as black
As if old Sol had popp'd into a Sack.

Pleased with his triumph, from a cloud,
The Sun, still hiding, call'd aloud,
"Well! can ye merit to my face allow?
What's now your colour? where your hundred eyes,
The mingled radiance of a thousand dyes?
Speak, Master Peacock, what's your colour now?"—

"What colour!" quoth the Bird, as much ashamed
As Courtiers high by loss of office tamed:
"To own the truth, much-injured Phœbus, know,
I'm not one atom better than a Crow.
I see my folly: pity my poor train,
And let thy goodness bid it shine again."

Tyrants of Eastern Realms, whose Subjects' noses,
Like a Smith's Vice, your iron Power encloses;

Who treat your People just like Dogs or Swine;
The meaning of my tale can ye divine?—
If not, go try to *find* it, I beseech ye;
And do not let your angry Subjects *teach* ye.

CELEBRATION;

OR,

THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

ST. JAMES'S.

AN ODE.

RARE Band, whom wide-mouth'd Mob with shouts shall hail;
West at the *head*, and Wilton at the *tail!*

CONTENTS.

Peter, after the Manner of Parsons, prayeth for good Weather.—He beggeth Morning to smile on the Meat and Drink, and the cavalcading Members, of the Royal Academy.—Peter upbraideth Mister Wilton for guzzling Porter with *low* People *below*, when he should be *above* among the Antiques.—The Cavalcade described.—It arriveth at St. James's.—The Members tremble.—They appear before their Sovereign.—They fall on their Faces.—They get up again.—The President receiveth the Honour of Knighthood.—He feeleth himself *metamorphosed* into a *sublimer* Creature. A most original, beautiful, and striking, Comparison between Mister West's new State and that of a Butterfly.—Peter wondereth at the great Power of a *Sword* and a *Word*, and *wisheth* they could improve the literary Abilities of Mr. West.—The Members kiss *hands;* who, Peter thinketh, would gladly kiss *any other Part* than *no* Part of Majesty.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

MARVELLING READER,

Soon after the death of Dr. Johnson, a subscription for a Monument to the memory of that celebrated Moralist being in circulation amongst the *first* people of the Kingdom, the Royal Academy generously and unanimously voted One Hundred Pounds towards the expenses, as a tribute of regard for so extraordinary a man, and one of their own Members; Dr. Johnson holding the place of Professor of Modern Literature. This Resolution being presented to the King, his Majesty, in consideration of the *extreme poverty* of the Royal Academy, instead of giving the Royal Assent, imposed the Royal Veto!—So much for Dr. Johnson.

In consequence of the exalted idea entertained by the Members of the Royal Academy, of the late President's (Sir Joshua Reynolds) Discourses, they resolved in Council that an elegant Edition should be printed at the expense of the Academy: one Copy to

be presented to each of the Members; the remainder of the Copies to be deposited in the Library of the Academy; and a Copy to be given occasionally to the most successful Student, and to the newly-elected Academicians. This Resolution was also offered to the King; who, on account of the *still reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceeding by a Royal Veto!

Mister West, the present *extraordinary* President of the Royal Academy, *un*terrified by Royal Vetos, *with* and *by* the advice of his Council, magnanimously produced another string of Resolutions; viz. to beg to be *permitted* to *eat* and *drink*, *totis viribus*, in spite of the Academy's *poverty*, the Academy's and his Majesty's good health, amidst *mountains* of meat and *oceans* of drink; to present an Address of *humble* Thanks to his Majesty for his *unexampled munificence* to *his own* Academy; and to be indulged with the *honour* of *presenting* a handsome Medal of *gold* to *his* Majesty, to *her* Majesty, to the Prince of Wales, and to the Princess Royal. These Resolutions were *fortunately* received by Majesty with the most *flattering cordiality;* and *this day*, all these things (God willing) are to be *performed* and *executed*, together

with the most *august* and *sublime* ceremony of Mister Benjamin West's *knighthood**.

Redeunt Saturnia regna!

* Since the first Edition, the Poet (as hath been *sometimes* the case with the most inspired characters) finds himself mistaken; the ceremony did not take place: had this *ne plus ultra* of laughable and degraded Knighthood happened, the Knights of Peg Nicholson would have *held up their heads.*

THE

ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

SAINT JAMES'S.

Sol, put thee on thy best Gold Wig to-day;
Let rude December be the gentle May;
  Chain'd be the Tempests, and well bung'd the Rain;
Nor let a *fog* his sullen twilight spread,
As, lately darkening, bade us think the *head*
  Of some *high-titled man* was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes; let Morn look down with smiling pride;
And smile on roast, and boiled, and baked, and fried,
  And grill'd, and devil'd, gums of Genius greeting:
Smile too upon the Academic men,
Respectables indeed; who, nine in ten,
  Well as of *painting*, know the *art* of *eating*.

Smile too on the Procession, *grateful* throng,
That glorious through the Strand shall move along,

And at Saint James's give th' Address of honey:
Full of rich loyalty and candied praise,
For Royal Favours that a World *amaze;*
Viz. pictures, statues, drawings, books, and money.

Rare Band, whom wide-mouth'd Mob with shouts shall hail;
West at the head, and Wilton at the tail

Yet let not Wilton join the glorious rear:
No, let not Wilton in the band appear;
Wilton, who, lazy beer-admiring master,
For Whitbread, quits his Pupils and their plaster;
Deserts, for common serving-men, the room,
And hobs or nobs with Ladies of the Broom:—

Preferring thus black Charles's* Ethiop face
To Belvidere Apollo's head and grace;
O fie! 'midst vulgar porter-pots regaling:
Who leaves great Hercules for poor Grey John†;
And, what must shock the feelings of a stone,
The youthful Venus for old Mother Mading‡.

* A servant of the Royal Academy.
† An old servant *also* of the Royal Academy.
‡ A servant *likewise* of the Royal Academy.

See! from yon Dome, amid th' expectant throng,
Slow moves the Tribe of Benjamin along,
While Fame before them with her trumpet flies;
And on their heads, from bulks and chimney-tops,
As thick as Herrings, or as thick as Hops,
Wild Admiration casts her countless Eyes.

And now they reach the Gate of Adoration:
And now a very sudden palpitation
Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel;
And now of Royalty th' electric shock,
Just as a man upon the black-brow'd rock
Has oft experienced from the numbing Eel*.

And now they panting mount Saint James's stairs,
In *goodly* order and in *goodly* pairs;
Now at the Hall of Audience they arrive:
Now 'midst the *blaze* of Majesty they fall
Prone on their faces, like affrighted Paul,
Half-dead, alas, poor Saint! and half-alive.

See them, like Nine-pins tumbled on the plain!
And now they get upon their *ends* again.
Behold grave Benjamin th' Address present!
Now on his knees (his soul's first wish) delighted,
Behold once-quaker Benjamin beknighted,
Amidst a moon-eyed host of wonderment

* The torpedo.

Now on his shoulder drops the magic sword:
"Arise, Sir Benjamin," the Sovereign says.
Happy, the *Knight* ariseth at the word,
And feels himself o'erwhelm'd with Glory's rays.

In *bolder* streams his blood begins to flow;
His heart *sublime*, a *richer* torrent pours;
He looks *contemptuous* on the *mob* below,
And, swelling, now a Pyramid he tow'rs.
With *lords* behold him talk, with *ladies* chat,
Of sceptres, snuff, rebellions, and *all that*.

Thus from his humble shop the silken Worm
That crawl'd at first the Earth, to man's surprise,
Bursts forth with splendour, what an angel form!
And mounts, on glittering wings of gold, the Skies;
Talks to this *mealy* Lord, and now that Fair,
So happy mingling with the tribes of air.

Ah! dwelleth such rare virtue in a sword?
Ah! lodgeth such huge magic in a word?
Good heavens! what *pity* for th' unletter'd *knight*,
They cannot teach to *speak* and *read* and *write!*

And now they humbly all *kiss hands* so sweet;
How blest, the hand of Majesty to greet!
For which, miles high would thousands gladly jump:

And would but sacred Majesty *permit*,
Such really is Ambition's raging fit,
(Unlike Rabelais the rogue*) they'd kiss the *rump*.

Now clothed with honour, see the troop retreat!
Now Majesty's good health they *drink* and *eat*:
Now maudlin, Majesty's good health *disgorge*.
Now on poor *kingless* France they run their rigs:
Now, mad for Majesty, they burn their wigs;
Now, loyal, fry their watches† for King George.

* The story of Rabelais running from the Pope's presence is too well known to be repeated.

† This farce was actually performed during the late Reign, in the full form of Loyalty, by the Mayor and Aldermen of a certain Corporation in a western county.

HAIR POWDER;

A PLAINTIVE EPISTLE TO MR. PITT.

YET, if resolved to worry *wigs* and *hair*,
And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare;
Say (for methinks the Land has much to dread),
How long in *safety* may we *wear* the *head*?

TO WHICH IS ADDED

FROGMORE FETE;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC,

FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL, VULGARLY CALLED ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

'—*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*'

"IN *various things*," says Virgil, "folks delight;"—
And so it really is in *our* great Nation:
In meanness, avarice, *some;* revenge and spite,
Dutch fairs, mock charities, and *ostentation.*

CHAPTER OF CONTENTS.

A sublime Exordium, containing a great Compliment to Mr. Pitt.—The Poet sagely adviseth the Minister—observeth to him the Effect of Time on the Heads of Beaus and Old Maids.—The hard Fate of poor carroty-polled Phyllis.—Lubin's and Hodge's Disappointment, by Means of this cruel Tax.—A great and economical Judge's Mortification, and Exultation of his Fur-clad Brother, at the Tax on Hair Powder.—A melancholy Picture of the Hair-dressers and Barbers.—The Poet's Eye, as Shakspeare sayeth, "in a fine frenzy rolling," beholdeth the *Chase* of a powdered Poll; the *Capture;* the *Redemption;* and *Punishment* of the *Informers* in London—also *Poll-chases* in the Country, illustrated by an apt Simile.—Peter exclaimeth at the Minister, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon Executions.—Peter praiseth Mr. Pitt's Powers of Oratory.—He attacketh the *Pride* of the Minister; wishing him to take a little *Retrospect* of humble Days.—A Kite, and beautiful Bat-comparison.—Another charming Comparison, of the Boy and his Trunk.—Peter telleth strange and *unbelievable* Things, and giveth two *most gracious* Speeches.—Peter praiseth the two Speeches, and giveth alarming Advice.—He exhibiteth a Part of his Political Creed.—Peter showeth his profound Knowledge of Emperors, and Kings and Queens, &c. and maketh shrewd Observations thereon; concluding with a Compliment to Mr. Fox.—Peter prayeth fervently for the Royal Family.—The Poet suspecteth the Effect of the Minister's Eloquence.—Peter prayeth to Mr. Pitt.—England wittily and properly christened an *old Cow;* also America.—The Poet asketh a pertinent Question relative to *Royal Exemption* from the Tax, and administereth laudable Counsel.—Peter gravely and ingeniously pointeth out a *Tax on Christian Skins;* also *some (not all* indeed) of the great *Advantages of human Hides* in the Way of *Trade.*—The convertible Use of Mr. Justice Buller's *tender* Hide; of the Duke of Gloucester's; of the Duchess of Cumberland's; of Lord Brudenell's (the Lord help him!); of the Duke of

Richmond's, &c.—The Poet asketh where the Powder Tax was born; and, like a certain *great Man*, answereth the Question *himself*.—The Poet telleth the Minister a sorrowful Tale.—A *stinking* yet *beautiful* Simile.—Peter prophesieth.—Serious and good Advice to Mr. Pitt.—Political and deep Reflections.—Peter seeth a Vision full of Horror.—He affecteth a Smile, but it seemeth to be rather the *Risus Sardonicus*.—Peter counselleth (but, he thinketh, *in vain*,) the Minister and his Colleague Harry Dundas to run the Gauntlet.—The Conclusion.

A PLAINTIVE EPISTLE.

O Mighty Master of the *ways and means*
To slake the golden thirst of Kings and Queens;
To gorge the Cavern of each greedy Chest
With all the wonders of the bleeding East;
To lull with opiate draughts a Kingdom's groans,
Patch *ragged* Crowns, and cobble *crazy* Thrones!
The modest Bard, for five short minutes, bear;
Nor may the Muse's wisdom *wound* thine ear!

Sick of thy Taxes, while the wearied Nation
Drags her last penny forth, and fears *starvation;*
Whose voice is loud, and daily waxing louder;—
List to the serious sound, and damn the Powder.
To thee, responsible for every blunder,
Her mildest Murmurs should be Claps of Thunder.

Pleased with thy favourite folly, mark old Time,
Wide-grinning at the Beau beyond his prime;
And many a Maid, beyond life's blooming day,
Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to grey!

Lo, the poor Girl whom carrot-colour shocks,
Pines pennyless, and blushes for her Locks!
Refused to fly to Powder's friendly aid,
She bids them seek in Caps the secret shade.
No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
Phyllis must *hide* the reddening shame, or *shave*.
At thee she flings her curses, Pitt, and cries:
At thee she darts the Lightnings of her Eyes;
And thinks that Love ne'er warm'd *him* who could vex,
With wanton strokes of cruelty, the Sex.

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,
Poor Lubin shook the Dredge-box o'er his Hair;
Hodge dipp'd his Caxon 'mid the sack of Flour:—
But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;
Lubin no longer dares the Dredge-box shake,
Nor Hodge to dip his Caxon in the Sack.

Yet see a *nobler* mourner! Kenyon, lo!
The *saving* Judge has felt a stunning blow:
His hawk-economy won't thank thee for't,
Which stops his pretty nipperkin of port*.

* Such is the laudable moderation of this second Sir John Cutler, or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himself and Lady *at* and *after* dinner no more than this little measure of wine. A fine example for the Sons of Dissipation! It has been supposed that the economical Judge has *surpassed* the famous Miracle

Not so *Judge Blood*, who glories in deceit;
His life one murder, and his soul a cheat:
He loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,
To *hang* a Culprit, and himself *evade* it.

See groups of Hair-dressers all idle stand,
A melancholy, mute, and mournful band;
And Barbers *eke*, who lift the crape-clad Pole,
And round and round their eyes of horror roll;
Desponding, pale, like Hosier's Ghosts so white,
Who told their sorrows 'mid the moony light.
But see! each hopeless wight with fury foams;
His curling-irons breaks, and snaps his combs:
Ah! doom'd to shut their *mouths* as well as *shops;*
For dead is Custom, 'mid the world of *crops**.

In fancy now I mark the frequent race;
I see th' Informer, Polls of Powder chase:
On this, on that, a Footman, Maid of Mop,
Fierce as the Tiger from his ambush, pop;

of the Loaves and Fishes, by making *one* Bottle of Wine serve for *double* the number of souls, or rather *bodies*, that have come with open mouths to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I do not think they have gone away so well satisfied.

* Such is the universal disgust at the Powder-tax, that many thousands of the male sex have already sacrificed their favourite Curls, to disappoint the rapacity of a Minister.

Now in his cruel clutches, sharp and strong,
To Bow-street drag his *powder'd* Prey along:
And now I see the Mob, in Mercy's cause,
Redeem the Victim from his savage paws;
And now the Tyrant to a Horse-pond draw,
To *quench* the red-hot thunderbolt of law.
Amidst our villages, in fancy's eye,
I see Informers chase, and Culprits fly;
Rude Pikes so hungry, putting to the rout,
Voracious darting, a poor host of Trout.

Who would not hide the temple's white and grey?
"Your money, Sirs: remove the mask, or pay,"
Is now thy language to a groaning Nation.
Pitt, Pitt, thou hast no bowels of compassion.
How mean (for money such thy boundless rage)
Thus to expose the cruel power of Age!
Much like the Man art thou, and hard as he,
Who let his scaffold out at Tyburn tree;
Where, as the great and *pious* Doctor Dodd
Gave by a rope his sinful soul to God,
Thus on his boards aloft, amid the crowd,
Th' unfeeling Wretch of Wretches bawl'd aloud
(So anxious, people's pockets to be picking),
"Up, up; who mounts here?—*all alive, and kicking.*"

I grant thine Eloquence's happy flow;
But Truth should bear it company, I trow.
Hypocrisy, the knave, to keep his place,
Too often borrows Virtue's honest face.

I know thy Pride vaults high; but what of that?
The towering Column often raised a Rat.
Though toss'd aloft by stone-blind Fortune's pow'r,
Awake thy memory to thy *humbler* hour:
Though *now* a Kite, ah! *once* a Bat, how small,
Flickering around for Flies in yonder Hall*!
But, drunk with honours, "No," thou criest, "no;
I thank thee, but I cannot look so low."—
Thus a poor Country Boy to India goes,
A small Portmanteau all the wealth he knows;
Arrives, with awkward legs and arm and mien:
But, ere a twelvemonth pass, how changed the scene!
He *mounts* his *elephant*, treats, whores, gets drunk,
And, ah! forgets his friend the *little trunk*.

Know, man, no more of Taxes now we want;
Lo, *generous* Majesty prepared to *grant!*
Hark to a voice *divine:* "Pitt, Pitt, hæ, Pitt;
No more, no more for Taxes whet thy wit.

* Westminster-hall.

I'll pay, *I'll* pay the soldier and the tar;
My millions, Pitt, shall pay the glorious war.
I'll give sheep, lamb, ram, turkey, duck, boar, sow,
Goose, gosling, cock, hen, heifer, bull, calf, cow.
And, Pitt, hæ, hæ! at Smithfield, Pitt, I *shine:*
Mine's the best beef; yes, mine: what, what?—yes, mine.
I'll empty every Guinea-chest, and Sack;
Yes, yes, the People *ought* to have it *back:*
My Money in the stocks, my Wood*, my Hay;
Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away.

* Here I must candidly condemn a part of the People, whose cause in the affair of Hair-powder I am so pathetically pleading. Such, says the Windsor Chronicle, was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled frost, when they should have thought of nothing but *dying*, that those very people, not worth a groat, starving, shivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidst the dead silence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the *sacred* gardens of Richmond and Kew: where they wickedly, *inhumanly*, and feloniously, cut down and maimed a number of Trees; many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own scrub chimneys, to warm their own vile bones, because, forsooth, *certain* Great People *happened* fortunately to be in possession of *enormous quantities* of Wood, during the great scarcity, and chose not to *give* it away in *idle charity*, nor *sell* it at the *then* current price, which had every *probability* of mounting *higher:* as though *they* had not an equal right to *turn a penny in an honest way*, with any *coal-shed* man in the village of Brentford! But behold how they behaved on this insulting, provoking, stealing, and trying occasion! So far from advertising handsome rewards for discovering the rogues, and bringing them to justice; such was their clemency, that they ordered the affair to be *hushed up*, and buried in perpetual oblivion!

Yes, yes, I know, I know the Hounds are howling:
God, Pitt, I don't, I don't much like their *growling:*
Hæ, hæ, growl, growl? what, what? things don't go
right;
Why quickly, quickly, Pitt, the Dogs may *bite.*
That would be bad, bad, bad; a sad mishap:
Hæ, Pitt; hæ, hæ? I should not like a *snap.*"—
Such are the Sounds, to stun those ears of thine,
Where Truth, and *speed,* and Oratory, shine.

And hark, another voice! and thus it cries:
" I geef my Chewells to de Peepel's sighs:
All tings from Mistress Hastings as I gote.
I geef de fine pig Diamond of Arcote*;
Iss, dat vich Rumbold geef, I geef again,
Rader dan see de Peepels suffer pain.
De Emperor Presents, Lord! I vil not tush,
Although de *duty* coss so *very mush* †.

* The *famous* diamond, so *infamously* obtained by Mr. Rumbold; constituting a *curious* piece of Asiatic *history.*

† I am really afraid to touch upon this ticklish topic. The late procession of Imperial Presents from the India House to St. James's was attended by a dirty Custom-house Officer; but for *what reason,* the Lords of the Treasury can best explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a small order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an Act of Parliament; which, if true, maketh a second edition of Little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

I turn off Mister Wyat*, dat I sal;
And geef up Frogmore: iss, I geef up all;
Geef up mine Diamomd Stomacher indeed;
All, all, mush rader dan de Peepels bleed.
Iss, iss, I geef up all, shust like de King;
For *bankrup* nation be quite deflish ting.
Vat signifies de Millions in *our* purses,
If money do profoke de Peepel's curses†?
We won't haf tumult; no sush ting muss spread:
Mine Gote! *half loaf* be better dan *no bread.*
Peety to make de Englis Peepels groan,
So goote as poote de Prences pon de Trone;
Who soon, mine Gote! may take it in der brain,
Vat dey *poote up*, dey may *pull down* again."

* The Architect.

† Notwithstanding her Majesty's immense property in *one thing and another*, she possesses the most *economical circumspection;* witness the following pretty Tale:—A Miss Jenner of Gloucestershire, with her Mother, viewing the Palace of St. James's, and entering her Majesty's Dressing-room, where a Cushion *full* of Pins lay on her toilet, the young lady expressed a strong desire for having one of the *Queen's Pins* to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one; when the Attendant, struck with a sudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impossible to be granted, as her Majesty would certainly *find it out*. "D'ye think I might *change* a Pin?" sighed the young Lady, with anxiety. "Miss," replied the Attendant, after some consideration, "it is *probable* her Majesty may *not* find *that* out: I'll run the risk."

What Sounds of Wisdom, Pitt, to make thee shrink!
Beware, thou stand'st on danger's giddy brink:
Know that a single grain or half-grain more
May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er;
And shouldst thou tumble down the rock of fate,
No *seas* of tears will wail thy shorten'd date.
Go, copy the *good* Pair whom all *adore*,
Who spurn the proud, and hug the humble poor*.

Though from my soul I hate mad Dissipation,
That beggars and insults a generous Nation;
Too from my soul the Avarice I hate
That, thirsty, squeezes like a Sponge the State;
Wishing from trees (so keen the gold it grapples)
To shake down Guineas just like Pears and Apples.
Think not I court a tumult's lawless hour,
And wish a Mob's wild Arm the Sword of Pow'r:
No: let a Titus, let an Alfred rule;
Who sighs not for a King, I deem a fool.
Like those were Europe's Monarchs (in thy ear),
What from a People had *such* forms to fear?
Safe 'mid the ardour of a Realm's embrace,
Kings never fall but by their own disgrace.

* "*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.*"

I murmur not at Kings, if good for *aught:*
I only quarrel when they're good for *nought.*

'Tis whisper'd that I never reverenced Thrones.
Granted: I never worship *stocks* nor *stones.*
Nor look I for *wise* Emperors, nor *wise* Kings:
'Tis Expectation's madness, Quixote things.
The man to titles and to riches born,
Amid the world of science how forlorn!
To speak, to think, unable, mark his air:
Heavens, what an idiot gape, and idiot stare!
Though Lord of millions, gilt with titles o'er,
A Statue 'midst a Library, no more.
He deems the Butterflies of folly, Treasure;
And shuns chaste Wisdom, for the strumpet Pleasur

'Tis true, gay Pleasure courts us to the joy,
While Wisdom to her swains is always coy.
The brain must labour; or it proves the sport
Of *Wisdom's* Circle, though it charm a *Court.*
Seek we *corporeal* strength; the mine, the plough,
Of *strong* examples furnish us enow.
Search we the spot which *mental* power contains;
- man gets his living by his *brains.*

Had Charles * *first* popp'd into the world, I ween,
That world a *very different* Charles had seen.
"What had Charles been?" is ask'd with wonder. Even
That good, fat, honest, sleepy fellow, Stephen †.

Oh may of Princes a long race succeed,
Such Doves, such harmless Doves, as *now* we feed;
Not Eagles, screaming with insatiate maw,
Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw!
And yet too oft, to damn the coward age,
Our Isle has trembled at a Tyrant's rage.—
Thus 'mid the smiles of Nature's fair domain,
Where blooming Health and Plenty lead their train;
Where, robed with verdure, wind the rills along,
And every vale resounds with cheerful song;
See o'er th' Elysian scene, with lofty head,
The blood-stain'd Gibbet dash the soul with dread ‡!

I own thy eloquence's stream; but know,
Too oft for England's welfare Periods flow.
A truce to all such metaphoric breath:
So soft, they drop into our ears with death.
How like the Snows, wide-ermining the air,
So gently sinking, kissing, all so fair:

* Mr. Fox.

† The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

‡ In France, Switzerland, &c. are many of these *pretty* Monuments of Pride.

Falling on simple sheep; and soon, alas!
O'erwhelming, killing, with the *courteous* mass.

Mercy to England yield, the poor lean Cow;
Thy busy fingers have forced milk enow:
Though frequent rushing the lank teats to teaze,
How patiently the Beast has borne thy squeeze!
Just shaked her head, and wincing whisk'd her tail,
When oft thou fill'dst a *puncheon* for a *pail:*
But now she pushing roars, and makes a pudder,
Afraid thy harden'd hands may steal her *udder.*
Think on America, our Cow of *yore,*
Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore;
Who, pinch'd, and yet denied a lock of hay,
Kick'd the hard Milkman off, and march'd away.
In vain he tried by every art to catch her;
To wound, to hamstring, nay, knock down, dispatch her:
Far off she kept, where Love, where Freedom rules,
Mocking the fruitless rage of rogues and fools.

Speak, Pitt, (for know, at times I'm rather dull,)
Why from thy Tax exempt a *royal* scull?
Why free each *creeping thing* about a Court?
The grumbling Nation will not thank thee for't.
Let Hawkesbury frown, and bull-face Brudenell roar;
They *well* may club, to ease the Nation's score:

Their purse-strings, nay, let all thy Colleagues draw,
Disgorging a poor guinea from each maw.
Let Queensbury nobly pinch his Cyprian sinnings,
And stately Cumberland her faro winnings *.
Let Madame Schwellenberg make up wry faces:
Something should come in troth from sales of places †.

Say, what the Tax thy brain will *next* provide?
Alas! why not attack the Human Hide?
Lord, Lord, how much it must the Nation aid!
Folks may be *scalp'd* with safety; why not *flay'd*?
'Tis verily a shame, a crying sin,
The World should bear about a *useless* Skin;
What's worse, that Skins should in the *grave* be laid,
So beautiful an article of Trade.
Think of the spatterdashes, boots, and shoes;
And think thou of the millions people use:
Such, form'd from Human Hides, would brave the weather,
And save *such* quantities of foreign leather!

* As one of the great supporters of morality (for such every Muse should be), I have several times had it in contemplation to give this Dame a public rap on the knuckles for certain parsimony to some of the poor disbanded and faithful servants of her household, after the death of her *simple* Duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a solitary Note; and may, some time or other, give importance to an Ode.

† This *great* Lady kept one of the first *sale-shops* in England.

Thus would our Britain annual thousands gain,
And rival all the cows and calves of Spain.—
Ask'st thou what *other* use our Hides could boast?
Books may be bound, my friend; the letter'd host.
Cases of conscience, Buller's skin should bind;
Good folios upon *mercy to mankind:*
Gloucester's, a book on wedlock's *sweet tranquillity:*
His sister Cumberland's, upon *humility:*
Brudenell's, on *beauty*, *witty* conversation,
On manners, music, ratiocination:
Hawkesbury's, on *fair*, *disinterested* deeds:
Essays on *manliness*, the skin of Leeds:
Richmond's, on *courage: modesty*, Dundas's:
State-sycophants, a volume upon *asses:*
The King's, on *elocution*, hay and hogs,
Corn, politics, tithes, civil-list, and logs:
The Queen's, on *diamonds*, *pearls*, and *custom-dues*,
Old gowns, old petticoats, old hose, old shoes;
Good-nature, state-extravagancy-lopping,
Pins, mantua-makers, milliners, and shopping:
To close th' illustrious list, and sounding line,
On *delegates*, *reform*, and *powder*, *thine*.

Oh say, where first was plann'd thy Powder Scheme?
At Wimbledon arose the golden dream;

Where thou, and honest Rumbold-hunting Harry,
Project, and *re*project, and oft miscarry?
Two Graziers, cheapening Hogs to fill your sties;
Two Spiders, weaving lines for simple Flies.
Rich spot! whence *millions* take their easy wing,
To bribe an Emperor, and *refresh* a King *;
Where, blest, ye *bumper* it in England's cause,
Belch Opposition's fall, and *hiccup* laws;
With equal spirit, where *each* work succeeds,—
A *bottle* now, and now a *nation*, bleeds.

Ah, Pitt! of late thy counsels draw disgrace:
The spring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.
When Reputation *sickens*, toil is vain:
No *nostrum* gives the bloom of health again.
No more (so grateful to the sense) a Rose†,
It drops, a *putrid* Carcase, to the crows.
I mark the pompous Column of thy fame,
Fast crumbling to the dust from whence it came;
And see thy thundering day in silence close,
While Wisdom triumphs o'er the pale repose.

* His *most honourable* Majesty, our late *good* and *firm* ally, the King of Prussia, like the Gentlemen of the Bar, requires very often a *refresher* before his cannon can plead.

† To avoid an ambiguity here (for I have been questioned about it), I mean the sweet-smelling *rose of the fields*, not *Mr. George Rose* of the *Treasury*.

Too much thou courtest Danger's dizzy height;
The treacherous sands may sink beneath thy feet:
Thy Kite, that reeling, shifting, mounts the storm,
May force Heaven's Flash upon thy feeble form.
Think not I wish with Satire's blade to *play*,
And, charm'd with man's disgraces, selfish say,
" Let Folly root in Ministers and Kings:
While rank and thick like Aconite it springs,
Delighted on the precious load I look,
And hail a harvest for the Muse's hook."—

Still to be *serious*, Pitt, before we part:
Let Mercy melt the Mill-stone of thy Heart*.
How nobler far, for honest fame to toil,
And change a Kingdom's curses for a smile!
Yet, if resolved to worry Wigs and Hair,
And, Herod-like, not little Children spare,
Say (for methinks the land has much to dread)
How long in safety may we wear the *head?*

* I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this Statesman, which is rather marked with severity. As for the *domestic*, it possesses some traits belonging to the Jolly God. Even Parliament last year saw him enter the walls of St. Stephen, arm in arm with his dear Colleague and constant Companion, *honest* Harry Dundas; both fortunately conducted to the Treasury Bench *without a fall*, by the boozing reeling Deity, where " Palinurus nodded at the helm."

Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the yoke;
Enough our sides have felt the goad and stroke:
Then cease to make, by further irritation,
Our *patience* the sole rock of thy salvation.

Of late hath Glory quarrell'd with thy fame:
Poor Public Credit founder'd; lame, quite lame.
Rapacity *too oft* extends her jaw,
Fresh whets her fang, and points her iron claw.
The Arm of Vengeance drops not *lightly* down;
Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown.
Profusion vilely foster'd, Honour dead,
Resentment's eye looks dangerously red.
Believe me, Pitt, not yet is *thine* the Realm;
Not *thine* the Ship because thou hold'st the Helm.
Such is the voice of Truth; perhaps it wounds:
Friend to *thyself* and England, heed the sounds;
Sounds to alarm; and let not, though severe,
The breath of Folly brush them from thine ear.
Vain is rough bluster: vainly darest thou say,
"Poh! *danger!* I have met *its* trying day*:"
For, ah! too often, boastful of his wars,
Rank Cowardice assumes the mien of Mars.

* At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. Horne Tooke, on the subject of delegation, when Mr. *Memory* Middleton was beat *hollow* by the Prime Minister.

Dim though *thy* beam, the Muse's eagle eye
Beholds a tempest in the distant sky.
Dull though *thy* tympanum, *her* nicer ear
Catches a thunder-growl from yonder sphere.
She sees sharp Fate amid the gathering gloom;
A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom;
But dares not *name* the melancholy Form
Whom Guilt has mark'd the *victim* of the storm.—

Now to be *gay* again. Should Famine rise,
The meagre spectre, on a Sovereign's eyes;
And should the Groan of Britain's bleeding wound
Press on the shrinking ear, a killing sound;
Be Whistles blown, and Bells of children rung;
The *favourite* "Little farthing Rushlight" sung;
Let Dancing-dogs, delighting, form their ball,
Whips crash, and grinding Hurdy-gurdies squall;
While, crown'd with Chimney-sweepers on their way,
In deep-toned unisons the Asses bray:
Such as at Frogmore* form'd, to please a *pair*,
The *true sublime* of *Monarchs*, a *Dutch fair*.—
And as again, on Frogmore's happy green,
More shows shall gladden our good King and Queen†;

* A villa near Windsor, belonging to the Queen.

† This is absolutely determined on, in the Frogmore senate.

Suppose Dundas and thou (a princely sport)
Play some farce-character to charm the Court,
And boldly run the gauntlet through a Mob
That execrates, that damns, the Powder Job;
Where Barbers, Hair-dressers, Perfumers, throng,
To hoot and hustle as you course along;
Dash with their powder-bags your brains about,
With many a kick, and scoff, and grunt, and shout;
Each face with tallow and with dripping smear,
And with hot pincers tweak each nose and ear.
Lo! should it miss the *royal* approbation,
I'll answer for the plaudit of the *nation*.

Such is the Song: and do not thou, severe,
With "Treason! treason!" fill a Royal ear;
For gentle jokes, at times, on Queens and Kings,
Are pleasant, taking, nay, *instructive* things.
Yet *some* there are who relish not the sport,
That flutter in the sunshine of a Court;
Who, fearful Song might mar their high ambition,
Loose the gaunt Dogs of State, and bawl "Sedition!"

FROGMORE FETE;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC*.

FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL, VULGARLY CALLED ALL-FOOLS' DAY.

'—*Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*'

"In *various things*," says Virgil, "folks delight;"—
And so it really is in *our* great Nation:
In meanness, avarice, *some;* revenge and spite,
Dutch fairs, mock charities, and *ostentation.*

'Twas at the Royal seat on Frogmore Green†,
With Britain's gold uprear'd by Britain's Queen;
To charm a Court, a Princess‡ turn'd her head:
At length *deliver'd* was her lovely brain;
And, lo! on Frogmore's happy happy plain,
Wonders on Wonders soon were *brought to bed.*

* The Reader will, at the first glance, perceive a resemblance between my Ode, and the celebrated Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, by Dryden, and know perhaps to which he must yield the *preference.* In spite of all the praises bestowed on Alexander's Feast, I dare pronounce it a downright drunken Bartholomew-fair scene; the *poetry* too, not superior to the *subject:* whereas the Frogmore Gala was of the order of *sublimity;* and as for the merits of my Muse on the glorious occasion (though indeed I could say a great deal in her favour), my good old friend, the Public, must decide.

† "'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won." DRYDEN.

‡ The Princess Elizabeth.

Sublime the Pair of England sate,
Staring with most enormous state,
The Family of Orange by their side;
With all the pretty Offspring round,
That struck the Mob with *awe profound:*
Sweet state, untainted by one grain of pride!

And bold beside them sat each valiant Peer *:
Carpmeal and courtly Chesterfield were there;
Macmanus, star-clad Salisbury, Townsend, Jealous †;
The *guards* of England's Sovereigns, furious fellows!
With combs, puffs, powder-bags, their temples bound;
In golden letters, "*Guinea* Pigs," around ‡.

"Kings love mean company," quoth Edmund Burke;
Making indeed with *royal taste* short work:
But thus Kings *honour* and *exalt* the low.
How like the God that gives the golden day;
Who through a little hole can dart his ray,
And bid the Dungeon with his radiance glow:

* "His valiant peers were placed around." DRYDEN.

† To the ignorant in punctuation, this passage may seem *degrading;* as though the Poet meant Messrs. Carpmeal, Macmanus, Townsend, and Jealous, as a part of the *peers:* whereas no such idea was intended. I nevertheless entertain a high *respect* for those *gentlemen,* as very useful members of society; yet cannot place them so *high:* it is so *astonishing* a leap, from Bow-street.

‡ "Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound." DRYDEN.

Nay, from its filth too, bid a Vapour rise,
And make it a gay Cloud amid the skies*!

But Pitt and Grenville were not there,
To whom a Puppet-show is dear:
  Too small *decorum* on a *certain* debt
Repell'd the Pair from Royal sport;
Whose want of manners put the Court,
  Like sour Small-beer indeed, upon the fret†.

No, no; the *cousins* were not ask'd indeed:
Broad hints, though given, by no means could succeed:
  Nought could prevail, alas! nor tears, nor sighs.
The Zephyr, that scarce moves the Lily's head,
As soon might lift old Ocean from his bed,
  And dash his wild of waters to the skies.

Sauntering Saint James's Park were seen the Pair,
While bustling Frogmore triumph'd in her Fair.—

* Witness Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Auckland, Mr. George Rose, Mrs. H—, &c. whose origins may be traced (as Mr. Burke emphatically expressed himself on a particular occasion) to the *swinish multitude*.

† Not a single card of invitation was sent from Windsor or Carleton-house. Violent were the Royal *displeasures* in the *beginning*; but the Poet, in the true spirit of Christianity, hopes that he shall not be able to say, like the Liturgy, "As it was in the *beginning*, *is now*, and *ever shall be*, *world without end*."

And now, to charm our gracious Queen and King,
Ascending on a public stage,
The tuneful Wonder of the age,
Hight Incledon, began with bows to sing.

Of War he chanted, glorious War;
Of millions, millions, sent afar,
To aid of falling Monarchy the cause:—
When, lo! the *lofty* Great all smiled applause.

Now to the happy, simpering, courtly crowd,
In melting melody he sung aloud
A *list* of every Hanoverian hide;
Skins of those mighty men, by bullets bor'd,
Worth thirty pounds apiece to their high Lord,
For whose great glory and defence they died.

Dear is Hanoverian-skinning;
Money well is worth the winning:
Fighting still, and still destroying;
Hide-money is worth enjoying*:

* "War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble:
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying."

DRYDEN.

Cutting, killing, drowning, starving;
Soldiers' Skins are well worth carving.

And now the sweet Timotheus sung the Fair
A la Chinoise, that brought such crowds to stare,
And bear the trumpery of the booths away*.
And then to Charity he pour'd the strain—
How folk a deal by *charity* may *gain*,
And thus, with interest fair, themselves repay.
And then he praised the Great Man and his Dame,
From whose *deep* heads the scheme so cunning came.

And now he chose a *plaintive* strain:
The Embassy across the main,
Of poor Macartney, and sad Staunton knight;
Forced, forced to enter, cheek by jowl,
With hogs, dogs, jack-asses, Jehol,
The sad procession: a tumultuous sight.

A Lord and Knight disgraced, and tired, and fretting,
Amidst the dusty hurlyburly sweating;

* Booths were formed, and filled with the trinkets of the Windsor shops; purchased by *somebody or other* of the inhabitants of Windsor at *prime cost*, and sold at Frogmore at about *one thousand pounds per cent.* Large quantities were retailed on the occasion; for who could withstand the temptation of carrying off a *bit* of Majesty, which would crown the possessor with eternal glory, and *support* a *charity*?

An Embassy, to which we may compare
A Drove of Oxen sent to Smithfield-fair!

The pinions of *importance* pluck'd,
Thrice to the earth their heads they duck'd;
And thrice did they with blushes rise,
With not a friend to close their eyes*.

Thus suffer'd British Majesty disgrace,
So *well* supported by the Brunswick race.

At this the Court of Frogmore sigh'd.—
And now he sung of *more* and *worse* disgrace:
Sung how the Emperor show'd an angry face;
Swearing the bold Adventurers should be tied
To a cart's tail,
Should they dare fail
To leave the city in two days, poor clan!
When off they moved all mournful, beast and man.

* "On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes." DRYDEN.

To this *degrading* ceremony of Prostration before his Chinese Majesty, it is said, our Embassy submitted. But how could it be helped? Every thing, to be sure, that could be *devised* for the *honour and glory* of Great Britain, was attempted by *Ambassador* and *Co.*; but "*beggars* must not be *choosers*."

At this the Court of Frogmore dropp'd a tear;
For pity dwells with Queen, and King, and Peer.

" Yet oh think," the Songster said,
" Of the pretty *smuggling* trade;
Court and Cobler *this* pursues:
Smuggling, juggling,
Juggling, smuggling,
Never mind the Custom-dues."

At this the Court resumed the cheerful smile;
For smuggling cannot *courtly folk* defile:
Courts may smuggle what they please*;
Mob alone, Exchequers seize.

And now he sung the *little box,* and old,
That caught the Sovereign's wild and raptured gaze:
Which, oh! when open'd, a sad story told;
Displaying *pot-hooks, not* a *bulse's* blaze.

What are *rhymes* to *western* Kings†?
Paltry, stupid, jingling things.

* Lady Holdernesse and her *private card-parties* know more of this matter than the Poet. The sly nocturnal visits of a *certain* Great Lady's *sedan-chair* from the Palace are notorious.

† A Present, containing a scrap of complimentary *rhyme,* manufactured by Kien Long *himself,* in answer to the *Latin letter* sent by the King of Great Bri-

With *loaded subjects*, ah! we see
A *jack-ass* in the next degree*;
When soon appear'd the emblematic Brutes,
With Chimney-sweepers on their backs,
That kick'd, and spurr'd, and lash'd their hacks:
And well with such *tame fools* the treatment suits.

Off gallop'd, for Royal amusement, the Asses;
'Mid the haycocks they scamper'd, and knock'd down the lasses:
Girls squall'd, the Court laugh'd, and the Jack-asses bray'd,
At the sight of the *legs* by the tumble display'd.

Now a Couple leap'd down† from their *state* to the prancers,
Musicians and racers, tune-grinders and dancers;
Shaking all by the hand‡ who, in compliment clever,
Roar'd aloud, "Kings and Queens, Fun and Frogmore, for ever!"

* "The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree." DRYDEN.

† "Thais led the way." DRYDEN.

‡ His Majesty was verily the happiest gentleman in the world; and ("si licet *parvis* componere *magna*") was as merry as a *grig*, vowing *repetitions* of the Gala: but by what fatality it has *not happened*, not even the sagacity of the Poet is able to discover.

And now to Avarice he tuned the strain,
That suck'd a Nation like a Spunge:
And now to Dissipation's madding train,
Who in distress a People plunge;
A People that from ruin scarce can scape.—
And now the wide-mouth'd Court began to *gape*.

Gaping is the mouth's disease,
When a *subject* fails to please.

Now to sad France his plaintive voice he tun'd,
Sunk by the wicked *sans-culottes* so low;
Dealing poor Despotism so dire a blow.—
When, mark! the melting Audience almost *swoon'd*.

The Songster now a *graver* subject chose:
"Who is to *pay* Performers that compose
This charming *Fete* of Frogmore?" were the words.—
With much surprise,
And rolling eyes,
The Court heard Syllables that stabb'd like Swords.

Now voices came: "Mine Gote! enuff, enuff."—
"How, how! what, what? stuff, Incledon, stuff, stuff."—
"*We* pay! no, no: mine Gote, we haf more wit."—
"Go, go to *Parliament:* ask Pitt, ask Pitt."

With *loaded subjects*, ah! we see
A *jack-ass* in the next degree*;
When soon appear'd the emblematic Brutes,
With Chimney-sweepers on their backs,
That kick'd, and spurr'd, and lash'd their hacks:
And well with such *tame fools* the treatment suits.

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THE ROYAL TOUR,

AND

WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;

A SOLEMN AND REPRIMANDING

EPISTLE TO THE LAUREAT.

PITT'S FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON, AN ODE;
AN ODE TO THE FRENCH;
ODE TO THE CHARITY-MILL IN WINDSOR-PARK;
A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT;
ODE TO THE QUEEN'S ELEPHANT;
THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY, AN ELEGY.

—*Aude*
Cæsaris invicti res dicere. HORACE.

SHAME on thee, Pye! To Cesar tune the string;
Berhyme his *route*, and Weymouth Wonders sing.
Saddle thy Pegasus at once, ride post:
Lo, ere thou start'st, a thousand things are *lost*.

TO J. PYE, ESQ.

SIR,

I ALLOW your virtues; I allow your literary talents: but I will not subscribe to your *indolence;* one little solitary annual Ode is not sufficient for a *great* King. Whatever things are *done*, whatever things are *said*, nay, whatever things are *conceived*, by mighty Potentates, are *treasure* for the page of History. Blush, my Friend, that a *volunteer* Bard should run off with the merit of recording the wonderful actions and sapient sayings of Royalty. As soon as the Mill of Charity was erected in Windsor Park,

Lo! at the deed, the Muse caught fire,
And swell'd with praise the sacred Lyre:
Sweet Lass! she could not for her soul sit still.
Imagination, on the watch,
Oped, for the swelling flood, the hatch;
And, lo! to work alertly went *her* Mill.

As soon as the Royal Journey to Weymouth was announced, the same loyal Muse

Turn'd her brain's pockets inside out,
For Poetry, to praise the route.

No sooner was the noble Elephant from Arcot presented to our *beloved* Queen, and most *economically*, and most *generously*, *returned* on the Nabob's hands on account of his *appetite*, but the same Muse

Began a tender melancholy air;
Sung how he trudged, poor beast, to Peckham Fair,
And Saint Bartholomew's, to help defray
His sad expenses on the watry way.

No sooner was a boat ordered by the omnipotent, all-feeling, all-honest, all-delicate, all-constitutional Lords of the Treasury, on board Captain Orack's ship the Phenix (even before she came to her moorings), for the *other presents* (fortunately *without* stomachs!) from the same knowing Nabob to her most excellent Majesty, *not* to Mr. Pitt and his Grace of Portland (for Ministers are Cyphers now-a-days), but lo, the Muse,

Attentive ever to great Princes,
To Muslins tuned her harp, and Chintzes;
And prophesied of every shawl,
That Schwellenberg would *sell them all*:—

a circumstance that actually took place; making, we presume, a *decent return;* the original cost, in India, exceeding ten thousand pounds.

In future then, my friend Pye,

Let no man say I *hate* our Kings and Queens,
Princes, and drawing-rooms, and levee-scenes;
Despise the bows and curtseys, whisper'd talk.
I *love* the mummery from my very soul:
Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole;
What glorious Quarry for the Muse's Hawk!

Ask if the man whose heart the Chase adores,
Wishes annihilation to Wild Boars,
Or Wolves so hungry. "No," the Sportsman cries:
"Long live Wild Boars and Wolves! God bless their eyes!"

May Kings exist, and Trifle pig with Kings!
The Muse desireth not more *precious* things:
Such sweet *mock-grandeur!* so *sublimely garish!*
Let's have no Washingtons: did *such* appear,
The Muse and I had every thing to fear;
Soon forced to ask a pittance of the Parish.

Such want no praise; in native virtue strong:
'Tis *folly, folly, feeds* the Poet's Song.

THE

ROYAL TOUR,

AND

WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS.

PROËMIUM.

GREAT is of Hair-powder* the sale:
Dundas and Pitt have both turn'd pale;
  Yet Courtiers cry aloud its want of merit.
Courtiers have tried with all their spite,
To sink it in Oblivion's night:
  My friend, the Public, keeps it up with spirit.

How often we have seen a bullying Cloud
Attack the Sun, and quarrel too aloud;
  Spit, thunder, lighten, frighten the two Poles,
Blocking up every avenue for peeping;
On this side now, and now on that side, creeping;
  A sort of dirty Malkin, stopping holes!

* My *ingenious* Poem so called: not Mr. Pitt's *ingenious* Tax on that subject; which, we are well informed, succeeds as miserably in produce as in reputation.

Sometimes the worried glorious God of Day
Insists upon a view, and shows an eye;
Just as a Manager, when some sad Play
Is *taken ill*, and very *like to die*,
Kens through the curtain on the Critic nation,
All hissing, clattering, howling out damnation.

Thus Envy, the vile Hag, attacks my Rhymes,
Swearing they shall not peep on distant times;
But violent indeed will be the tussel.
I deem myself indeed a tuneful Whale:
She swears I'm not upon so large a scale;
Rather a Wrinkle, Limpet, paltry Muscle,
Clinging to heavy rocks, or *wooden things*—
Meaning my loyalty perchance to *kings*.

The Public seems to like my Brats,
Begot indeed with little pain:
Whether it Turbot gives, or Sprats,
Behold *another* to maintain!
Thus then I cast it on that Sea the Town:
If *true*, it *swims;* if *spurious*, let it *drown*.

THE ROYAL TOUR.

SEE! Cesar's *off:* the dust around him hovers;
And gathering, lo, the King of Glory covers!
The Royal hubbub fills both eye and ear,
And wide-mouth'd Wonder marks the wild career.—
How like his golden *brother* of the Sky,
When Nature thunders, and the storm is high;
Now in, now out of clouds, behind, before,
Who rolls amid the elemental roar!

Heavens! with what ardour through the lanes he drives,
The country trembling for its tenants' lives!
Squat on his speckled haunches gapes the Toad,
And Frogs affrighted hop along the road:
The Hares astonish'd to their terrors yield,
Cock their long ears, and scud from field to field:
The Owl, loud hooting, from his ivy rushes;
And Sparrows, chattering, flutter from the bushes:
Old Women (call'd "a pack of blinking bitches"),
Dash'd by the thundering Light-horse into ditches,

Scrambling and howling, with posteriors pointed
(Sad picture!) plump against the Lord's Anointed.
Dogs bark, Pigs grunt, the flying Turkeys gobble;
Fowls cackle; screaming Geese, with stretch'd wing, hobble;
Dire death his horses' hoofs to Ducklings deal,
And Goslings gasp beneath the burning wheel.—
Thus the great Eol, when he rushes forth,
With all his winds, east, west, and south, and north:
Flutter the leaves of trees, with woful fright,
Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might;
Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,
The blustering wonders of his mouth declare:
Heaved from their deep foundations, with dread sound
Barns and old houses thunder to the ground;
And bowing Oaks, in ages rooted strong,
Roar through their branches as he sweeps along.

George breakfasts on the road, gulps tea, bolts toast;
Jokes with the Waiter, witty with the Host;
Runs to the Garden with his morning *duer;*
Makes mouths at Cloacina's; reads the news.
Now mad for fruit, he scours the garden round;
Knocks every apple that he spies, to ground;
Loads every Royal pocket; seeks his chaise;
Plumps in, and fills the village with amaze.

He's *off* again: he smokes along the road.
Pursue him, Pye; pursue him with an *ode:*
And yet a *pastoral* might better please,
That talks of sheep and hay, and beans and peas;
Of trees cut down that Richmond's lawn adorn,
To gain the pittance of a peck of corn*.
He reaches Weymouth; treads the Esplanade:
Hark, hark, the jingling bells! the cannonade!
Drums beat, the hurdygurdies grind the air;
Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the stare.
All Weymouth gapes with wonder: hark, huzzas,
The roaring welcome of a thousand jaws!

O Pye, shalt *thou*, Apollo's favourite son,
In loyalty by Peter be outdone?
How oft I bear thy Master on my back,
Without one thimbleful of cheering Sack;
While *thou* (not drunk, I hope), O Bard divine,
Oft wett'st thy whistle with the Muse's Wine!
Oh haste where prostrate Courtiers Monarchs greet,
Like Cats that seek the *sunshine* of the street;
Where Chesterfield, the lively Spaniel, springs,
Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for Kings;

* Great has been the massacre among the *sturdy oaks*, to make room for the courtier-like *pliability* of the *corn-stalk*, that brings more *grist* to the Royal mill.

Where sharp Macmanus, and sly Jealous, tread,
To guard from Treachery's blow the Royal head*;
Where Nunn and Barber†, silent as the Mouse,
Steal nightly *certain* goods to Gloucester House.
Oh say, shall Cesar in rare *presents* thrive,
Buy cheaper too than any man alive,
Go *cheaper* in excursions on the water,
And Laureat Pye know nothing of the matter?
Acts that should bid his Poet's bosom flame,
And make his *spendthrift* Subjects blush with shame!
What though Tom Warton laugh'd at Kings and Queens,
And grinning eyed them just as *state machines;*
Much better pleased (so sick of Royal life)
To celebrate Squire Punch, and Punch's Wife?
I grant thee deep in Attic, Latian lore;
Yet learn the province of the Muse of yore:

* Be it recollected with horror, that a stone was flung at our beloved Sovereign in St. James's Park, about two or three years past, endangering his life: yet an impudent Rhymer thought *otherwise;* who, on the occasion, had the audacity to write the following Epigram:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head,
From a flint so unwittingly thrown:
I think very different, with thousands indeed;
'Twas a lucky escape for the *stone.*

† Two Tradesmen who repair constantly from London to Weymouth, when Royalty deigns to visit the spot.

The Bards of ancient times (so History sings)
Eat, drank, and danced, and slept, with mighty Kings;
Who courted, reverenced, loved the tuneful throng,
And deem'd their deeds *ennobled* by a Song.

Lo, Pitt arrives: alas, with lantern face!—
"What, hæ, Pitt, hæ? what, Pitt, hæ, *more* disgrace?"—
"Ah, Sire, bad news! a second dire defeat:
Vendee undone, and all the Chouans beat."—
"Hæ, hæ? what, what? beat, beat? what, beat agen?
Well, well, more money: raise more men, more men.
But mind, Pitt, hæ: mind, huddle up the news;
Coin something, and the growling Land amuse:
Make all the *sans-culottes* to Paris caper,
And Rose shall print the victory in his Paper.
Let's hear no more, no more of *Cornish* tales;
I sha'n't *refund* a guinea, Pitt, to Wales.
I can't afford it, no, I can't afford:
Wales cost a deal in pocket-cash and board.

"Pitt, Pitt, there's Frost, my bailiff Frost; see, see!
Well, Pitt, go back, go back again; b'ye, b'ye.
Keep London still, no matter how they carp:
Well, well, go back, and bid Dundas look sharp.
Must not lose France; no, France *must* wear a Crown:
If France won't swallow, *ram* a Monarch *down*.

Some *crowns* are scarce worth *sixpences:* hæ, Pitt?"—
The Premier smiled, and left the Royal Wit.

Now Frost approaches: "Well, Frost, well, Frost,
pray,
How, how went sheep a score? how corn and hay?"

"An't please your Majesty, a *charming* price:
Corn very soon will be as dear as *spice.*"

"Thank God! but, say, say, do the Poor complain?
Hæ, hæ, will wheat be *sixpence*, Frost, *a grain?*"

"I hope *not*, Sire; for great were then my fears,
That Windsor would be pull'd about our ears."

"Frost, Frost, no politics; no, no, Frost, no:
You, you talk politics! oho, oho!
Windsor come down about our ears! what, what?
D'ye think, hæ, hæ, that I'm afraid of that?
What, what are Soldiers good for, but *obey?*
Macmanus, Townsend, Jealous, hæ, hæ, hæ?
Pull Windsor down? hæ, what? a pretty job!
Windsor be pull'd to pieces by the Mob!
Talk, talk of farming; that's your *forte*, d'ye see:
And, mind, mind, *politics* belong to *me.*

Go back, go back, and watch the Windsor chaps;
Count all the poultry: set, set well the *traps*.

"See, see, see Stacie*! Here, here, Stacie, here:
Going to market, Stacie? dear, dear, dear!
I get all *my* provision by the *mail*†.
Hæ, money plenty, Stacie? don't fear jail.
Rooms, rooms all full? hæ, hæ, no beds to spare?
What, what! give travellers, hæ, good fare, good fare?
Good sign, good sign, to have no empty beds:
Shows, shows that people like to see Crown'd Heads."

The Mail arrives: hark, hark, the cheerful horn,
To Majesty announcing oil and corn,
Turnips and cabbages, and soap and candles;
And, lo, each article great Cesar handles!
Bread, cheese, salt, ketchup, vinegar, and mustard,
Small beer and bacon, apple-pie and custard:
All, all, from Windsor greets his *frugal* Grace,
For Weymouth is a damn'd *expensive* place.

* The honest master of the Royal Hotel.

† This Mail-coach costs the Public at least *fifty pounds* every *day* of the week (Sundays not excepted) during the King's residence at Weymouth. It is really a *sutler's cart*.

Salisbury appears, the lord of stars and strings;
Presents his Poem to the Best of Kings*.
Great Cesar reads it; feels a *laughing* fit,
And wonders Salisbury should become a *wit*.

A batch of Bullocks! See great Cesar run:
He stops the Drover; *bargain* is begun.
He feels their ribs and rumps; he shakes his head:
"Poor, Drover, poor; poor, very poor, indeed."
Cesar and Drover haggle; difference split:
How much? a shilling: what a *royal* hit!

A load of Hay in sight: great Cesar flies;
Smells, shakes his head: "*Bad* hay, *sour* hay." He *buys*.
"Smell, Courtown, smell; *good bargain, lucky* load:
Smell, Courtown; *sweeter* hay was never mow'd."

A herd of Swine goes by. "Whose hogs are these?
Hæ, farmer, hæ?"—"Yours, measter, if yow pleaze."—
"*Poor*, farmer, poor; *lean, lousy*, very poor:
Sell, sell, hæ, sell?"—"Iss, measter, to be zure:

* This high Lord is really a high Poet. His "Journey to Weymouth," which I was horribly afraid would have *forestalled* mine with the Public, will make its appearance soon; and, I am informed, will be enriched, *like* my works (O marvelling Reader! most elegantly bound at this time, and in the Library at Buckingham-House) with *royal annotation*.

My pigs were made for zale, but what o' that?
Yow caall mun *lean:* now, zur, I caall mun *vat.*
Measter, I baant a starling, can't be cort;
You think, agosh, to ha the pigs vor *nort.*"—
Lo! Cesar *buys* the pigs; he slily winks:
" Hæ, Gwynne, the fellow is not *caught*, he thinks.
Fool, not to know the *bargain* I have got!
Hæ, Gwynne, nice bargain? lucky, lucky lot!"

Enter the Dancing Dogs: they take their stations;
They bow, they curtsey, to the Lord of Nations;
They dance, they skip, they charm the King of Fun,
While Courtiers see themselves almost *outdone.*

Lord Paulet enters on his hands and knees,
Joining the *hunts* of *hares* with *hunts* of *fleas**.

Enter Sir Joseph, gladdening Royal eyes:
What holds his hand? a box of Butterflies,
Grubs, nests and eggs of humming-birds, to please;
Newts, tadpoles, brains of beetles, stings of bees:
The noble President without a bib on,
To sport the glories of his *blushing* Ribbon.

* The Earl has won the *royal smile*, and is made a Lord of the Bedchamber; but, as capricious inconstancy is a prominent feature in the Brunswick family, a *royal frown* may be at no great distance.

The Fishermen, the Fishermen behold!
A shoal of fish: the men their nets unfold;
Surround the scaly fry; they drag to land:
Cesar and Co. rush down upon the sand.
The fishes leap about: Gods, what a clatter!
Cesar, delighted, jumps into the water:
He *marvels* at the fish with *fins* and *scales*;
He plunges at them, seizes heads and tails;
Enjoys the draught: he capers, laughs aloud,
And shows his captives to the gaping crowd.
He orders them to Gloucester Lodge; they go:
But are the Fishermen rewarded?—*No.*

Cesar spies Lady Cathcart with a book:
He flies to know what 'tis; he longs to look.
"What's in your hand, my Lady? let me know."-
"A book, an't please your Majesty."—"Oho!
Book's a good thing, good thing: I like a book.
Very good thing, my Lady: let me look.
War of America, my Lady, hæ?
Bad thing, my Lady: fling, fling *that* away."

A Sailor pops upon the Royal Pair,
On crutches borne, an object of despair:
His squalid beard, pale cheek, and haggard eye,
Though silent, pour for *help* a piercing cry.

"Who, who are *you?* what, what? hæ, what are you?"—

"A *man*, my Liege, whom kindness never knew."—
"A sailor, sailor, hæ? you've lost a leg."—
"I know it, Sire; which forces me to beg.
I've nine poor children, Sir, besides a wife;
God bless them! the sole comforts of my life."—

"Wife and nine children, hæ? all, all alive?
No, no, no wonder that you cannot thrive.
Shame, shame, to fill your hut with such a train!
Shame to get brats for *others* to maintain *!
Get, get a wooden leg, or one of cork:
Wood's *cheapest;* yes, get wood, and go to work.
But mind, mind, Sailor; hæ, hæ, hæ? hear, hear:
Don't go to Windsor, mind, and *cut* one there:
That's dangerous, dangerous; there I place my *traps;*
Fine things, fine things, for legs of *thieving* chaps.
Best traps, *my* traps: take care; they *bite*, they bite,
And sometimes catch a *dozen legs* a night."—
"Oh had I money, Sir, to *buy* a leg!"—
"No money, hæ? *nor I.* Go beg, go beg."

How sweetly *kind*, to bid the Cripple *mump*,
And cut from *other people's* trees a stump!

* Is not this sarcasm as applicable to *thrones* as to *hovels?*

How vastly like our kind Archbishop Moore,
Who, hating beggar-tribes at Lambeth door,
Of *meaner* Parsons bids them ask relief;
There, carry their coarse jugs for broth and beef * !

" Mine Gote, your Mashesty ! don't hear sush stuff:
De Workhouse always geefs de Poor *enough*.
Why make bout dirty leg sush wondrous fuss?
And den, what *impudence* for beg of *us !*
In Strelitz, O mine Gote ! de Beggar skip:
Dere, for a *sharity*, we geefs a *whip*.
Money make Subshects impudent, I'm sure:
Respect be always where de Peepel's *poor*."—

" How, Sailor, did you lose your leg? hæ, hæ?"—
" I lost it, please your Majesty, at sea,
Hard fighting for my Country and my King."—
" Hæ, what? that's *common*, very common thing.
Hæ ! *lucky* fellow, that you were not *drill'd:*
Some lose their heads, and many men are kill'd.

* It is reported, but we hope *falsely*, that our Metropolitan, as well as Mrs. Moore, are *really tired* with the number of poor creatures who, three times a week, have, from time immemorial, claimed the charitable donation of Broth and Meat from Lambeth Palace. It is moreover added, that a strong application has been made for the removal of this nuisance; but hitherto without success.

Your parish? where's your parish? hæ? where, where?"—
"I served my prenticeship in Manchester."—
"Fine town, fine town; full, full of trade and riches:
Hæ, Sailor, hæ, can you make leather breeches?
These come from Manchester: there, there I got 'em."
(On which great Cesar smacks his buckskin bottom.)
"Must not *encourage* vagrants; no, no, no:
Must not make laws, my lad, and break 'em too.
Where, where's your parish, hæ? and where's your pass?
Well, make haste home: I've got, I've got no brass."

Now to the Esplanade a seat is borne,
To ease the Queen's sweet bottom and her corn;
For corns are apt even *majesty* to bite,
As well as on *poor* toes to vent their spite.

Around the gracious Queen of England, lo,
Dames of the Bedchamber, a goodly row!
Mob passing by, of Majesty so fond,
Dipping, like Ducks their noddles in a pond.
How would this sight of Strelitz charm the soul;
A *lofty* Land, although a Spider-hole!—
Avaunt, all frail ones, from the Queen's chaste view!
Pollution taints the air with such a crew.

Dare ye approach, full soon ye meet resistance:
Imhoff's *pure* Wife* shall shove you to a distance;
The East's proud Empress, who, with *diamond* wand,
Can visit the First Lady of the Land;
Nay *more*, the chronicles of truth aver,
Can make the Land's First Lady visit *her!*

She comes: the Majesty of this fair isle
Greets Mistress Imhoff with an ell-wide smile;
Bids her partake the radiance of a Crown,
And on the *seat of Innocence* sit down.
Lo, down she sits! the Mob, all envying, views,
As Mistress Imhoff whispers Indian news.

The Stadtholder! He joins Queen Charlotte: *bump*
Falls on the seat of Royalty his rump.
Peace to his spirit! he begins to doze:
He snores; Heavens bless the Trumpet of his Nose!
So great is folly, that the World mayhap
Shall grinning point at Hoogen Moogen's *nap*.
Princes of Europe, pray exclaim not "Shame!"
Go, for Mankind's repose, and *do the same*.

My Lady Holdernesse appears; how large!
Deep-laden, like a Camel, or a Barge.

* One of the Park-lane triumvirate of smuggling.

'hat's all beneath her petticoats? Shawls, chintz,
Vhy should the Muse indeed the matter mince?)
luslins, the richest of the fertile East.
o, back she moves again, to be *undrest!*
t Gloucester Lodge, upon the bed she squats,
o drop the lumber, shawls, and broider'd brats;
'here England's *happy* Queen her steps pursues,
ttends the labour, and turns *accoucheuse.*

Hark! Cesar and the little Children talk;
ogether laugh, together too they walk:
he Mob around admire their pleasant things,
nd *marle* that *children* talk as *well* as *kings.*

And now to Delamot's the Monarch speeds:
e catches up a score of books, and reads;
earns *nothing;* sudden quits the book-abode,
rders his horse, and scours the Dorset road.
e's in again: he boards the barge; sets sail;
kes with the Sailors, and enjoys the gale:
escants on winds and waves, the land regains,
nd gives the Tars—just *nothing,* for their pains;
or what a *bore* that Kings their *slaves* should *pay!*
fficient is the *honour* of the day.

Now springs the Sovereign wildly to the seas;
Rushes intrepid in, *along to knees.*
Old Neptune, jealous of his world, looks big;
And blustering Boreas blows away his wig.

O PYE! amidst such doings canst thou *sleep?*
Such Wonders *whelping* on the land and deep;
So nobly form'd to deck th' historic page,
Astonish Man, and swell the Muse's rage!

Thus, thus *I* sing of Royalty, *unpaid;*
In Courts observe, and follow to the shade:
And mean, God willing, since *thou* wilt not write,
To give each word and action to the light;
With daily deeds my voice sublimely raise,
And sound *wise speeches* into distant days.
In spite of low Democracy, the brute,
Kings shall at length regain their *lost* repute.
The poor sunk Falcon, robb'd of every plume,
That snaps the Ground, and mourns his humble doom,
With powerful pinion soon from earth shall rise,
Mix with the solar blaze, and sweep the Skies.

Such shall be done, if power the Bard can boast,
Who deems the breed *too precious* to be lost:
And since Augustus deign'd with Bards to dine,
And, blest, with Bards Mecenas drank his wine;
Oh let us hope that mighty *modern* Kings
May cease to class the *bards* with *vulgar things*,
And of the tuneful tribe think somewhat higher
Than *Newgate's bellman*, or a *country crier**!
Should this rare era rise, and Brunswick's Grace
Revive the drooping glory of his race;
How happy at Saint James's, my friend Pye,
At Buckingham and Windsor, *thou* and *I*,
To see fair Genius re-assume her reign,
Dulness and Avarice expell'd the scene;
The fattening Bards their laurell'd fronts display,
And proudly triumph over *hogs* and *hay!*

Once more then let me beg thee, lazy Pye,
To follow Monarchs wheresoe'er they fly:

* Never were the Αοιδοι, *alias* Poets, in more discsteem than at the Court of the Brunswicks. Homer, singing of such as were the greatest favourites of ancient monarchs, mentions Ιητηρα Κακων, Τεκτονα Δουρων, and Μαντιν, *i. e.* a Doctor, a muse-carpenter, and a Conjuror. These our beloved Sovereign, following this musical example of antiquity, has *noticed* and *recommended:* Doctor Willis, Parliament; Sir William Chambers, to the Controlership of the Board of orks; and Signor Pinetti, to the patronage of all the *conjurors* of the Me-polis.

When, from the lofty pinnacle of Thrones,
They sink, to tread, with vulgar folks, the stones;
To Weymouth waves, and sands, and shops, repair;
Dash country Joans with dread, and Bumkins scare:
In laugh, and hop, and skip, and jump, and jest,
For ever trifling, and for ever blest.—
How like the rustic Boy, the simple thing,
Who only wish'd to be a mighty King
(So meanly modest was his prayer to Fate),
To *eat fat pork*, and *ride upon a gate!*

MR. PITT'S

FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

JUST as I prophesied, the Storm begins:
And thou art *off*, for Wimbledon, I ween;
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* sins,
So *complaisant* indeed to King and Queen.

Loud was thy window's crash; a shower of stones
Pour'd in thick volleys from the anger'd Mob:
How the rude pebbles sought thy *vanish'd* bones,
And cried aloud, "Where is the fellow's *knob*?"
But disappointed, on the carpet spread,
They grieved they could not rattle round thy head.

Dundas's *hay-loft* soon, I guess,
In secrecy wilt thou possess:
Or else *another* secret nameless place;
A *sweet* asylum from the rage
Of such as desperate battle wage
With men who plunge the Nation in disgrace.

This was a terrible affair:
Undoubtedly it made thee stare.
Indeed I think that thou wast right,
To ask the friendship of a flight.
Alas! when Danger his stern form reveals,
There's really *wisdom* in a pair of *heels*.

Since not a soul dares ope his jaws
To plead, O Pitt, thy awkward cause,
I'll be thy Counsel, man, to bring thee off:
Not save thy Reputation; no,
That's an Herculean work, I trow;
Thy Name must bear indeed th' *eternal* scoff.

Come from thy hay-loft then, or thy retreat
Where Cloacina keeps her silent seat,
And let me lead thee to the People's eye:
Kneel down before them; own thy heavy guilt,
For meanness and King-flattery, treasure spilt,
And other sins too glaring to deny.

This then be thy confession, Pitt:—
"Alas! by mad Ambition bit,
And grinding Hunger too, I needs must say;

Where fickle Fortune loves to sport,
I sought the region of the Court:
But Conscience damns, alas! the idle day.

"I bawl'd Reform with Richmond's Lord,
But never meant to keep my word:
Our bellowing frighten'd the Great Man and Woman.
With *patriot* threats we forced our way;
And, while 'twas sunshine, made our hay:
A trick with Statesmen by no means uncommon.

"Ye gave me credit for my cries,
And, gull'd, with pleasure saw me rise;
Though soon, too soon, ye mock'd the Royal choice:
Too soon I read in every face
The history of a sad disgrace;
Heard execration load the general voice.

"The breeze of Popularity soon died;
Soon ebb'd of Fame, alas! th' inconstant tide:
Yet held I places, in the People's spite;
Agreed, among my other sins,
For cursed Hanoverian *skins;*
Agreed for Gallic despotism to fight;
Agreed to pay th' apothecary's bill,
And load, with *your* good grist, the Royal mill.

" Whisper'd, the Nation's purse was all *their own;*
That Subjects were rank rascals to complain,
Who, silent, ought to bear the galling chain;
And swore Rebellion lurk'd in every Groan.

" I own, the Royal barns are full of corn;
The finest fattest beeves the land adorn,
The fairest sheep, in Windsor fields are seen:
Increase on every acre smiles,
The richest 'mid the Queen of Isles:—
All these belonging to our King and Queen.

" But what can I? I dare not speak:
I dare not say the People squeak,
And sullen look, and threat, and swear; and cry,
' 'Tis a vile shame the Realm should starve:
Why should not *we* have fowls to carve,
Although *he* is, forsooth, so wondrous high?
He put him there; *we* gave him all his money:
'Tis hard the bees that *made* should *want* the honey.'

" Richmond shall out, the man of leathern guns,
Whom Bravery scorns, and beauteous Science shuns;
Whom seeming Idiotism and Madness rules,
The veriest laughing-stock of veriest fools.

Hawkesbury no more shall drain the hectic State,
And suck (the Leech) the Empire to her fate.

" Lo, from the seat of Justice will I sweep
The fur-clad Rogue, renown'd for stealing sheep*.

" I blush to think I help'd the wars of Kings;
And, meanly crouching, made a Royal pother:
I now think Princes very *so-so* things;
The one half Cheats, and arrant Fools the other.
Even to the tune she chooses, let her dance:
I'll cram no Despots down the throat of France.

" I own myself, alas! an arrant fool,
Not to suspect, and look that Prussian through:
Yet to Hypocrisy I went to school;
But, hang the fellow, *he* was *Yorkshire too.*

" When *out* of place, I thunder'd *state-reform;*
Cried, ' Venal Parliaments are cursed things:'—
But when *in* place, ' Don't, don't provoke the storm;
Why alter, why displease the Best of Kings?'

* Whether this *notorious* and lofty Limb of the Law will be *hanged* or not, even the prophetic power of the Muse cannot foretell; but that a score of *stolen sheep*, which the owners swore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for sale at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.

Such is the creed of all the Courtier train;
Rocks of your hopes, the imps that ye maintain.

" As Sharks and Whales pick daily a good dish
From all the dainty under-world of fish;
So Tyrants, at a most ungodly rate,
For *human* dishes daily, hourly, prowl:
And, as the Weazel sucks the Eggs of Fowl,
They greedy suck that larger Egg, the State.

" But no such master will I serve,
Nor mistress, christen'd King and Queen;
Who, while their plunder'd Subjects starve,
Are 'midst their hoarded millions seen.

" The People's servant, till by fate o'erpower'd,
By God, that People shall not be devour'd!"—

Thus if thou swearest, hear me: By our skins,
Which *yet* our bastinadoed backs retain;
Generous we'll wipe out thy *old score* of sins,
And yield thee sufferance to *begin again.*

Thus if thou swearest, and wilt sin no more,
A pardon shall be thine, our anger o'er.
Heed not the wrath of Kings; the Nation *made* 'em:

The People put on board their backs their honours;
And should Kings forfeit their esteem, the donors
Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such, Pitt, is my advice: but thou art proud,
Although so lately one of *us* poor crowd;
Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high station.
Thou canst not well remember thy old rags,
Or thou hadst been more sparing of thy brags;
Insulting thus a much too generous Nation.

Lo, thus the Lad in base Saint Giles's born,
Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl;
Where Plenty, ah! exalteth not her horn:
Potatoes the poor Barrow's little all.

At length, succeeding by a lucky cry,
And Fortune's favouring smile, the Lad can buy
A Basket, nay, two Baskets, for his Barrow:
To which he hangs the Baskets with much pride,
With endive, celery, and greens beside;
Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmost marrow.
With all the gaping energy of song,
Proudly he rolls his *whole estate* along.

Ambition still inspires his panting heart;
And now sublime he rises to a Cart,

But not without a Jack-ass let me say.
A Jack is harness'd: on the Cart he mounts;
Looks round; elate, his cabbages he counts,
And triumphs in his Partner's *Brudenell*-bray.

He stops not here: *Ambition* goads his soul,
To bid his orb in *loftier* regions roll.
In Covent Garden, lo! a Shop he gains.
Pines, nectarines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,
Behold! his laudable Ambition reaches;
And now the Jack-ass and the Cart disdains.

An Ass's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear,
Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere:
Archbishop-like, he towers within his stall;
Looks on the Barrow, Cart, and Basket Crew,
With all the consequence of man, askew,
And for a *pack of beggars* damns them all.

ODE TO THE FRENCH.

Oh, with what *freedom* have ye treated Kings!
Say, did ye not equip their backs with *wings*,
  Yet cruelly cut off their heads for *flying*?
Alas, so lately did ye Kings adore!
Now 'tis a Wolf, a Lion, a Wild Boar,
  A Hypocrite, a Thing of Theft and Lying.

What folly to create the hungry Kite,
  Yet quarrel with his appetite and claws;
Or grumble at the Tiger's ravenous bite,
  Yet give the savage *such* a pair of jaws!
For ever are ye plunged in mad extremes:
Let Common Sense then rouse you from your dreams.

Grandeur, I own, seems much increased in size;
Much gaudier too her dress to mortal eyes.

The lofty Lords and Ladies of our isle,
Enough to make a grave old Tom Cat smile,
  Must every thing, forsooth, in *style* enjoy;

And if to Margate Doctors bid them go
By sea, to purify from head to toe,
Turn up their dainty noses at a *hoy*.

" Foh! in a Hoy, the filthy thing, embark,
Loaded with beasts of all kinds, Noah's Ark!"—

So nice, that, had they by good chance been born
When Captain Noah put his Wife on board,
With all his other *live stock*, they had sworn
To go together boldly to the Lord;
That is to say, be drown'd, bid life adieu,
Sooner than sail with such a *stinking crew*.

Yet let me add, *not all* the Great are *nice;*
Not all by pride are tainted, the vile vice:
No; witness our good King and our good Queen.
Lord love 'em! our *most humble* Queen and King
Can, gracious, stoop to any *little* thing,
However humble, *not* however mean.

Heavens bless their pretty, goodly, greasy, Graces!
I've seen them bolt *fat bacon* at the Races:
On Ascot course, devour such loads of ham;
And wash it down, so dainty, with a *dram*.

How simple! like to many an ancient King,
That roasted Royal dinners by a string,
And turn'd the Royal Rapier to a Spit:
Though full of magnanimity, could stoop
To boil, in their grand helmets, beef and soup,
And eat from thence; so great their *saving* wit.

When good Prince **** deign'd visit our small isle†,
Grand soul! he came in *very humble* style,
Cut no huge figure, made no mighty flash:
Two shirts belong'd unto the Princely Lad;
'Twas all the linen treasure that he had,
Which poor old Mother Davies used to wash;
Goody of Richmond, mother to the man
Who strikes with reverent awe the Eton clan‡.

"Dear Prince!" quoth Mother Davies; "many a time
The Lad in linen was so wondrous short,
I've made 'n wait until I clean'd the *grime*,
To make 'n, like a *Christian*, go to Court.

"Yes, on my thorn there, many and many an eye
Hath seen *his honour's* linen hang to dry;

† The name of this young Strelitz Man or Prince is absolutely forgotten; but he is, or was, full Brother to our *most gracious* Queen.

‡ Dr. Davies, the present Provost of Eton College.

But soon indeed, t' increase his little store,
His sister Madam made a *couple more.*"

But to return.—Folks thought *strange things* of yore,
When no absurdity Belief could shock;
When gossip Prejudice put in her oar,
To scull the simple Mind on Error's rock.

What thousands thought that Kings and Queens *eat gold;*
That beef and mutton was *too coarse* a fare;
And that their bodies were so finely soul'd,
They breath'd a fluid beyond *vulgar air!*

Could not conceive that air so *gross* and *common,*
Entering a dog's, and cat's, and monkey's nose,
Inflated a *queen's* lungs, *so great* a woman;
Or *king's,* whom such *rare particles* compose.

Yes: 'tis confess'd that Folly ruled mankind.—
'Twas once the same with *me,* the Bard, I find.

I grant that I, in life's more early day,
Deem'd Kings *young God-almighties,* form'd for sway;
The universe, *fee simple,* all their own:
Though *now* I think the People claim a right
To *somewhat* rather *larger* than a *mite;*
Nay, that we should even *halve* it with the Throne.

I cried, " Nought's *little* which *great* Kings approve:
Kings turn, like Midas, all they touch to *gold;*
Witness Lord Hawkesbury, *turn'd,* by Royal love,
From *Jenkinson,* a clod of meanest mould;
Witness the once poor Rose; though now a Lord,
Great at the Treasury's *honourable* Board."

What is there in a Fog? " Nought, nought," ye cry.
To *me* a Fog was once important.—" Why?"—
Immortal Cesar clothed the Fog with *glory.*—
"How, in the name of wonder?"—Read the Story.

CESAR AND THE FOG.

Cesar, upon a summer's golden day,
Got early from his bed to smell his hay,
And see if all his fowls were safe and sound;
And likewise see what *traps* had legs and feet
Belonging unto men who wish'd to treat
Their chops with chicken on forbidden ground.

Enter a General (Carpenter) low bowing,
Scraping, and, Mandarin-like, nodding; ploughing,
With nose of reverence sweet, the humble grass.—

" Hæ, General, hæ? what news, what news in town?"—
" None, Sire."—" None, General? General, hæ, none,
none?"—
" Nothing indeed, O King, is come to pass."—

" Strange! strange! what, what? see *nothing* on the way?
Hæ, hæ?" cried Cesar, all for news agog.—
" Nothing, my Liege: no, nothing I may say,
Excepting upon Hounslow, Sir, a Fog."—

" Fog upon Hounslow, General? large Fog, hæ,
Or small Fog, General?"—" Large, an't please you,
Sire."—
" Strange! vastly strange! What, large Fog, large Fog,
pray?
Yes, yes, yes; large Fog: *that* I much admire."

Cesar and Carpenter now talk'd of wars,
Of cannon, bullets, swords, and wounds, and scars;
When, in the middle of the fight, the King
Sudden exclaim'd: " Fog upon Hounslow, hæ?
" Large Fog too, General? Well, go on, on, pray:
" Strange! very strange! extraordinary thing!"

Now dwelt the General on the battle's rage,
Where muskets muskets, guns great guns, engage,

Reddening with blood the field, and stream, and bog;
When, rushing from the murderous scene of glory,
The Monarch sudden marr'd the General's story:
"Fog upon Hounslow, General? large, large Fog?"—
"Yes, Sir," said Carpenter unto the King:—
"Strange! very strange! extraordinary thing!"

At length the General *finish'd*, lucky elf!
With much politeness, and much sweat and pain.
"Thank God, thank God," he whisper'd to himself:
"Curse me if ever I find *fogs* again."

Thus then I reverenced *fogs* in former days,
Because I worshipp'd *kings;* and though I cease
King-adoration, Kings shall share my praise,
Although the gape of Wonder may decrease.

I stared on Kings as Comets, with *amaze;*
But now a deal *diminish'd* is the blaze.

Kings are mere Tallow-candles, nine in ten,
Wanting a little *snuffing* now and then;
Harbouring a *thief* that plays a dangerous game:
Which if we did not watch, and straight pursue,
The fat is in the fire; and then adieu
That Grease so rich, the parent of the Flame.

Nay, worse event from this same thief appears:
The *house*, at times, is burnt about our ears.

Yet pray, Sirs, take a King from Mister Pitt,
And calmly to the Sovereign's will submit;
And not, as ye have done, on madness border:
Nay, list to me, for oracles I tell;
Kings for the People may do *very well*,
Like Candles and their Thieves, when *kept in order*.

ODE TO THE MILL

ERECTED IN WINDSOR-PARK, FOR GRINDING CORN AT A CHEAP RATE FOR THE POOR.

I *said* his Majesty was *very good,*
Ready to sacrifice his Royal blood;
Yes, for the Poor, each precious drop to spill:
And now behold, the corn is grinding down;
Such is the glorious bounty of the Crown:
And lo, in Windsor Park a stately Mill!

Blow, blow, ye breezes; *faster*, gentle gales:
Oh! for the Poor of Windsor fill the sails,
Egham and Staines: not Brentford, that vile place
Whose wicked imps, in Royalty's despite,
Rush'd to the Royal gardens at deep night,
And foully murder'd half the Dryad race.

Blow, gentle gales; ye breezes, *harder* blow;
Or soon the Charity will cease to flow:
Ships to Old Thames are pouring in with corn,

While Madame Ceres whets her scythe and hook,
I hear the clanking sound in every nook:
The Reaper's song already cheers the morn.

I *said*, his Majesty was good and great;
And that the famish'd Poor would have a treat:
And now behold, they fatten on the flour!
Vile Chronicle, I know what thou wilt say:
" Why do not Monarchs *give* the flour away?
Why not a part of *hoarded millions* pour?"—

Grind, gentle Mill, and bring down all the bran:
The *blacker* 'tis, the *wholesomer* for man.

I know that saucy Englishmen will say:
" Why will not Monarchs *give* their beef away,
While Famine's face stares forth from every door?
How, with an easy heart, can Monarchs keep
Such droves of cattle, and such flocks of sheep,
While Hunger gnaws the vitals of the Poor?"—

Grind, gentle Mill, with speed, the corn away;
Nor heed what envious jealous people say.
" Why," cries the Mob, " bejewell'd shines the Queen,
While Poverty appears with sallow mien?

All know the millions; 'twas from *us* they came:
To shine while thus *we* suffer, is a shame."—

Worms, know ye not that Hanover is *poor*,
The favourite spot of our most gracious King?
And shall *no* guineas, O ye fools, go o'er,
Where all our Princes drank at Wisdom's spring?

Grind, gentle Mill, nor let one *grain* be lost:
Well knows the Monarch what a *bushel* cost.

Is not poor Strelitz *very poor* indeed,
That gave this Nation a most gracious Queen?
And, O ye rogues, in history shall we read
That guineas *never* were in *Strelitz* seen?
Inform me, fools, what Jewels can go *there*,
To match the *goodly* Jewel sent us *here*?

Fools, was not Hesse as poor as a Church-mouse,
Till *kind* Amelia sent her thousands o'er?
At once lank Poverty forsook the house;
And, 'stead of *straw*, a *carpet* graced the floor.—

In thee what semblance unto Kings I find!
Not *British*, but to *foreign* Kings, I trust;
Who of the simple Poor the Faces *grind*,
Just as thou grindest every Grain to dust.

Grind, gentle Mill, with all thy kind endeavour;
Oh grind away! for better *late* than *never**.

* This *most astonishing* charity soon expired. The Children of Famine poured in *too plentifully* upon the Royal munificence; which very soon must have reduced Majesty to the *same* most pitiable situation.

A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.

Say not unto a King, "Thou fool!"—For why?
'Tis unpolite; though *possibly* no lie:
The speech too blights Preferment's opening bud.
Make Monarchs and Dame Wisdom near relations,
And all the Virtues too: such *kin-creations*
May work thy *temporalities* much good.

Laud to each word, however weak, be given;
And let each *earthy* action scent of *Heaven.*

To cry, "Thou fool!" were foolish, let me say;
Because Kings have so much to *give away.*—
Steps to Preferment are composed of Flatteries;
So easily ye scale her lofty walls,
Just as ye mount the summit of St. Paul's:
But *truths!*—Aye, what are Truths?—oh! fatal
Batteries;

Or, if we change the figure, fatal *ropes,*
That of Ambition hang the lofty hopes.
Truths should be only spoken of the *Devil;*
Though that's *ungrateful* too, and *eke* uncivil.

"But hast not *thou,*" exclaims the Man of Spleen,
"Taken strange *liberties* with King and Queen,

Laugh'd at Idolatry who hugs a Throne?"—
Well: grant *my* want of reverence for a Crown;
Equal to *him* is Fortune's smile and frown,
Whose modest teeth can deign to pick a bone.

My Passions are the children (easy creatures)
Of Moderation; boast the mother's features,
And mother's chaste simplicity, the Dove;
Can sleep upon the humble sod; and swill,
With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,
And batten on the berries of the grove.

Look at yon group of Sucking-pigs, how blest!
What makes them so?—Clean straw to form a nest.
So *slight* a thing their happiness composes.
What *dialogue!* how arch they squint about!
Now bury their sweet heads, now pull them *out*,
And toss the wisps so white upon their noses.
These Pigs are just my Passions, that can draw
Mirth and contentment from a simple straw.

Thy Passions are of lofty wing perchance,
Pant for the ortolan and wines of France;
Unblest, if venison turn not on thy spit;
Unblest, if turtle smoke not on thy board.—
, and flatter Britain's mighty Lord,
Dundas, and prostrate fall to Pitt.

ODE TO THE ELEPHANT

JUST ARRIVED FROM BENGAL, AS A PRESENT FROM THE NABOB OF ARCOT TO HER MAJESTY.

Poor fellow! thou art come, but come in vain;
And mayst as well, methinks, go back again;
  Thy *meat* and *passage* give our Court the spleen:
Dear, very *dear*, is now all sort of *meat;*
And all such luckless Presents as can *eat*,
  Have found *no favour* yet with King or Queen.

Now hadst thou been a Diamond (no bad *size*),
Or Pearl, or Ruby, how the Royal eyes
  Had idolized thee! *gloried* to behold!
Rather *too bulky* for a Broche, I fear,
Or Pin, or pretty Pendant for the ear;
  But then, thou wouldst have been cut up and *sold.*

Yes, thou hadst *then* been welcome; but, alas,
Since nought but *flesh* and *blood!* then munching grass,
And, what is most *insufferable*, corn!
Such sad *expenses* never can be borne.

Of Windsor, Richmond, Kew, the helpless Poor,
Whose plaints have made the Royal eyes run o'er,
  Live on their gracious bounty every day:
For them their Graces ope their golden bags;
To good warm Broad-cloth change their dirty Rags,
  And round their hovel cast a Royal ray.

Seek then thy glooms again, and dusky Loves;
The Great Mogul perhaps of Eastern groves.

A crying sin, O Elephant, is thine.
  Thy *stomach* form'd on such a monstrous scale!
Even Strelitz *people*, who in eating *shine*,
  Not quite *like thee* with heavy loads regale.

Yet not to Strelitz be denied applause:
Wide are their mouths, and Sack-like are their Maws.

Yet if resolved to live with Queens and Kings,
While Meat and Drink are such expensive things;
Pull out thy stomach, cut away thy snout,
And try, poor fellow, try to live *without*.

THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY.

AN ELEGY.

The intended Annihilation of Sunday's harmless Amusements, by three or four most outrageously zealous Members of Parliament, gave Birth to the following Elegy. The Hint is borrowed from a small Composition, entitled "The Tears of Old May Day."

MILD was the breath of Morn: the blushing sky
Received the lusty Youth with golden hair;
Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly,
As Scripture says; a bridegroom debonair:—

When, full of fears, the decent Sunday rose,
And wander'd sad on Kensington's fair green:
Down in a chair she sunk with all her woes,
And touch'd with tenderest sympathy the scene.

"O hard Sir Richard Hill!" exclaim'd the Dame;
"Sir William Dolben, cruel man!" quoth she;
"And Mister Wilberforce, for shame, for shame,
To spoil my little weekly jubilee!

" Ah! pleased am I the humble folk to view,
Enjoying harmless talk, and sport, and jest;
Amid these walks their footsteps to pursue;
To see them smiling, and so trimly drest.

" Since the Lord *rested* on the seventh day,
Which showeth that Omnipotence was *tired;*
As Moses, in old times, was pleased to say,
(And Moses was most certainly inspired;)

" Why should not man too rest?"—" No," cries Sir Dick:
" At Brother Rowland's let him knock his knees,
Pray, sweat, and groan; of this damn'd world be sick;
Of mangy morals crack the lice and fleas;—

" Break Sin's vile bones; pull Satan by the nose;
Scrub, with the Soap and Sand of Grace, the Soul;
Give Unbelief, the wretch, a rat's-bane dose;
And stop, with Malkins of rich Faith, each hole;—

" Spit in foul Drunkenness's beastly mug;
Kill, with sharp prayers, each Offspring of the Devil;
Give to black Blasphemy a Cornish hug;
And box, with Bats of Grace, the ears of Evil."—

"Susan, the constant slave to mop and broom;
And Marian, to the spit's and kettle's art;
Ah! shall not *they* desert the house's gloom,
Breathe the fresh air one moment, and look smart:—

"Meet, in some rural scene, a Colin's smile;
With love's soft stories, wing the happy hour;
Drop in his dear embraces from the stile,
And share his kisses in the shady bow'r?

"'No,' roars the Huntingdonian Priest; 'no, no:
Lovers are liars; love's a damned trade.
Kissing is damnable; to Hell they go:
The Devil's claws await the rogue and jade.

"'*My chapel* is the purifying place:
There let them go to wash their sins away;
There, from my hand, to pick the crumbs of grace,
Smite their poor sinful craws, and howl, and pray.'—

"How hard, the labouring Hands no rest should know;
But toil six days beneath the galling load,
Poor souls! and then, the seventh, be forced to go
And box the Devil in Blackfriars Road*!

* The place of Mister Rowland Hill's chapel.

" Heaven glorieth not in phizzes of dismay;
Heaven takes no pleasure in perpetual sobbing;
Consenting freely that my favourite day
May have her tea and rolls, and bob and nobbing.

" In sooth, the Lord is pleased when man is blest;
And wisheth not his blisses to blockade:
'Gainst tea and coffee ne'er did he protest,
Enjoyed in gardens by the men of trade.

" Sweet is White Conduit House, and Bagnigge Wells;
Chalk Farm, where Primrose Hill puts forth her smile;
And Don Saltero's, where much wonder dwells,
Expelling work-day's matrimonial bile.

" Life with the down of cygnets may be clad;
Ah! why not make her path a pleasant track?
' No,' cries the Pulpit Terrorist (how mad!):
' No; let the World be one huge Hedgehog's Back.'

" Vice, did *his* rigid mummery succeed,
Too soon would *smile* amid the sacred walls;
Venus, in *tabernacles* make her *bed;*
And Paphos find herself amid Saint Paul's.

" Avaunt Hypocrisy, the solemn jade,
Who, wilful, into ditches leads the blind ;
Makes, of her canting art, a thriving trade,
And fattens on the follies of mankind !

" Look at Archbishops, Bishops, on a fast,
Denying Hackney-coachmen even their Beer:
Yet, lo ! *their* Butchers knock, with Flesh repast ;
With Turbots, lo ! the Fishmongers appear !

" The Pot-boys howl with Porter for their bellies ;
The Bakers knock, with Custards, Tarts, and Pies ;
Confectioners, with rare Ice Creams and Jellies ;
The Fruiterer, lo, with richest Pine supplies !

" In *secret*, thus, they eat, and booze, and nod ;
In *public*, call indulgence a damn'd evil :
Order their simple flocks to *walk* with *God*,
And *ride themselves* an airing with the *Devil*."

THE

CONVENTION BILL;

AN ODE.

Odi profanum Vulgus, et arceo.
Favete linguis. HORACE.

I HATE the Mob. Avaunt the *vulgar* throng!
Be padlocks placed on every Briton's tongue!
PITT's TRANSLATION.

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE insufferable licentiousness of the present age, with regard to political opinion, demands an immediate redress. As a freedom of discussion may be the loss of a Minister's *place; that* Minister is in the right to make use of his *most virtuous* Majority, to bring in a Bill

> For binding to the peace the Tongue and Pen,
> So hostile to the *peace* of Courtier men;

who, as Pope says of his *friend* Addison,

> " damn for arts that caused *themselves* to *rise*."

Messieurs Pitt and Dundas were *not* pot-valiant when they *stumbled* on this Convention Act, whatever the World may think. The jolly God, it is said, was *for once* forced to give place to the Goddess *yclept* Prudence: who has totally presided over this Bill; which *wisely* orders that a dozen Men, like a dozen Bottles of Wine, shall not pass from house to house

without a *permit*. Convinced of the *necessity* and *wisdom* of our Premier's political manœuvre, I join his standard: and heartily vote to perpetual confinement the Pen,

That, with its lever nib of brass,
Tries from his power to heave Dundas;
And Tongue that, with its crushing wit,
Treads like an Elephant on Pitt,
By Slander urged, whose breath of flame
Melts the fair Column of a Name.

P. P.

ODE TO MR. PITT.

ACCEPT a Convert; ode-composing Peter,
" The thunder-bearing Bird of British metre,"
  Says Fame, from truth *not often* known to wander.
To thee Job's war-horse from Parnassus, Pitt,
A gentle beast, I kneeling take the bit,
  Like tamed Bucephalus to Alexander:
A horse to *other* riders so uncivil;
Who rear'd, and plunged, and kick'd them to the Devil.

Since Impudence, assuming Freedom's form,
Near Mother Redcap brews the dangerous storm,
  Assembling such a formidable rout;
Loud threatening, too, O Pitt! in evil hour
To blow thee, like the Gossamer, from pow'r;
  'Tis time, full time, methinks, to *look about*.

Say the *full* plan thou meanest to pursue,
To curb of Liberty this upstart Crew:
  Our Eyes are, Hawk-like, on the sharpen'd gaze.

Pronounce *how many* men shall meet together,
To canvas our political foul weather,
  And shake their heads in hopes of better days.

If not too pert, thou great *reforming* man,
How many wilt thou suffer in a clan,
To groan their grievance, whisper woful tale,
Where the small tap-room pours its gin and ale?

Sedition lurks within a Porter-mug;
Eke in a Glass of Gin the knave lies snug:
  Who drinks, in rank Rebellion dips his nose.
I like not healths; too oft they carry treason:
Then let us cut at once the rascal's weasand,
  That dares to drink "A rope to freedom's foes!"

And if to Newspapers thou turn'st thine eyes,
Hot-beds of treason upon treason rise;
  Save Rose's, *guiltless* of all *wit*-pollution:
But if *sheer heaviness* can aid a cause,
George's two Brats shall pound the people's jaws;
  As Logs and Lead do wondrous execution*.

* Mr. George Rose, of the Treasury, is the proprietor of two Newspapers, *misnomered* the *True* Briton and the *Sun*: the first, pleasantly *fabulous*; and the [illegible] *never* emitting a *single ray*. They are intended however as two *brazen* pi[illegible] of our happy constitution, acquainting the World with every motion of [illegible] George is really a *character*, and should be brought a *little* [illegible] for-

Rebellion taints a Whisper too, I think,
And *wondrous* danger hides within a Wink;
Much in a Shrug, and much in lifted Eyes;
But, if a Groan escape, a Monarch *dies*.

Augustus acted very sagely; for as
He loved two poets, Virgil call'd and Horace,
He issued proclamation, where quoth he,
"Let no one Poet, upon pain of death,"
(And, Lord! how dangerous that same loss of breath!)
"Dare, if he values life, to mention me."

It had a very fine effect, says Fame:
Even cats and puppies reverenced Cesar's name.—
Thus let *our* Cesar mounted be on high,
And no one *take his name in vain* but Pye.

Behold the pale Chinese, tame slaves of power,
Who, at a Mandarin, in corners cower,
Dropping to earth the eye with awe-clad head:
While others yield themselves to panting flight;
Not venturing to turn back the fearful sight,
Lest a huge blunderbuss should strike them dead!

ward on the political canvas. To continue the metaphor, this Treasury Gentleman has been kept too far in the back-ground. A history of his life, parentage, and education, would prove a boon beside for the Public.

Such souls in Britons may we hope to see?
Haste, haste the times to tremble thus at *thee.*

Oh! as in Norman William's humbling day,
At eve shall solemn Curfews sound the knell;
And Men, like Babes, be forced to bed away,
Soon as they hear the monitory Bell?

When Majesty to Parliament shall ride,
Ah! may the Monarch by the *mob* be *eyed?*
And, if allowed the *blessing* of a view,
Whether with *half* an eye, *one* eye, or *two?*

And will it not be deem'd a *daring* thing
To ogle through a spying-glass the King?
And will not Reeves's scouts to Justice run,
And swear the Spying-glass a *monstrous* Gun?

By thy sage counsel possibly, *alone,*
Like Dame Godiva, George may travel on;
When lo, of curiosity a head,
A Peeping Tom, may from a window poke:
Then let the bullet or the sabre's stroke
Dismiss the saucy Peeper to the *dead.*

And since his Majesty is fond of hunting,
Ah, let his company *no more* be *hunting!*

A Sweep may bear a *very dangerous* brush:
Butchers may pull a cleaver from the frock;
Barbers may launch at Majesty a block,
Or bason dart, or pike-like pole may push;

Jack Ketch within his pocket hide his string,
And Coblers launch their lap-stones at their King;—
Since *such* too often, by ambition borne,
Join Majesty, and whoop, and hound, and horn.

And when our King to Weymouth shall repair,
Forget not thou an order to the may'r,
When in the *tub* the Royal life embarks,
To *read the riot-act* to *shrimps* and *sharks*.—

And now may God your hearts, ye Britons, turn!
Your sins in sack-cloth and in ashes mourn:
Without a sigh, to Ministers submit.
Ye are but Children yet, so mend your ways;
Sing to the Lord (th' *Exchequer's* Lord) with praise;
And go to school, good boys, to Goody Pitt.

But hark, a voice! "Ah, Pitt! thine arts are vain:
Britons *dare* speak; and, when oppress'd, *complain;*
To man the little privilege is given:

And should a miscreant curb it (dead to shame),
May Albion's Genius tear the villain's frame,
And fling it piecemeal to the fowls of Heaven!"

Whence is that solemn sound, alas! declare:—
The Ghost of Alfred bids a Rogue *beware*.

ONE THOUSAND

SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;

A SATIRE,

IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes:
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
Tendunt extorquere Poëmata. Quid faciam vis?

HORACE.

PITT claps his paws on *something* every day:
A *kiss* at Royalty; a poor old Play;
Meetings near Mother Redcap's, harmless things;
Jokes on Court-mummery; *smiles* at Queens and Kings.
Ere long, he leaps on Peter's *dove-like* strains;
And should the Muse be *ravish'd*, what remains?

ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;

A SATIRE.

DIALOGUE I.

PETER.

AH, Tom! from *Alma Mater?*

TOM.

Just imported;
Fortune a jade, and every guinea sported.

PETER.

What! no rich Father then has slipp'd his wind,
And left a hogshead of bank-notes behind?
No good Aunt Grizzle, kind enough to die,
Left a long purse to sooth the mournful sigh,
And purchase Pleasure's pretty recreations?

TOM.

I meet with no such *kindness* from Relations.

Pox on't, it now appears their cruel plan
To live as long and happy as they can;
To make their Sons in slavery *watch and pray*,
Till time and disappointment turn them grey.

PETER.

True, Tom: when lively Lads arrive at age,
Dull Fathers should be hustled off the stage;
And Mothers (hiss'd to Heaven, to find employ)
Yield up their jointures to *oblige* their Boy.
Sons with *less ceremony* used to treat 'em;
Tied them to trees, for wolves to come and eat 'em.
Are Parents *old*, with any thing to give,
'Tis really *sin* and *impudence* to *live*.
Gold should *change hands*, not sleep amid the chest:
Ye Gods, for guineas what inglorious rest!
Gold on Newmarket's panting steed should fly,
And briskly circle with the rattling die.

TOM.

Friendship, where art? in books, and on the tongue;
Who makest, like Love, a very pretty song:
Too much a stranger to the heart, I ween;
Angels, praised, admired, but seldom seen.

Besides *myself*, no comforter have I;
No hopes from Parents, and no *friend* to die.
Sweet friendship even for animals I love;
A dog, a cat, a monkey, parrot, dove:
With Alexander's spirit charm'd, of course,
Who built a town in honour of his horse*.

PETER.

Now for the meaning of thy wild-goose chase:
What project, Tom? a pension, or a place?

TOM.

Full of my mighty self, from college down
I rush, to blaze a Comet on the town;
To tear from Slavery's neck the galling chain,
And raise a nabob-fortune by my brain:
On skins of hungry Wolves (the Courtiers) thrive;
A Nimrod, leaving not a beast alive.
Tremble, thou Richmond, Hawkesbury, and thou Pitt
Tho tremble, at the falchion of my wit.
Tremble, thou Portland, Malmsbury, Rose, Dundas:
Stripp'd be the Lion's hide, that holds an Ass.
Roll my deep thunder round that Reeves's head;
Dark form, that stalking strikes a World with dread:

* The city of Bucephalus.

All eye, all ear, at midnight's guardless hour,
To seize a Subject for the jail or Tow'r.
Arm'd with the lightning's pointed fire, my pen,
Brand thou the daring fronts of shameless men;
Drag thou, my arm, black Guilt to open day!—
Such are my projects: how d'ye like them, pray?

PETER.

Nobly resolved; a pious resolution,
Would Fortune kindly crown the execution.
But Pitt despised the execrating noise
Of men and women, hooting girls and boys;
Smiled at the rude salutes of stones and mire
That discomposed his curls and gay attire;
And fated, had he fall'n, his gang to cross,
Pitt knew a *simple* life no *public* loss;
Knew that a Name but mock'd a vengeful stone,
Whose ghost-like popularity was gone;
And knew, *his* flowers of speech, and breadth of soul,
The State might find in *many* a dirty hole.
Safe 'mid the windings of his brazen tower,
Too well a Minister discerns his power;
With high contempt he bids their fury flow,
And mocks the pop-guns of the World below:

So deep in fat Corruption's soil his roots,
The public blast but lops some wanton shoots;
The bullying trunk, whose members brave the skies,
Firm in its hell-clad strength, the storm defies.

TOM.

I'll pour a broadside into Courts.

PETER.

Forbear.
Court-folly charms, of *all*, the eye and ear:
Sink it, and Satire mourns his useless dart;
While Ridicule, a bankrupt, breaks his heart.

TOM.

I'll spread my sentiments of Kings and Queens:
Truth guides my pen, and Truth the Poet screens.

PETER.

Oh, what an inexperienced thing is youth!
How very little knowest thou of *Truth!*
Truth for a *very dangerous* Dame believe:
Too often, Tom, the fairest forms deceive.
Mid Winter's shivering scene, the simple Hare
Finds in the purest Snow a fatal Snare:

Forth as she scuds, to feed at early day,
The treacherous softness tells her winding way;
Where'er it feels her feet, the fair betrayer
Informs the treacherous poacher where to slay her.
The Muse that tells plain Truth, with Edge-tools sports:
Go, deal in *fiction*, man, and *flatter* Courts.

TOM.

Nor shall the pompous Lawn my lash escape,
That swelling lords it over simple Crape.
Whales of the Church, before my vengeance fly;
Devouring, mangling, the poor helpless Fry:
Priests, how unlike your healing, humble Master!
He, Gilead's Balm; but *you*, a Blister-plaster.
Out with state-cancers! caustic, come, and knife:
I'll gain Fame's plaudit, though I lose my life.

PETER.

Sweet is her song; divine, like Banti's breath:
Yet *dear*'s the Ballad, Tom, whose note is *death*.

TOM.

Perchance I venture on the *hope-forlorn;*
Yet he who Honour courts, must Danger scorn.

PETER.

Thus, when a breach is made in some fair town,
The volunteers, agog to gain renown,
Beg hard to enter first, to fall with glory,
And give Posterity a *beauteous story;*
While *wiser* some, averse to *making mould,*
Would rather *tell* the tale, than have it *told.*

TOM.

I'll pierce of Wimbledon the midnight scene,
Where taxes spring, and Riot's orgies reign;
Expose the two Dictators to the isle—

PETER.

The World *has* mark'd them, and the Couple *smile.*

TOM.

What! is there not a blush? a little glow,
To stain their marble countenances?

PETER.

No.
The Minister who bears a *blushing* face,
Poor *Molly!* is not fitted for his place.
With Dog-like impudence, and Dog-like stare,
To "*wonder,*" all the while he lays the snare,

" That Gentlemen *suspect* a *harmless* plan;"
Such is the minister, and such the man,
To dupe the State, and carry all before him.

TOM.

So then, my Bull of Satire cannot gore him?

PETER.

At every push the man would only laugh,
And prove thy bellowing Bull a whining Calf.
Rose, spite of ridicule, enjoys his place,
And grins at such as damn the want of grace;
While Windham unabash'd his heart unlocks,
And calmly meets the front of injured Fox.
One monosyllable, whose name is " Aye,"
Weighs more than all a hundred *bards* can say:
One daring Member of a rotten Borough
Is found of late, to poor Old England's sorrow,
Full strong to give fair Freedom her death-wound,
And hurl her heaven-clad column to the ground.
Merit may walk to grass, or munch the thistle:
For Pitt, the Virtues all may e'en go whistle.
Worth, like the Worm beneath the cold hard stone,
Crawls forth, and courts the Sunshine of a Throne;
But lo, its rays on different *reptiles* fall,
That wriggling, clinging, lick the foot of Baal.

TOM.

Portland shall feel my scourge—

PETER.

Why so, poor man?
His Grace is much the best of all the clan.
Though duped to join with knaves his luckless doom;
'Mid Rooks, a Pigeon with unsullied plume:
His Colleagues when compared to *him*, a day
Of wolf-like Winter, and the lamb-like May;
The lane's coarse Pebble, and Golconda's Stone;
The Medicean Venus, and a Joan.
His and *their* hearts are *opposition things;*
Different as dove-like Saints, and vulture Kings;
Cynthia the world's delight, and Lady Mary;
Famed Belisarius, and old Bamfylde Cary.

TOM.

Die then the Embassy that shames the land!

PETER.

Lord! Tom, the French have kill'd it to thy hand;
Then rein thy fury, spare thy idle breath.

TOM.

I'll fabricate the Poetry of Death.

O'er many a neck my scymitar shall flame,
And Havoc's corses form my road to fame;
On Satire's burning coals *this* villain fries,
And roasted *that* with skewers in his eyes:
I'll match the knaves with tortures of all sorts,
And make a charming little Hell for Courts.

PETER.

Heavens! Tom, be cooler; take advice.

TOM.

I won't.
"Wilful *will* do't:" my soul is fix'd upon't.
Ah, Peter, you're a Courtier.

PETER.

No such thing:
I never drank at Adulation's spring.

TOM.

No! Peter never dealt in praise!

PETER.

I have.
There is a time ere *any* man's a knave:
Some start in youth, some sin at bald fourscore;
But known, the voice of Fame is heard no more.

Virtue's pure Robe with Dirt I scorn to load,
Or offer Incense to embalm a Toad.

True, I *have* flatter'd; yes, my raptured Tongue
Has pleased a Mistress oft, and oft a Song:
Yet for no baseness I invoked the Nine;
A lovely subject, and a harmless line.
Let talents, virtues, meet my happy eyes;
I ask not, truly, from what soil they rise.
If 'mid the lorn cold vale of Want they spring,
The Muse shall Hen-like spread her fostering wing;
Or Grandeur's sun-clad mountain, to their glory.
My Verse (though scarce believed) shall tell the story.
Give me the riches, and I'll find the soul
To lead poor pining Merit from her hole.
Friend to the Arts, were George's millions mine,
What heavenly maid in poverty should pine?
For labouring Genius, palaces should rise;
Not for Court-sycophants, the Carrion-flies.
These would I flap, and *change* at once the scene;
To Taste, the Attic Nymph, restore her reign;
With Raphaels, Titians, the glad World renew,
And lead a second Angelo to view;
Bid, for our Board of Works, Palladios spring,
And cast a ray of glory round a King.

And, were *I* King, I solemnly protest,
That *hardware-man*, that *brazier*, Mister West,
No more should *copper* poor old Windsor's walls;
Nor Bacon's lifeless lumber* load Saint Paul's.
Then should yon *nick-named* Dome† (alas, how poor
In real merit!) shut its sacred door
On *smugglers* in the trade, whom Art reviles;
Whose sole pretensions are—what? Folly's smiles.
Yet is there *one* whose bags with wealth run o'er;
Who loves the Arts, and *loves* to see them *poor;*
Proud of a lying, cringing Dedication,
That dubs him the Mecenas of the Nation;
Lo, there are Authors to proclaim his spirit,
And swear it ever in pursuit of merit.

TOM.

Cursed be the period, whether verse or prose,
That round a worthless head a glory throws;

* Two Statues, *intended* to *adorn* St. Paul's cathedral, and challenge the Universe for sculpture. They are said to be *meant* for Howard and Johnson. Much money has been given for digging the two miserable objects out of the stone, and they have been *put up:* when will the poor exposed figures, for the honour of our national taste, and their own credit, be *taken down?*—Risum teneatis, amici!

† How the Academy came to be baptized *royal*, I cannot conceive; as not a spangle of Royal munificence ever threw a ray around its walls. Had it not been for the annual shillings of the charitable Public, it must have died of famine long ago.

Yields Merit's meed to tinsel Stars and Strings,
And *soul* to *Misery* though it dwell with *kings;*
Makes Avarice generous, the poor idiot wise;
And lifts the Fool of Fortune to the skies.

PETER.

Yet are there knaves in these unblushing days,
To fabricate the lying song of praise:
What's strange, the flatter'd fools, so dead to shame,
Strut in stolen plumes, and boast th' imputed fame.

TOM.

Tell Knight* he beats, in rural scenes, the World;
Nought for the falsehood at your head is hurl'd.
Say that he feels a Poet's genuine fire,
His palsied hand like Milton's sweeps the Lyre:
Not Flattery's self can too much fame allow;
For, lo, to Phœbus' self he scorns to bow.

* A *gentleman* who scrambled to Parnassus as he crept into the borough of Ludlow; and who, obtaining the *alms* of Charity from a Reviewer, informs the World that it is the free and unsolicited Donation of Fame. A *gentleman* who fancies his poor *cracked post-horn* to be the *trump* of heroic poetry; and, ashamed of being a contemptible *mute* amidst his brethren of St. Stephen's, turns a roaring bully among the Muses. Possessed of a school-boy power of mouthing a few Greek polysyllables, who most ridiculously deems himself an Aristarchus; and who, childishly arrogating to himself the character of a Legislator of Taste in Landscape-scenery, has received a severe and merited castigation, from men of real abilities, for his presumption.

Praise Brudenell's brain; what farce! the man *receives* it:
Swear that his *head* is *human;* he *believes* it.
Swear Buller *honours* the huge wig and gown;
By heavens, the fellow will not knock you down:
Nor turncoat Windham, to *no* party true,
Deny *sincerity* to be his due.
Praise Hawkesbury for his sweet ingenuous heart,
The man has not the decency to start.
Call Grenville *humble*, will you *shock* the Peer?
No, no; he listens with unwounded ear:
Chatham, in naval matters brisk and deep;
He drops the tortoise, and forgets his sleep.
Tell Pitt, the people *love* him; Pitt will smile,
And deem himself the *favourite* of the isle.
Swear *modesty* no stranger to Dundas,
Hal feels the virtue on his front of *brass*.

PETER.

Thus, should Sir Isaac* (meanness to promote)
Form for some upstart wretch a handsome Coat;
Lo, from the Conquest, lists of Sires appear,
And all the *puddle* of his blood runs *clear*.

* Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms.

His *copper* turns to *flesh* of loveliest hue,
And every cherub-sweetness charms his view:
Or grant him Raphael's line and Raphael's grace,
He will not fling his brushes in your face:
Pronounce like matchless Claude's his landscape *clear;*
He sees the *brightest* clouds, the *purest* sphere;
Surveys Dame Nature's forms with thrilling blood,
And counts a thousand leagues along the *mud.*
Inform that witch, of ugliness the queen,
Old Sycorax, she beats in mind and mien
Fair Oxford; how the wrinkled hag will smile,
And stretch her approbation-mouth a mile!
Call Porteus* generous; Porteus will not cry,
With hands uplifted, "Jesu, what a lie!"
No: on his lip a smile approving springs,
Sweet as the simper when he bows to Kings.
Praise Strelitz, Schwellenberg will scream, "Mine Gote,
England haf noting clevers as dat spote;
Dere be de palace, peepels of high bert,
An bestest princes dat's in all de ert."

* Her Majesty's *own* Bishop, the economical Bishop of London: who, on his exaltation, sent circular letters to the Clergy of his diocese, commanding them to inform him of the state of morality, religion, and the churches; at the same time however, requesting that the answers might not weigh more than *one ounce.* Poor Morality! poor Religion! poor Churches! What! not worth the *postage of a letter?*

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And all the *puddle* of his blood runs *clear.*

* Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King at Arms.

DIALOGUE II.

TOM.

OH for the soul of Leo, to inspire
Our future Kings with Glory's genuine fire!
Then would the happy Painter, and the Bard,
Of simple merit reap the rare reward:
Then would the varied Field of Letters bloom,
Smile on the eye, and yield the Heavens perfume.

PETER.

Poor Field! at *present* much like Hounslow Heath,
Whose chief production is the wood of Death*.

TOM.

How are fair Art and Science in disgrace!
What patron meets them with a smiling face?
See, like a Shadow, Genius, limping, poor,
In supplication at a great man's door:

* The comparison of the present barren Field of Literature to the Field of *gibbets* is new, apposite, and ingenious. Literature now is as dangerous as Murder. Let Reeves be the interpreter, and every line of every pamphlet, verse or prose, shall, by this *gentleman's* sagacious commentary, smell of *treason* as strongly as the whisper of an anti-Pittite proclaims *rebellion*.

And see with insolence his Lacquey treat him;
And, were he *fat enough*, the *dog* would eat him.

PETER.

O Taste, O Reason, to our isle return!
Behold, our *great* for *littlenesses* burn!
Charm'd with his wit, and tricks, and nose, and hunch,
Not long ago, Lord Plymouth purchased Punch;
And very soon, I ween, some titled nimny,
Some moon-eyed fool, will buy the Fantoccini.
Th' alarming voice of War must not be heard:
There are *no* French to pull us by the beard.
Invasions! nonsense: what the power of France,
What discord, murder, so the *puppets* dance?

TOM.

This reddens my rough vengeance, fans my flame,
And goads my Satire's Hawk to seek its game.
Yes, yes, I stand resolved upon the matter:
" Fry" is the word, and brimstone be my batter!

PETER.

Gods, what a furious Saracen art thou!
But what says Pitt? will Pitt thy rage allow?

Believe me, Tom, the blunderbuss of law
Makes a long shot; an engine form'd to *awe.*
By this has many a bird of Satire bled:
Be prudent therefore, and revere the *lead.*
Think of thy banish'd *namesake.*

TOM.

What! Tom Paine?
I *like* the man; should boast to hold his train.
Tom Paine speaks boldly out: and so I dare;
Strike at Court slaves, nor sex nor order spare;
Spread, o'er my quarry Vice, my Eagle wings,
Nor dread the conflict, though opposed by Kings.

PETER.

Lo, that rich hour of Liberty gone by!
Grenville's and Pitt's bold Acts thy rage defy.
Pitt claps his paws on something every day;
A *hiss* at Royalty, a poor old Play*,
Meetings near Mother Red-cap's (harmless things!),
Jokes on court-mummery, smiles at Queens and Kings:

* Venice Preserved; condemned by *authority* to oblivion, on account of the numerous and violent *plaudits* bestowed on passages that *seemed* direct *sarcasms* on our *present* Rulers.

Ere long he leaps on Peter's dove-like Strains;
And should the *muse* be *ravish'd*, what remains?

Behold the Court, of *history* grown so sore,
I scarce dare mention Apple-dumpling more,
Or Madame Schwellenberg and ambling Jack*,
For fear the Palace might be on my back;
And that's a *heavy* load, the World will own,
Enough to make the mighty Atlas groan:
Nor Whitbread's Brewhouse, nor poor Mother Jones,
Nor hunting Parsons, if I prize my bones.
Louse, Brick-kiln, Gardeners, Mutton, Mouse-trap, Tour;
Such mention will not Ministers endure.
Though Ministers, as *blushing* History shows,
Dared pull a *goodly* Monarch by the nose;
Spit in his face, and threaten'd to dethrone him;
Roar'd out "Reform," and *forced* themselves upon him:
Drunk with successes, seized the old State-thunder,
When uproar wild began, and Nation-plunder.
"The State's in danger," louder howl'd the storm;
Gagg'd every raven-mouth that croak'd "Reform."

* Ass on which the great Mistress of the Robes was wont to take her airings for her health through the Royal gardens; which furnished much mirth to

TOM.

Thus then it happens; *save* good Master Reeves,
The purest *patriots* may be pick'd from *thieves*.

PETER.

For ever *sacred* be the acts of Kings,
The founts of worship, honour, stars, and strings!
Even such as Virtue damns, the *gentle* Muse
(So *changed* her nature) shall not once abuse.
Peace to the ghost of Nero, great *good* man,
Beneath whose blade *no* blood in rivers ran,
Whose heart in Mercy's *tender* mould was made!
Peace to Domitian's, peace to Richard's shade!

TOM.

Who is this Lord high-paramount, this Pitt?
What are his *mighty* acts, his *wisdom, wit?*
What his *huge* feats, with all his *wondrous* brags?
The Nation stripp'd; fair Liberty in rags,
With scarce a shift, gown, stocking, garter, sandal;
Put up at Garraway's by inch of candle:—
A booby who for victories madly gapes;
And, idly labouring, brings us *into* scrapes;
Then bids us get ourselves, with phiz devout,
And fear and trembling, prayer and starving, *out*.

Thus, with an insolence a name that lacks,
He flings his own damn'd sins upon *our* backs.
Poor England! to destruction he has brought it;
Then cries with idiot *wonder*, "Who'd have thought it?"
Away with *fasts* that *gormandize* and *quaff*,
And give even sly Hypocrisy a laugh!
Who will with lying impudence declare,
Nought fills his mouth upon that day but air?
What *saints* the stomach's pinches will endure?
None, save their *pious* Majesties, I'm sure.
But grant we fast, are *fasts* of aught avail?
Behold, the Poor with *fasting* lean and pale;
And still the French, in lucky war employ'd,
Unlike Sennacherib's host, are *not* destroy'd!

PETER.

But, Tom, 'tis *gentry* that must Heaven implore:
God *never listens* to the ragged *poor*.
When Ministers their blundering tricks betray,
'Tis *gentry only* that must starve and pray.—
Yet at their dread petition Heaven will *start*;
Nor, cruel, run a Frenchman through the heart,
T' *oblige* a foolish Briton who shall cry,
"I'm *fasting*, Lord; so let thy vengeance fly."

So far am I a Quaker, I must own;
And dare not thus address th' eternal Throne.
Heaven is most merciful, inclined to spare,
And scorns to kill a neighbour for a prayer.
Indeed, whate'er the Bishops may pretend,
In Fast and Prayer we seldom find a Friend:
Fasts will not wet French powder; nor will words
Of pious imprecation blunt French swords;
Nor sighs of *saints* avert the flying ball:
The Pope *must* run from Rome, and Mantua fall.

TOM.

How at each solemn phiz the Devil must grin;
All sanctity *without*, and fraud *within!*
Put *prayers* before a Bishop, and a *haunch;*
Alas! he quits not, for the *soul*, the *paunch.*
Meat must be *watch'd*, and *roasted* in its *prime:*
Prayers for the Lord *keep cold* for *any time.*

PETER.

Thus, on a Sunday, pious Parson Moss*,
Afraid a tiger-appetite to cross,
Left out good Prayers, and stopp'd the Organ's tongue,
That groaning meditated heavenly song;

* At a late assizes at Wells, at the Cathedral, this ludicrous affair happened.

For, lo, too soon (to disappoint the Lord)
The Judges' venison smoked upon the board!
Who can *resist*, when Appetite feels bold?
And what Divine would eat his venison *cold*?

TOM.

Well, since we *must* have this same idle day,
Shut up the shops, look dismal, starve, and pray;
Oh give the Litany this supplication,
" Lord, kick two scoundrels from administration!"

PETER.

Fie, fie, Tom! really you are too severe.

TOM.

Who with a *velvet* lash would flog a bear?

PETER.

Come, come: *some* merit must to Pitt belong.

TOM.

I grant him perseverance; grant him tongue.
With words I own the fellow well supplied,
Bombast, and phrases ready cut and dried;
A formal, scowling, wisdom-aping face;
d gesture, an affected grace;

Cavil and flimsy logic, to surprise,
And raise the whites of Country Members' eyes.—
When dead, what leaves this Pitt to light mankind?
Not the dim lustre of a Snail behind.
Grant from his dust the World *one* Ray may pick;
What is't?—the Glimmer of a rotten stick.
What has Pitt done for Subject or for Prince?

PETER.

Good heavens! I've said it scarce a minute since.
Of Screech-owl Satire, Pitt has shorn the wings,
That hooting hover'd round the Thrones of Kings;
Where, from the rising to the setting ray,
Now soothing Flattery pours the Lark-like ray;
Where simpering Courtiers buz with praiseful tongue,
Like Gnats that hum to parting Suns the song.
Friend to the State, with soldier and with tar
Pitt fights our *just* and *necessary* war;
Improves our taxes (what would we have more?),
And sets an *honest spy* at every door.

TOM.

For shame! By *ridicule* you ward each stroke,
And make the ruin of the State a *joke.*

Who from Dame Justice snatch'd the bloodhound
Reeves?
'Tis Pitt *compassionates*; 'tis Pitt *reprieves*:
Caught in the trap, the dark Informer roar'd,
Till Pitt the wretch to liberty restor'd.

PETER.

Thus, if we may compare great things with small,
When Doctor Johnson lodged at Kettle Hall,
His philosophic *consequence* to shock,
Fate bid him put on Mistress Thompson's smock.
Wedged in the Smock (a Lion in the Toil),
He roar'd, and kick'd, and sweated—huge turmoil!
Stamp'd, bounced, and ran (a Buffalo) about,
Till Mistress Thompson let the Savage out*.

TOM.

Misplaced indeed is all your ridicule,
That means to thwart my plans by calling "fool."

* When Johnson lodged at Kettle Hall, in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's, a cabinet-maker; the Maid, by an unfortunate mistake, brought him one day a *chemise* of Mrs. Thompson's to put on, instead of his own shirt. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers and Idlers, and colossal Dictionaries, he shoved his arms and head and shoulders into the Lady's linen before he discovered his error. "*Who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt? *who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?" exclaimed the enraged and hampered

PETER.

Thus, when the President of Frogs and Flies,
And Weeds and Birds'-nests, wish'd in pomp to rise,
And fill *himself* a Throne sublime and fair,
And give his hammer'd arm a Jove-like air;
Th' *uncourtly* Doctor, hostile to the scheme,
Gave a loud horse-laugh, and dissolved the *dream**.

TOM.

Still with *more* irony? But I'll go on.—
Who with calm spirit sees the Realm undone?
Who from the noble Haunches of the State
Cuts fine fat Slices for *his* dainty plate,
And bids the People on the *offals* feed?
This fellow Pitt.

PETER.

A crying sin indeed!

Moralist, with Stentorian vociferation, dancing and tugging and foaming for freedom. This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompson; who, with the most consummate *delicacy*, shutting her two *chaste* eyes, slipped her head into the room, and delivered her Giant guest from his enchanted Castle.

* It is an incontrovertible fact, that Sir Joseph Banks proposed the plan of a Throne for *himself*, and Benches for foreign Princes and Ambassadors *beneath* him, whose *heads* might be on the same plane with the *most noble* President's *ten toes*. Dr. Horsley, the present Bishop of Rochester, by a well-timed ridicule, put an end to the Vision of Vanity.

Thus saw I once a Cuckoo in a cage,
And Thrush (a very *purser* of the age):
Boil'd beef and cabbage had the pair for dinner;
When lo, the Thrush (a knowing *purser-sinner*),
Soon as he met a bit of Beef, the elf
Sans cérémonie gobbled it *himself;*
But when a stump of Cabbage, *changed* his note,
He ramm'd it down the gaping Cuckoo's throat.

TOM.

Behold the Barracks, and our lot deplore;
Ere long, a damn'd Dragoon at every door!
Then, lo, fair Freedom dead, who holds his hate,
Forced by a fascination to her fate!

PETER.

Thus when the wily Snake, beneath a tree,
Darts his red eyes upon his feather'd prey;
Poor Bird! no more he swells the song of love,
Waves the wild wing, and glides from grove to grove:
With panting heart he tries to shun the foe;
But, looking on the steady Fiend below,
In chains of fatal fascination bound,
Captive he hops around him and around;

Till nearer, nearer drawn, with hopeless cries,
He drops upon the poison'd fang, and dies.

TOM.

So then, you laugh at hopes of *reformation?*

PETER.

Pitt finds a tame old Hack in our *good* Nation;
Safe through the dirt, and every dangerous road,
The Beast *consents* to bear his galling load:
And, spite of all that we can sing or say,
Fools will be fools; and Ministers, betray.

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK;

CONTAINING

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD;
AN ODE TO AN INFORMER;
AN ODE TO JURYMEN; AND
CRUMBS OF COMFORT FOR THE GRAND INFORMER.

Now farewell to fair Buckingham-House,
To Windsor, and Richmond, and Kew!
Farewell to the Tale of the Louse!
Mother Red-cap, and Monarchs, adieu!

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK;

AN

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FAREWELL, O my Pen and my Tongue!
To part with such *friends* I am loth;
But Pitt, in *majorities* strong,
Voweth horrible vengeance on both.

No more on a King or a Queen,
Apple-dumpling, and Smuggling so sweet,
Like their Stomachs your Wit shall be *keen;*
Hogs, Hay, and fat Bullocks, and Wheat.

No more upon Smugglers at Court,
Mother Schwellenberg, Bulses, and Shawls;
Nor at Levees and Drawing-rooms sport,
Where Man (the poor sycophant) *crawls.*

The meanness no more of *high folk*
In the Rope of your Satire shall swing;
For, behold, there is *death* in the joke
That squinteth at Queen or at King!

Thus untax'd by your satire, my friends,
Courts smile at th' intended decree;
Thus the reign of poor Ridicule ends,
And follies, like *shawls*, will *go free*.

Yes, Folly will prattle and grin,
With her scourges Oppression will rise,
Since Satire's a damnable Sin,
And a *sin* to be *virtuous* and *wise*.

But *wherefore* not laugh at a King,
And *wherefore* not laugh at a Queen?
A laugh is a *laudable* thing,
When people are *silly* and *mean*.

When we paid Civil List without strife,
When we paid the old Quack for *his* cure,
When we *pray'd* at Peg Nicholson's Knife,
The King *laugh'd* at *us*, to be sure.

Even the Minions of Courts will escape;
Dundas, Pitt, and Jenky, and Rose:
Yes, Satire gets into a scrape,
If she takes the four Rogues by the nose.

No more must ye laugh at an Ass;
No more run on Topers a rig;
Since Pitt gets as drunk as Dundas,
And Dundas gets as drunk as a Pig.

A laugh at a *delegate* hurts:
Yes, 'twere dangerous to hazard your sneers;
And mock the sweet *mercy* of Courts,
That return'd him his *forfeited ears*.

Now farewell to fair Buckingham House,
To Windsor, and Richmond, and Kew!
Farewell to the Tale of the Louse!
Mother Red-cap, and Monarchs, adieu!

Like Ferrets, since all must be muzzled,
(And *muzzled* indeed we shall be),
Say, Pitt, (for I'm grievously puzzled,)
May we venture a *horse-laugh* at *thee*?

ODE TO AN INFORMER.

Now is the time, my friend; 'tis now or never:
Help, help, of Government the *bold* endeavour.
So lately through a deep consumption rubbing,
Prerogative's upon his legs again:
He wields his knotty club with might and main,
For long the Land has needed a sound drubbing.

Prerogative, ye Gods! will soon look fierce,
Hunt with his hounds the shops for prints and verse,
And find the likenesses of *men on high;*
Make of the Booksellers and Bards a Hash;
Smell *rank rebellion* in a *star* or *dash,*
And bid the sneering Culprit hang or fly.

Whoever mentions *pig*, or *goose*, or *pens*,
Skim-milk, or *corn*, or *man-traps*, *cocks* and *hens*,
Or *Frogmore Fête*, or *charities*, or *bulse*,
The Turnkey soon shall feel the Culprit's pulse.

Whoever says that Majesty is *rich*,
Or calls Dame Schwellenberg a *smuggling bitch*,

Or swears *hypocrisy* has dwelt in Courts,
Blasphemes, speaks treason, and with edge-tools sports.

Who says of Wimbledon a slighting word,
Where Pitt, the Punch of Showman Harry, steals
To learn state-tricks; behold the vengeful sword
O'ertaking soon the swiftest pair of heels!

Who mentions Richmond's *courage*, or his *coals*,
Must think upon the stock's ignoble holes.

Whoever christens but his *dog* "Tom Paine,"
(And many an itching tongue can scarce refrain,)
The Cur and Master shall be brought to shame.
Nay, "Tom," a common *christian* name for *cats*,
Must die; and lo, the Hanoverian rats
Already lose the *Hanoverian name.*

The name "Tom Paine," should even a Parrot cry,
Make out his *mittimus*, and let him die.
Strike me that Bullfinch on the jaw,
That dares to warble *ça ira.*
"God save the King," the World must sing or say;
"God save the King," the ballad of the day.

Our Dogs shall learn of *royalty* to bawl;
Our Cats, from roof to roof, of *Cesar* squall;

The Beetles buz with *loyalty* along.
The very Owl "God save the King" shall learn;
And Barn, at midnight, hoot to Brother Barn,
And Bat shall shriek to Bat, th' *inspiring* song.

What Journeyman will dare to mention *wages?*
Who talk about the hardships of the Poor?
Off with the *villains* to their iron cages,
Where whip-arm'd Justice guards the gloomy door.

Even on a *royal* horse, or sheep, or cur,
Let Subjects, if they *dare* it, cast a slur.
All that a Palace holdeth, *smells* of *God:*
A Page's call, is *glory* to our ears;
A Cook's salute, a load of *honour* bears;
Nay, *honour* dwelleth in a Scullion's nod.

Shoot all those grumbling rascals, the Dissenters,
And hang their Hearts, like Butchers' Meat, on tenters;
Fellows that fain would be Court gospel-makers:
Impale the goat-faced unbelieving Jews;
And then, the knife of Justice to amuse,
Cut out the tongues of all the groaning Quakers.

Return, return, ye glorious days, agen,
When Power, the Giant, muzzled tongue and pen;

Saw what the soul was *thinking*, through the eye,
And crush'd it for a *treasonable* sigh.

The voice of Liberty has roar'd too long:
Pull out the wide-mouth'd strumpet's lawless tongue;
Off with the wonted Crown that decks her head,
And place the *proper* Fool's-cap in its stead.

SECOND ODE TO AN INFORMER.

The *great* Poet inviteth a *great* Informer to *great* Wickedness.

REEVES, let thy soul enjoy the hour:
See Night her grisly spectres pour!
The clock proclaims her at her highest noon.
Lone Silence shall our work befriend,
Her shoes of cygnet-down shall lend;
The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale Moon.

Newgate to *brother* Tower shall roar aloud:
"So thick the prisoners my dark dwelling crowd,
I cannot put a pin between the knaves."—
"And glutted too am I, and I, and I,"
The Tower and echoing Jails around reply.
"And I, and I," each loaded Counter raves.

The sated Pillory shall roar:
" I'm tired, I'm tired, can squeeze no more."
The Gibbet, surfeited with death, shall groan.
And shuddering, lo! at human woes,
The Tomb its ponderous jaws shall close,
While Pity's fruitless tear embalms the stone.

Oh would kind Night extend th' *eternal* shade,
And help in Murder's cause our panting breath!
For, lo! to Murder with his reeking blade,
The beam of Morning seems the gloom of Death.

Lo! where the Innocents repose,
Our longing hands shall scatter woes,
And Fear shall whiten every haggard face.
Sly to the pillow will we creep,
Dash with rude arm the bonds of sleep,
And drag a Husband from a Wife's embrace.

In vain shall Terror lift the suppliant cry:
Our Hearts, two rugged Rocks, the sound defy.

Behold, behold a Youth with muddled brain,
Reeling, the Lord knows where, a little drunk,
Perhaps to slumber with a favourite Punk:
The rascal mutters " Freedom" and " Tom Paine."

Soon, like a pair of Eagles on a Pig,
On this poor midnight Stroller let us fall;
Drag him before the Justice and his wig,
And swear to *treason* that he did *not* bawl.

This will be pleasant to our Lords on high;
Who call the *under-world* of man,
An assish, mulish, packhorse clan,
Shreds of mortality, with scornful eye.

Look to the histories of ancient times,
Their pleasant Prose, and tale-recording Rhymes:
Kings were God's images; revered the Throne.
Submission then indeed, with eye-balls louring,
And suppliant hands and prayer, and forehead cow'ring,
Spoke *treason,* if she call'd her soul her own.

Knock down the man who out of reason rules;
Believes that Monarchs *can* be rogues and fools.
Virtues are transferable, just like Stock;
With title-pass, that dignifies a block.

Title on ugliness confers a bloom;
Bids carrion drop its stench, and breathe perfume;
To Palaces converts the meanest House,
And with an Eagle's pinion mounts the Mouse.

Saddle black Despot for the field, so strong,
With such a spirit as no curb can tame:
His chest, like Job's wild Horse, with thunder hung;
With mouth of bleeding foam, and eye of flame.
On Despot mounted, let us boldly ride,
And cover mountains with the crimson tide.

Buller and Kenyon, men of *busy* merit,
Shall rouse to crush the democratic spirit,
And at the prisoners shake their lion-manes;
And Curtis, now Lord Mayor, now not so *small*,
Shall fill with culprits soon th' Egyptian Hall,
From hedges, ditches, alleys, courts, and lanes.

Justice shall find brisk work upon her hand;
Pronounce *quick* fate, and thin a miscreant land:
Thus lucky thriving, make, in blood-campaigns,
A Nabob's fortune, by her *ropes* and *chains*.

ODE TO JURYMEN.

Sirs, it *may* happen, by the grace of God,
That I, *great* Peter, one day come before ye;
To answer to the Man of Wig, for Ode
Full of sublimity, and pleasant Story.

Yes, it *may* so fall out, that *lofty* men,
Dundas and Richmond, Hawkesbury, Portland, Pitt,
May wish to cut the nib of Peter's pen,
And, cruel, draw the holders of his wit;—

Nay, Dame Injustice in their cause engage,
To clap the *gentle* Poet in a cage.—
Then, should a grimly Judge for *death* harangue,
Don't let the Poet of the People *hang*.

What are my crimes? A poor tame Cur am I,
Though *some* will swear I've snapp'd them by the heels:
A puppy's *pinch*, that's all, I don't deny;
But, Lord! how sensibly a *great* man *feels!*

A harmless joke, at times, on Kings and Queens;
A little joke on lofty Earls and Lords;
Smiles at the splendid homage of Court scenes,
The modes, the manners, sentiments, and words;

A joke on Margaret Nicholson's *mad* Knights;
A joke upon the *shave* of Cooks at Court;—
Charms the fair Muse, and *eke* the World delights;
A pretty piece of inoffensive sport.

Lo, in a little inoffensive Smile
There lurks no Lever to *o'erturn* the State,
And King and Parliament (intention vile!),
And hurl the Queen of Nations to her fate.

No gunpowder my modest garrets hold,
Dark lanterns, blunderbusses, masks, and matches:
Few words my simple furniture unfold;
A bed, a stool, a rusty coat in patches.

Carpets, nor chandeliers so bright, are mine;
Nor mirrors, ogling Vanity to please;
Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs so fine:—
Alas! my little *live-stock* are—my *fleas*.

No, Sirs: I wish not to blow up the Realm;
But thus I've pray'd: "Her life may Albion keep!
Curs'd be the treacherous fiends who, at the helm,
Would *sink* the Vessel in the gaping deep!

"May Liberty sit firm upon *her* Throne;
And he who dares to shake her, vengeance meet:
No matter what his grandeur; let him groan,
And Hell's *best* brimstone the black miscreant sweat!

"No longer, like his Dough, may our Lord May'r
Turn pliable, and join the *busy* Reeves;
State-jackall, hunting through the midnight air,
Like Bow-street Bloodhounds in pursuit of Thieves!

"And should a Judge (a Jeffreys) rush to *kill*,
Fierce, like the Libyan Savage from his den;
Their glorious *powers*, at once, may Juries feel,
And, still sublimer, feel that they are *men!*

"May Richmond's Duke, of valour find increase,
And, by *example*, fire the Soldier-souls;
To Invalids afford *more frequent* fleece,
And bless the Veterans with meat and coals!

" And may his Grace's fate-improving brains,
With guns of *leather* much old Death surprise;
Delight the Tyrant with his dread campaigns,
And send his pale dominions *vast supplies!*

" May Brudenell's head in *sense* and *grace* improve!
In *mercy's* balm may Buller's heart be rich;
Feel for a *sheep-stealer* a little *love*,
Whose fur-clad paws *alike* for *mutton* itch!

" May Health, sweet Health, attend on Civil List,
So very apt to sink in a *decline:*
Whom *Doctor* Pitt with *medicines* can assist;
A *great* Physician, whose prescriptions *shine!*

" May Kings and Queens, whom much the Muse *reveres*,
With *wonted* charity themselves comport;
And Lady Truth approach the Royal ears,
And Lady Wisdom be received at Court!

" No more in Courts may weeds of Folly thrive,
'Mid Royal Smile, their Sunshine, waxing strong!
Or roaring Laughter must be kept alive,
And Peter's Clio never want a Song.

" May *every* King be loved by all the Arts ;
And *she* may all the Arts be loved *by him* ;
And when his money from the purse departs,
Not play at ducks and drakes on waves of whim !

" Then for a Queen, so *lofty* and so *sweet*,
Let not Economy cry, ' Fie upon her !'
But may she give a pillow-case and sheet
To each poor slavish shivering Maid of Honour !

" Perdition seize the Miser who denies
A pittance to the helpless pining Poor ;
Who, millions owning, still, with watchful eyes,
Hawks at *fresh* bags of gold, and screams for *more !*

" May yon Society ne'er want a *head :*
Just like a Paper Kite that wants a *tail ;*
Now dipping, rising, wild at random led,
Up, down, here, there, the sport of every gale !

" May Curates *eat*, and *rear* their infant brood ;
Nay, put a little *fat* about their bones ;
Cast from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
And dash their lawn-sleeved *riders* on the stones !

" And may those *lawn-men*, born to *happier* fate,
Chase not the Curate from their *grand* abode;
But gravely *think* of Heaven as well as *prate*,
And give a leg of mutton to their God!

" How base to preach of God's *exhaustless* store,
Of treasures that to mortals will be given;
Yet sooner trust (as though they thought it *poor*)
The Bank of *England* than the Bank of *Heaven!*

" How vile to preach of Heaven's *large interest* too,
Seeming to place dependence on its word;
Yet on *sky-credit* look so very blue,
As though 'twere *dangerous* lending to the Lord!"——

Such is my Song and fervent Prayer; and now
To Pitt, Dundas, and Jenkinson, I bow,
That spotless *Trinity* of courtly power:
A *democratic raven*, turn'd *court throstle;*
A *persecuting* Paul, a *meek* Apostle;
The *foulest* Weed, the valley's *fairest* Flower.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

FOR THE

GRAND INFORMER.

Lord, Reeves! why, what a most *unlucky* chap!
What! *thou* a prisoner in our hard state-trap,
The roaring Lion of Administration!
Then Sheridan has *nabb'd* the beast at last;
Lock'd in the iron gin of Justice, fast:
Fun for men, women, children, of the Nation!

Reeves, verily 'twas *too* barefaced to say,
Saint Stephen's *members* might be shorn away,
And injure not the *body:* what a dream!
Nay, that our *lords* may feel alike the blade:
Those precious *limbs*, so sheltering, with cool shade,
From Despotism's intolerable beam;
Lopp'd off, without an injury to *trunk!*
Say, great Informer, wert thou mad, or drunk?

I ne'er said such rude things in all my life:
A *joke* upon a *great man* and his *wife*

Forms all *my* sin, though Courtiers foam around.
I, with my pretty brazen Pin and small,
Just *scratch'd* the pretty flowery Capital;
But thou wouldst drag the Column to the *ground*.

Pitt wishes to put forth his hand to save;
And giant Windham too, his humble slave,
Sees thee with grief the tenant of the gin:
But London views thee with a scornful smile,
Hears with much glee thy howl, and marks thy toil,
And looks with triumph on thy suffering skin.

"Is *this* the Bat," cries London, "to devour
The simple Flies, at midnight's silent hour,
Wheeling, with hunger keen, from street to street?
Is *this* the mousing Owl, that darkling stole
In quest of harmless Victims from his hole;
The bird obscene, whom now our mockeries meet?

"The imp whose heart delights in Nature's sighs;
The eaves-dropper, with damned prying eyes,
Who hunts th' unwary for the fangs of State!
Is *this* the Justice, of most foul report,
Who, proud to please the minions of a Court,
Unsated (a staunch Bloodhound), pants for fate?

" Is *this* the Demon, the sworn foe of light,
Cursed by the beauteous Wanderers of the Night,
Whose soul in Misery's *moan* a *music* hears;
And, Toad-like, feeds its poison on her tears?

" Is *this* th' Informer that, with bellowing breath,
To whips and jails each Son of Freedom dooms:
Whose life (misnomer'd *life)* is *death*, rank *death;*
Putridity, the noisome stench of tombs?"—

Such is the cry of London, luckless Reeves,
In language coarse, not good enough for thieves.
Yet, man, despair not: Courts can set thee free;
And Courts are known to *pity* Rogues like *thee.*

AN ODE

TO

THE LIVERY OF LONDON;

ON THEIR

PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY, FOR KICKING OUT HIS WORTHY MINISTERS.

—*Quò ruitis, scelesti?* HORACE.

ALSO

AN ODE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS,

ON THE

REPORT OF HIS ELEVATION TO THE IMPORTANT DIGNITY OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

—*Optat ephippia Bos.*

He becomes Honours as a Sow does a Saddle. PROVERB.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A JEREMIAD TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

ODE

TO

THE LIVERY OF LONDON.

WHY, where the devil are ye rushing?
Thus to Saint James's *rudely* pushing,
  To force the King to turn out Pitt, poor youth!
The *open* Jenkinson, the *blushful* Rose;
Dundas too, on whom Heaven bestows
  Cart-loads of modesty and truth!

If aught I know of Queens and Kings,
Their Graces will do *no such things.*—
  And who are *you*, in impudence so strong?
Know ye the *reverence* due to Thrones?
Down, knaves, upon your marrow-bones;
  As Princes *never* yet were in the *wrong.*

Ye think ye make a King and Queen
As Crispin makes a Shoe, I ween;
  And think, like humble Shoes, too, ye may wear 'em:

Ye feel, by this time, I suppose,
That those same *shoes* can *gall* your *toes;*
And find your *corns* not much inclined to *bear* 'em.

Old Solomon, of Wisdom the great King,
Declareth, there's a time for *every thing.*
Methinks he might have left out *impudence:*
For who should have the impudence to say,
That Liverymen, composed of *common* clay,
Should boast to *sovereigns* their superior sense;
Inform them that their Ministers tell lies,
Are ragamuffins, wicked and unwise?

Impertinence gets ground, I greatly *fear;*
Such things are said as I can scarcely *bear:*
With *insolence* the People tax *poor* Pitt.
Now this is cruel: 'tis the poor man's *nature;*
As natural as for fish to cleave the water,
Monkeys to grin, dogs howl, and cats to spit.

Who *ever* knew a Pitt that had humility?
Fling on the *blood* then all the *culpability:*
Since 'tis well known to all, that Pitt and Pride
Are dove-tail'd; join as close as Bones and Hide.

The World abuseth Rose in language *rude,*
For ignorance and base ingratitude,

And meanness; but 'tis cruel thus to slash:
The man had *never* any education;
The poorest tag-rag of the Scottish Nation;
Born in a sty, and Hog-like fed on *wash*.

For gratitude's a sentiment that springs
'Midst *gentlefolks* and *nobles*, *queens* and *kings*;
Like Pine-apples, whom *soil* the *richest* suits:
For Pine-apples ne'er grow on cold raw Clay,
But fat Manure; amid the solar ray,
That darts its golden influence to their roots.

What impudence, alas! to say,
" Sire, we resolve to have our way:
And be it known,
We'll have no levee-tricks indeed;
And our Petition we will *read*,
And you shall hear it on the *throne!*

" This is our *right* by law accounted;
So pray your Majesty get *mounted*."

Such is the saucy language ye have utter'd;
Which proves ye know not how your bread is butter'd.

At such rude treatment, Grandeur winces:
So far, I'll take the part of Princes.

Monstrous! they have been scandalously treated;
Basted by saucy Verse and Prose,
God knows,
Dear souls! like Bears by ruffian Bull-dogs baited:—

Poor Lewis forced to run away;
Poor Artois, not inclined to *stay*,
From France, like some hard-hunted Badger, has-
teneth;
Now billeted upon the Scots:
Sad fates; yea, most unpleasant lots!
But "whom the Lord doth love, behold, he chas-
teneth!"

Thus is the Bible in their favour:
Yet Misery breeds an ugly savour;
She smells of musty rags, and dirt, and nits:—
I won't say bugs, and itch, and lice;
Wishing for ever to be nice,
As nicety a *well-bred* Muse befits:

A yet it is a truth most melan-*choly*,
ry's often the weak Child of Folly.

blest with such a *dove-like* nature;
Hearts composed of such nice ductile matter,

Turning, like Potter's Clay, to *any* forms!
But for their Subjects, Heavens! *their* Hearts are Rock;
Their Manners, borrow'd from the Pig-sty, shock;
Their Shapes, rank Calibans; their Voices, Storms.

Mild are the Souls of Princes, like New Cheese:
And, like the Cheese, of Milk the simple Child,
Too often suffer a confounded *squeeze*,
From Subjects by *equality* defil'd;
Who look with rapture on their *grinning* Graces,
Enjoying their sad torments and wry faces.

But *why* and *wherefore*, I can't tell the grounds:
No, verily, my wisdom can't determine,
Why Subjects should become a Pack of Hounds,
And hunt their Sovereign Lords like *stinking* Vermin;
For no one needs (I'm very sure) be told,
Their souls are cast in Nature's *sweetest* mould.

No, no; they are not Polecats, pretty creatures!
Choke not the Nation's Chicks, nor suck its eggs:
Pleased with whate'er is *given* (such *gentle* natures),
Each Prince with so[illegible]sweetness *bows* and *begs!*
No, *never* Kite-like on[illegible]t souses,
And, swee[illegible]

" There's odds in gossips," says an old adage,
Forgotten, ah! in this degenerate age:
Subjects from fair decorum widely wander.
Now every Tradesman lifts his dirty nose;
His teeth each working poor Mechanic shows,
And cries, " What's sauce for *goose* is sauce for *gander*."

Thus, by the impudence of rogues and fools,
Are lofty Thrones converted to Joint-stools,
Crowns christen'd Fool's-caps, Sceptres turn'd to Sticks;
A Royal Smile proclaim'd an idiot Grin;
A King, a Jack-ass in a Lion's skin;
Courts, Puppet-shows; and Reverence, Monkey-tricks;
Tricks of a mean submissive clan,
That shame the dignity of Man.

There's not an Englishman, I do suppose,
That would not from his office kick *poor* Rose,
And on his *honest earnings* lay his *pattes;*
Eke on Dundas's, Jenkinson's, *poor* souls!
And *eke* from *humble* Richmond tear his Coals,
A King's *black* Present to his *blacker* Brats*.

* Charles the Second's Tax upon Coals, for the benefit of his Bastards.

Nor is there one who would not break, alack!
Our Lord Mayor's wooden leg about his back.

Thus is Politeness turn'd a Clown;
Wisdom in Gothic gloom benighted:
The World turn'd fairly upside down;
I fear me, never to be righted.

When such things are 'mong coblers, tinkers, tanners,
The Lord have mercy on the People's *manners!*
Then, Sirs, no more your wanton venom spit
At Kings and Queens, and *worthy* Mister Pitt.
Should the Ship *founder* in this *blowing* weather,
Like friends and neighbours, let us sink *together.*

PART II.

THINK of *old times*, when Royal folk
Made of their Subjects a *mere joke:*
Even in the *happy* days of good Queen Bet,
Mum was in Parliament the word;
Her very Frown, a flaming Sword;
And every menace put it in a sweat.

Think of the *horse-whipping* she gave
Th' Ambassador, a saucy knave;
In Latin too, to make the fellow wonder.
The man was frighten'd at her Voice;
And, could he then have had his choice,
He rather would have faced a Clap of Thunder.

Of Lords she often lugg'd the ear;
And often would her Highness *swear*
On Bishops, *sacred* men, enough to shock ye.
" Do this," her Majesty would say:
" Do that: God's blood, I'll have my way.
Quick, quick; or, damme, Parsons, I'll *unfrock* ye."

What to her Parliament said she?
" Good Gentlemen, I must agree

That ye are proper judges of the weather;
And judges too of the highways,
Hares, pheasants, partridges, and jays,
And eke the art of tanning leather:
But, as for Sovereigns, and dominion,
'Tis too *sublime* for *your* opinion."

Suppose the Liverymen had boldly said
To this Semiramis of lofty rule,
"Your Majesty must knock off Cecil's head,
And hang up Essex for a beast and fool:
We relish not these men's administration;
So, Ma'am, dismiss them, and *oblige* the Nation."

What had the answer been
Of this great Queen?

Why, to the Apothecaries she had roar'd:
"Ye knaves, who do more mischief than the sword,
You vomits, glyster-pipes, the Devil confound ye!
What, to such madness, ragamuffins urges?
Murderers, I'll make you swallow your own purges:
In your own mortars, rascals, will I pound ye.

"You Bakers, I shall heat your ovens, slaves,
And serve you like the three Jew Boys, ye knaves,
Shadrach, and Meshech, and Abednego:

Browner than all your Loaves, shall be your Skins;
Then let us see if, for your saucy sins,
Your God will deign to take you out or no.

" You Poulterer, wag not thus your tongue so loose;
For fear I pluck you, as you pluck your Goose.
And, Master Skinner, calm your upstart pride:
On Marsyas think, your flaming rage to cool;
Who, wrestling with his betters, like a fool,
Lost, in his struggle for the prize, his *hide*.

" And, Master Barber, mind the beard and wig.
And, Master Pipe-maker, don't be a prig,
And let that *clay* of yours be quite so *stiff*;
Nor in your prowess try to *smoke* a Queen;
For fear her Majesty's sharp wrath be seen,
And send you to the Devil in a *whiff*.

" Leviathans be catechised by Sprats!—
Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,
By God, ye dangle like a pack of Rats,
All in a string."

Thus to those men the great Queen Bess had said,
Bridling and tossing in contempt her head;
And thus the Queen, with equal fury blest,
Had smartly rapp'd the knuckles of the rest.

Then, turning to her marvelling Lords, her Grace,
Wiping the sweat that *gemm'd* her precious face,
Had said, "God's blood, my Lords, a fine discourse!
Those Fellows talk to *me*, the Small-beer dregs!
They teach, forsooth, their grannum to suck eggs!
They'll find the old *grey mare* the *better horse.*"—

Then why should *gentle* George of power have less
Than that same furious Amazon, Queen Bess?

What said her *loyal* Parliament again?
"We must not move her Grace's ire:
Lord bless us! should we once complain,
The fat will all be in the fire.
Low to her feet, like Spaniels, we must crawl;
Or, lo! she'll play the devil with us all."—

Now to return to Pitt. Ye roar,
"Out with the rascal! what a bore
To keep a fellow that undoes the Realm!
A great land-lubber! *he*, *he* steer
The foundering ship from danger clear!
Pretending puppy! *he*, *he* guide the helm!"

Not long ago, in Paradise,
Ye stuff'd his mouth with *figs* and *spice*,
To show your love for him and all his schemes:

Drench'd him with *treacle;* till besmear'd
Like Aaron's patriarchal Beard,
From whence the oil of gladness flow'd in streams;

His head with every *grocer*-glory crowning.—
And now you are for kicking, hanging, drowning!
So different now indeed your carriage,
It puts me much in mind of Marriage:—

Now love, now hate; now smile, now tear;
Now sun, now cloud; now mist, now clear;
Now music, now a stunning clap of thunder;
Now perfect ease, now spiteful strife,
So much like matrimonial life!
Pray read the pretty little Story under;
A tale well known:
'Tis John and Joan.

JOHN AND JOAN,

A TALE.

"HAIL, wedded Love!" The Bard thy beauty hails;
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like snarrings:
But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*,
And dove-like peace much sweeter after warrings.

I've written (I forget the page indeed;
But folks may find it, if they choose to read)
That marriage is *too sweet* without *some sour*:
Variety oft recommends a flow'r.

Wedlock should be like Punch; some sweet, some acid:
Then life is *nicely* turbulent and placid.

A Picture that is *all* in *light*,
Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
No, let *some* darkness be display'd;
And learn to *balance* well with *shade*.—

John married Joan: they frown'd, they smil'd;
Now parted, and now *made* a child:
Now tepid showers of love, now chilling snows;
Much like the Seasons of the year;
Or like a Brook, now thick now clear,
Now scarce a Rill, and now a Torrent flows.

One day they had a desperate quarrel
About a little small-beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan:
For Joan, t'oblige her old friend Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was *fudge;*
And so she wisely *left* the *leave* alone.

It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds,
To rest their angry frowning brace of heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

"I'll have a board between us," cried the Man.—
"With all *my* spirit, John," replied the Wife.—
A board was placed, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the Husband lay
Calm as a Clock, nor once wink'd over.
Calm as a clock too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her *lover*.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky Pair,
Like two still Mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose.
On the fifth morn, it chanced to please
John's nose to sneeze.
"God bless you, Dear!" quoth Joan, at John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the *hedge* his head:
"Joan, did you say it from your *heart*?"—
"Yes, John, I did, indeed, indeed."—

" You *did?*"—" Yes, John, upon my word."—
" Zounds, Joan, then *take away* the *board.*"—

Thus it will be with you and Pitt agen:
Love will beam forth, that every love surpasses;
The Grocers be *themselves, sweet*-temper'd men,
And souse him in a hogshead of *molasses.*
Thus will Contention take away the bone;
And you and Pitt kiss friends, like John and Joan.

On a Report in the Newspapers, that Sir Joseph Banks was made a Privy Counsellor.

AN ODE.

"*Optat ephippia Bos.*"

Ye Gods! Sir Joseph of the Counsel Privy!
Inventive Newspapers, I can't believe ye.
Impossible; ye certainly are fibbing.
Sir Joseph dubb'd a counsellor of state!
'Tis laughing at too high a rate.
Lord, what a *joke!* ye certainly are *squibbing.*

Because we have *believed* th' apostate Pitt,
And shown such wondrous want of wit,
Ye think that *any* fable will *go down.*
Now pray be careful, Sirs, of what you print;
There's danger, yes indeed, there's danger in't:
Woe to the wight that *ridicules* a Crown!

Sir Joseph is for *blunt conductors**;
A Monarch wanteth *sharp* instructors:

* Notwithstanding a thousand experiments in favour of *pointed* Conductors, the Knight and Co. will not allow the ingenious Franklin, the Father of Elec-

How can such monstrous discords then agree?
Then pray speak truth, ye Men of News,
And do not thus the World amuse:
It is not, cannot, must not be.

His Majesty is surely *wise;*
And wants no talk on butterflies,
On eggs and bird-nests, newts and weeds:
He wants a man to talk on wars,
On dread invasions, wounds, and scars,
On stumps, and carcases, and heads.

After a butterfly to scamper,
And with a net his captive hamper,
Sir Joseph is expert, and must delight;
But as for *politics!* O Heaven!
The Board must *very hard* be driven,
To choose a *swearing tadpole-knight.*

To give a breakfast in Soho,
Sir Joseph's very bitterest foe
Must certainly allow him *peerless* merit:
Where on a wag-tail, and tom-tit,
He *shines*, and sometimes on a nit;
Displaying *powers* few Gentlemen inherit.

tuicity, to be in the right with respect to the superiority of *points* to *touches* too obstinate (and perhaps too ignorant) to be convinced, and too haughty to yield.

I grant he is no intellectual Lion,
Subduing every thing he darts his eye on;
  Rather, I ween, an intellectual Flea,
Hopping on Science's broad bony back,
Poking its pert proboscis of attack,
  Drawing a *drop* of blood, and fancying it a *sea*.

But *should* reports be true, alas!
(For marvellous things oft come to pass),
  Should he be dubb'd a King's Adviser;
'Twill be so *wonderful* a change,
So very, very, very strange!—
  What's *stranger still*, the Council *won't* be *wiser*.

From Joseph Banks unto Sir Knight,
Then Privy Counsellor, in *spite*
  Of Nature, brain, and education!—
If, for the last, he hands *has* kiss'd,
There's not a *reptile* on his list
  E'er knew a stranger *transmutation*.

How could Sir Joseph have the face
To take so dignified a place?—
  But probably the Knight will say, the elf,
" Why should not I, as well as some of those
Who this same *wondrous* Board compose?
  There are not wiser fellows than *myself*."

To give the Devil his due,
That's true.

While Pitt harangues on France and Spain;
Sir Joseph's on a Beetle's Brain,
A Fly, a Toad, a Tadpole's Tail:
While Pitt is on the Emperor's Loan,
For Britain's jaws so hard a bone;
Sir Joseph's on a Weed and Snail.

While Pitt is thinking of Supplies,
And turns (poor man!) his hopeless eyes
On what may lift us from the bog;
The Knight his head for Flea-traps rakes,
Or Louse-traps; or, deep-studying, makes
A Pair of Breeches for a Frog*.

While Majesty and his *wise* Nobles
Shall weep o'er England's groans and troubles,
Ordering Great Guns to make the Frenchmen caper:
Of Reptiles will the Knight be dreaming;
And Instruments for Insects scheming,
To stretch their little limbs on paper.

* See the works of Bonnet and Spallanzani, a pair of *frog-taylors*, who employed a great deal of time and ingenuity in cutting out *taffety breeches* for the males of the little Croaking Nation during their amours, in order to establish some *beautiful* and *delicate* facts relative to impregnation.

Gods! if, amidst some grand debate,
All for the good of our great State,
A Moth should flutter, would the man sit quiet?
Forgetting State-affairs, the Knight
Would seize his hat with wild delight,
And, chasing, make the most infernal riot;
O'erturning benches, statesmen, every thing,
To make a prisoner of the mealy wing.

Were Brunswick here, I'd tell the King of Glory
A simple story;
An Esop's tale by way of illustration,
Proving Sir Joseph's *awkward* elevation:—

As how a Cat did Jupiter implore
(For Cats like Christians said their prayers of yore),
That he would make her a Young Lady fair;
And *how*, of rattling Thunder the great God
Consented to it with his usual nod,
And made her *pretty* too as she could stare:—

And then *as how*, upon her wedding-night,
When in her *deary's* loving arms lock'd tight,
She heard behind the bed a Rat;
Sudden from his embrace she gave a spring,
Forgetting love, and kiss, and every thing,
To catch the vermin, like a Cat:—

And *how*, to punish her, with huge disdain,
The angry God made Miss a Cat again.—

Thus may the King, like his great *brother* Jove,
Forget his partiality and love:
And as Jove justly served the Cat, to shame her;
So, from a *counsellor*, the King of Men
May make the Knight a *grub-hunter* agen,
And bid him mind his butterflies and hammer.

SINCE the foregoing Ode was given to the Printer, it is *too true* that the Newspapers were in the right. The Knight is *bonâ fide* dubbed a Privy Counsellor. Ridicule enjoys a *second* feast on the occasion. Her *first* treat was his elevation to the Chair of the immortal Newton.

Sir Joseph must not complain at his being so frequently the subject of a poetical laugh: Folly is the natural and fair *game* of Satire. To wreak his revenge on the Muse, by condemning her to silence, let him cease to play the fool. *Amotâ causâ, tollitur effectus.* I beg the Knight's pardon; for I recollect that he has forgotten all his Latin, and retains his native *vulgar* tongue only.

ADVERTISEMENT.

My Bookseller assuring me, with a most solemn countenance, that the Public expect *more* for their *half-crown* than was provided; in imitation of our most *compliable* Administration, I have yielded to their *hungry* wishes, and cooked up a pretty dish of Bubble and Squeak.

The composition is Elegiac; that is to say, full of complaint and tenderness: and I have moreover baptized it a *Jeremiad*, on account of a *tender* and *sublime* resemblance between *my* Song and the Songs of the Prophet. The birth of my *Jeremiad* immediately succeeded Pitt's and Grenville's two celebrated Bills of Terror.

It pathetically lamenteth the fallen state of one of our *most admired* Poets; *videlicet*, myself: and is addressed to Mr. George Rose, of the Treasury, a painstaking man, of low extraction, pitiful talents, and of no education; but who, finding, in his journey from

Scotland to England, a couple of Ladders (very much like those employed by Messieurs Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson, and Co.) called Impudence and Perseverance, ascended, like the aforesaid *bold* Gentlemen, to nearly the same *plane* of elevation, showing thereby the *little* or *no* importance of Merit and Modesty towards the attainment of Fortune and Honours.

A JEREMIAD,

ADDRESSED

TO GEORGE ROSE, *ESQUIRE*, OF THE TREASURY.

WHERE is the power of Peter? where the quills
That from the Porcupine at Folly flew?
Where, where his Cannon that in thunder kills?
The Sword of Satire, that its thousands slew?

The Voice that, like the Rams' Horns, levell'd walls,
Has lost its fury; to a Whisper dies.
The look of Pitt, the Poet's tongue appals:
"Cursed be the Bard!" the Politician cries.

What fine *large* Shot was mine for high Crown'd Heads;
Those glorious Pheasants, noble Cocks and Hens!
But now of *smaller* size I cast my Leads,
Forced (what a paltry mark!) to fire at Wrens.

No more I smile at Buckingham's fair house,
Nor sharpen for a King and Queen my wit:
No more indulge my humour with a Louse;
Content with humbler game, to crack a *nit*.

Now Madame Schwellenberg her Ass may straddle,
And Jack may fly before a poking pin;
The *lady*, frighten'd, tumble from the saddle,
And show her *lovely* legs, without a grin.

The Bard who bullied *Quality* with Song,
Must to the iron times his Genius suit:
The Bard, in energy divinely strong,
The Bard whose Voice was Thunder, must be mute.

In vain I gnash my teeth; my hour is o'er:
The Statesman triumphs; all my cunning foils.
He careth not five farthings for my roar,
But mocks the Lion struggling in his toils.

A hopeful Cedar near th' Aonian fount,
I push'd my daring top into the skies;
Graced with my large luxuriant limbs the Mount,
And drew the wonder of a million eyes:—

Struck (not *illumin'd*) by their anger's flame,
Amid the work of terror shook my form:
Low to the earth my head with reverence came,
And own'd the passing Genius of the Storm.

Who, who could fancy such disgrace, alas?
Heavens, what a change! a mighty change prevails.
The *second* King of Babylon at grass!
Satire's Archangel fall'n to feed on snails!

Since Pitt and Grenville, daring dreadful things,
Full of their *magnanimities*, agree
That Peter shall not laugh at Queens and Kings,
Permit me, *gentle* George, to laugh at *thee*.

THE

ROYAL VISIT TO EXETER:

A POETICAL EPISTLE,

BY

JOHN PLOUGHSHARE,

A FARMER OF MORTON HAMPSTEAD, IN THE COUNTY OF DEVON.

Well; in a come King George to town,
With doust and zweat as Nutmeg brown,
The Hosses all in smoke:
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
Zo mad aimm'd all the voke.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

PART I.

I PROMISED thee, dear Zester Nan,
That thee shudst hear vrom Brether Jan,
About the King, wey speed;
And now I zet me down to write,
To tell thee every thing outright,
The whole that I've azeed.

Now meend me, Nan: all Exter town
Was gapin, rennin up and down,
Vath, just leek vokes bewitch'd.
Lord! how they lang'd to zee the King;
To hear un zay zom *marv'lous* thing!
Leek mangy Dogs they itch'd.

Leek Bullocks sting'd by Appledranes,
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes theese way dreav'd and that;

Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin;
Zom in the mucks, and pellum sprawlin;
  Leek Pancakes all zo flat.

Hosses and mares, assnegers, moyles,
Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,
  Hunderds comm'd in at least;
Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
Hallooin, laughin, cryin, squawlin,
  Vour mounted pon one beast.

The Ladies vrom the windors all
Poked vorth their powls, both gert and small;
  Ecod, there were a power:
Their hair zo white, I'd zexpence stake
That vrom their powls I'd fairly shake
  A dezen zacks o' vlower.

To spoil good vlower, a spendthrift crew!
Ould Time wull whitten vast anew
  The locks o' um, never fear:
Bezides, it is a burnin shame,
And makin of God's gifts a game,
  Considerin corn's so dear.

And yet the perty Maids, I vow,
Make me vorgive, I can't tell how,

Thoft 'tis a serious matter:
But what wey *zich* have *I* to do?
Vor Joan and Nell, and Madge and Sue,
My mouthe must only water.

But than agan, Iss can't but zay,
Iss could look at mun a whole day,
They look'd so vair and vresh:
Iss long'd to gee zome hearty smacks
Upon their little rosy chacks,
They seem'd zech wholsome vlesh.

Well: in a come King George to town,
With doust and zweat as Nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke:
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
So mad seem'd all the voke.

Wipin his zweatty jaws and poull,
All over doust we spied Squire Rolle,
Close by the King's coach trattin:
Now shovin in the coach his head;
Meaning, we giss'd, it might be zed,
"The Squire and King be chattin."

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r *,
Zum wey crapp'd wigs, and zum wey hair,
The Royal Voke to ken;
When Measter May'r, upon my word,
Poked to the King a gert long sword,
Which he poked back agen.

Now thoose that round Ould Burnet stood,
All zweard it clumzily was dood;
Yet Squirt, the peepel zay,
Brandish'd his gert horse-glysterpipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down long Vorestreet did they come,
Zum hollowin, and screechin zum:
Now tridg'd they to the Dean's;
Becaze the Bishop zent mun word
A could not meat and drink avoord,
A hadn't got the means.

A zaid, that "az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot nor pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;

* Mr. Burnet.

That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
  And zeldom draed a cork."

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the Clargy clan
  That with un uz'd to chatter;
Who if a ax'd mun to drink wine,
To one the wother they tipp'd the sign,
  And begg'd his charming water.

"And as vor rooms, why there agen,
A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
  They war so small," he said:
"And as vor beds, they wudn't do;
In number about one or two,
  Vor zelf and Joan the maid."—

In voolish things a wudn't be cort:
'Twas stoopid to treat vokes vor nort;
  No, 'twas not his dezire.
Prefarment too was at an end;
The King wud never more vor'n zend,
  To lift'n one peg higher.

And yet they zay's a man of sense,
Honest and just; but hoardth his pence.

Can't peart wey drink nor meat.
And then, " What vor?" the peeple rail:
" To grease a vat old pig in the tail;
Old Weymouth of Longleat!"

Well: to the Dean's bounce in they went,
And all the day in munchin spent;
And guzlin too, no doubt:
And while the *gentry* drink'd within,
The *mob* wey brandy, ale, and gin,
Got roarin drunk without.

PART II.

Now Vriday morning sheen'd zo bright:
But zome were up bevore 'twas light;
  Wey zounds the streets did ring:
"Lord, Lord, than sose, were *yow* zo blest,
To zee the show among the rest?
  Did *yow* than zee the King?"

Now droo a small back-door wey stairs,
King George went vorth to zay his pray'rs*;
  A pure and godly sign:
And there he took his spyglass out,
Star'd up and down, and all about,
  And simm'd to zay, "Tis vine."

Vull az an Egg was all the Church,
Vor Voakes were mad as Hares in March:
  And fath it was dam quare,
To zee ould dames wey leathern chacks,
Hoisted upon the fellows' backs;
  A penny for a stare.

* His Majesty did not, as wa[illegible] expected, [illegible] in [illegible] door of the Abbey: but dipped [illegible] [illegible]tification of Messieurs Mayor, Al[illegible]

The Queen she show'd zuch wive-leek care;
Zo kind upon un zo to stare,
To whisper'n, and all that!
And, faggins, peeple leek'd it much;
Zo pleas'd to zee her love vor'n zuch,
To watch'n leek a Cat.

Prayers over, now he spied the ruff,
And look'd it round and round anuff,
And zoon beginn'd to speak:
Zo zaid, "Neat, neat; clean, very clean;
"D'ye mop it, mop it, Measter Dean?
Mop, mop it every week*?"

"Zir," zaid Dean Buller to'n agen,
"Tis not by moppin keep'd zo clean,
What streek'th your Royal eye:
Vor, Zir, in all our Exter shops,
We never meet wey zich *long* Mops;
Our mops dant reach zo high."

All peeple join to praise the Dean,
He did zo well his zel demean;
No man behaved more humbler:

* This observation really took place at Exeter, as well as at Salisbury, some years since.

Spar'd no expense, bort ev'ry thing,
To please forseth the Queen and King;
Vor which, they gid'n—a *tumbler*.

Vor Royal Voake, so gert withall,
The present simm'd most merty small;
And zo zed all the city:
It was too sneaken, fath and troth;
A poor Groat Glass between mun *both!*
No, fath; it wazn't vitty.

Now to the tavern renn'd Squire Rolle,
To git the names of every zoul
That wish'd King George to zee*:
The Squire most kindly tould mun too,
How jest leek Zoldiers they must do;
Bow down, and drap the knee:—

And zaid it never shud be miss'd,
That when King George's hand they kiss'd,
Leek Vish they must be dum;
And backwards crawl leek Crabs away:—
Good zound advice; much as to zay,
"Kings must not zee your bum."

* To be presented.

Now tridg'd to Aldermen and May'r
Squire Rolle, a Speech vor to prepare,
To thank the King for commin.
" Lord!" cried the Aldermen and May'r,
" Why, Measter Rolle, yow make us stare:
Squire Rolle, why yow be hummin.

" Why, we be only men in trade:
'Tis true, a vieow good pounds we've made,
Be tolerably rich;
But thoff we've raked up zom vieow pence,
It deth not vollow we've the sence
To make the King a *speech.*

" Zend for Rekoreder; put *he* to't:
We'll warrant, Hawtry zoon wull doo't;
Iss, iss, *he*'ll do the feat:
And as the man can logic chop,
The doul's in't if he can't cook up
Zomethin that's *short* and *zweet.*"

Now Hawtry took a world o' pain;
He did zo drash about his brain,
That was not over-stor'd:
But vath, outleap'd a Speech at laste,
That simm'd to pleaze King George's taste,
Speal'd right in ev'ry word.

Now to the rume, to zee the King,
They all march'd off, a clever dring;
And there King George a stude,
Receiving bows and scrapes and kisses,
Vor all the world leek handsome Misses
Expecting to be woo'd.

Jolly's a Tinker stude Squire Rolle,
Sly winking, leek an ould grey Owl,
To zee that nort went wrong:
Zo got behend; and wey a frown
He pull'd near twenty o'mun down,
And twenty droad along.

The King stude patient az a Stock,
Vour hours at least by Exter clock,
It zafely might be waager'd:
Zom makin their vine rev'rence spurn'd;
The King was nearly overtern'd,
A Gosh! a was so badger'd.

Tagrag and bobtail, all kiss'd hands,
Vrom neighb'ring pearts and voreign lands;
Aye, kissing 'twas anuff:
Had not the hand been tight put on,
It was zo mainly smack'd upon,
The voke had kiss'd it *off*.

And vath, no woundy fuss was made
Bout dress amungst the men in trade;
They thort o' no zich thing:
Wey derty sharts and grizly beards,
Much leek a Preazy pack o' Keards,
They shuffled vore the King.

Now Varmer Tab, I understand,
Drode his legs vore, and catch'd the hand,
And shaked wey might and main:
"I'm glad your Medjesty to zee;
And hope your Medjesty," quoth he,
"Wull nere be *maz'd* again."

"*Maz'd! maz'd!* what's *maz'd?*" then zed the King;
"I never heerd of zich a thing.
What's *maz'd?* what, what, my Lord?"—
"Hem," zed my Lord, and blow'd his noze;
"Hem, hem, Sir; 'tis, I do suppose,
Sir, an old Devonshire word."

And than my Lord a scratch'd his head;
And, coughing wance or twiss, he zed,
"I'll try to vend it out."
And then agen he hemm'd and haad;
And puzlin while his pate a claw'd,
King George a tern'd about.

PART III.

Zom thort the King wud march about,
And show his zelf a bit, no doubt;
  Zee Guildhall, Circus, Castle:
Vor this, Lord Fosky gid'n a shove;
But virm's a Rock, nort made'n move,
  Zo 'twas in vain to wrastle.

But this a did (now this was kind):
Knowin the people's *longing mind*,
  And being pretty tall,
A stude pon's tiptoes, *it is zed*;
And, *condescending, poked his head*
  Over the Bishop's wall.

Zum of the Exter voke suppose
They plainly zeed his Royal nose,
  And zum his Royal eyes:
And, Lord! whatever peart they zeed,
In this they one and all agreed;—
  Twas *glorious, gert*, and *wize*.

Tis zed, and I believe tis true,
He gid (but lookin rether *blue)*
The *Hospital* a ken:
Twas *all* a *gid;* but than quoth he,
" I'll zomething gee, my Lord, d'ye zee,
When I come here *agen.*"

This, to be zure, look'd *cruel* kind
Towards the zick, and lame, and blind;
What's thy opinion, Nan?
But rat it, theve net zeed a doit;
Zo tes no very gert exploit
Of our *Samaritan.*

Zich perty *promises,* egosh!
Zeem words o' cuse, a pack o' trosh;
Wind, vaith! net one crume better.
I leek to zee voakes dra the *puss:*
Parlaver is not worth a cuss;
I hate to hear voakes *chetter.*

But now, to please the Royal chops,
Presents vall'd in as thick as Hops,
Vish, vlesh, and vowl, and vruit.
Twas who shud zay, " I sent the King
Zich, zich, and zich, and zich a thing:"
The vokes were *mad* to do't.

Now let me tell thee, Zester Nan,
The King's a jolley gentleman,
  The Queen not very ugly:
Az vor the Princesses, sweet souls,
With rosy chucks, and flaxen polls,
  They Angels look'd so smugly.

Mayhap yow wud be glad to know
Zom more about the Queen, I trow;
  I think I've zed anuff.
What voakes in general zay is this:
" The Oman is not much amiss,
  And tak'th a power o' snuff."

But Milliners of Exter zwear,
That hers and all her Daughters' geer
  Was shellings net worth thirty;
That, Lord! they wear'd but little laces;
Their zilks mert blish to show their faces,
  Ould-fashion'd, striped, and dirty.

Now woundy mad was Measter Mare*,
To think a shud a veast prepare,
  Of vlesh, and vowl, and vish;

* Burnet, the plumber.

Of ham and terkie, goose and mustard,
Dumplin, and apple-pie, and custard,
  Az good az mouthe could wish.

Vor whan unto King George a zends,
To tell'n the Aldermen, his *vriends*,
  Wud all be glad to zee'n:
The King no notice tuke, 'tis zaid;
But, leek a Pisky, laugh'd and play'd
  To push-pin wey the Queen.

Zo there the meal, vorzooth, was spoil'd,
The baked and roast, and vried and boil'd;
  Oh! 'twas a dismal day:
The zyder, brandy, wine, and ale,
The gert gold chair* to hold his tail,
  Was money droad away.

It, when King George did leave the town,
The Aldermen, in red fur gown,
  And Mare, vore Guildhall houze,
Vurst havin had a little veeding,
Leek Soldiers form'd, to show their breeding,
  And make their Zenday bows.

* Made expressly, at a very great expense: indeed it did credit to the liberality of the Corporation.

The King, he spied mun vrom his coach,
Wey faces net pleaz'd overmuch,
That did un much delight:
The Bench keep'd bowin up and down,
Till all the hosses rumps they vound,
And King's, were out o' zight.

Than home they lerk'd; and drapt their furs
And tails between their legs, leek Curs,
Becaze they war zo zlighted:
But what was ten times worse, poor souls,
Their Wives leek Devils claw'd their polls,
Becaze they didn't get *knighted.*

POSTSCRIPT.

Now, Zester Nan, by this yow zee
What zort of voakes Gert Peeple be;
What's *cheny* thoft, is *clome:*
And, Zester, now I do believe,
That after this yow daan't much grieve
Becaze yow staid at home.

Theeze once I've made myzelf a vool;
And now I veel my courage cool
For zeeing Royal things:
And whan my Bible next I rede,
Zo leet I worship all the breed,
I'll *skep* the Book of *Kings.*

OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

———*Procumbit humi Bos.* VIRGIL.

He's down! amid Saint Stephen's walls,
The mighty Beast in thunder falls.

OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PROËMIUM.

SOME time ago, the Lyric Peter,
With much sublimity of metre,
  Did prophesy a Minister would *tumble:*
To verify the Poet's Ode,
Behold, it pleaseth man and God,
  In anger, his High Mightiness to humble.
Good man (but *not* the Man of Ross),
He's down! *procumbit humi Bos.*

How like unto a Crow, or Rook,
  Shot near his nest (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcast look,
  Before he soused at last to ground!
Yes: like those *black* Birds, much too long we saw
The Culprit hanging by a single claw.

What a vile Bramble he has been,
May now with half an eye be seen.—
Look at *us:* what poor shivering Sheep, alack,
Naked and lank, most closely shorn!
This hooking, dragging imp has torn
The healthful, warming fleece from every back.
Gone! gone, some good-for-nothing ribs to treat;
But woe to that poor Sheep which dared to *bleat!*

Sing, heavenly Muse, to *whom* our wool all goes:—
To warm Dundas, Long, Windham, Canning, Rose,
Old Liverpool and *Cub*, with each compeer.—
While *they* carousing swill'd their toast and sack,
We bit, in anguish, musty bread and black,
And writhing got the gripes from dead small-beer.

"Try Pitt again," some fools exclaim.—
He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*.
The hobbling Nation, still more lame,
Has now nor crutch nor ass to ride.
"He'll *mend*," they roar.—*He* mend! the mummer:
Aye, *mend* just like sour Ale in summer.

Lo, then, our sad State-carpenter dismiss'd!
No longer now his bungling *art* befools:
Yet, from the service when the man was hiss'd,
Why leave behind his *budget* and his *tools?*

Glad as a Bird that scapes the Kite, I'll drop
The Lamentations of poor Jeremiah;
Of gay Pindarics open a fresh shop,
And pour the Song of Triumph with Isaiah.

READER, in this my Lyric Ode
I imitate a Man of God;
That Poet of Sublimity, Isaiah:
A Man of Quality, of note;
Of Arms possessing a rich Coat;
A brother to the great King Azariah.

Lord! how the Poet did *bespatter*
The Babylonian Monarch with his satire!—
Were *I* to talk so of a *British* King,
What were my fate? Alas, a string!
Not *string*, dear Reader, that the *shoulder* decks;
But *string* that twines at Newgate round our *necks*.

ODE OF TRIUMPH.

Tossing poor Englishmen in scorn,
The Bull no more exalts his horn:
Thank God, the Beast is put at last to pound;
And that he never may get out,
To make another cursed rout,
Forms many a hearty prayer and wish profound.

What! is there not *one* song of sorrow,
One tear of pity?—Let me say,
There's neither dirge nor tear *to-day*,
Whatever there may be *to-morrow*.
Nay, Cannons roar applause; the Bells are ringing;
And Earth, rejoicing, breaketh into singing.

No more he turns the burning globe;
But on a dunghill, just like Job,
Scratching, surveys his melancholy plight.
No more with Hal, his chum, to booze,
And for the State's salvation snooze;
He bids the clarets and champaigns good night.

But hark! Old England's Genius sings
(Sounds that will pierce the ears of Kings):

" Harpoon'd art thou at last, thou floundering porpoise:
Thou who hast swallow'd all my Rights;
Gobbling the *mightiest* just like *mites*,
Devouring like a Sprat my *habeas corpus*:—

" Thou who didst bind my sons in chains,
And nearly beatest out their brains,
For fear their wrath might kindle riot;
And, after binding them in chains,
And nearly beating out their brains,
Didst cry, 'How tame they lie, poor things! how quiet!'

" Thou who didst groaning prisoners keep
In Cold-bath Fields, like hapless Sheep
Whom horrid butchers mean to slay;
Where Aris with his iron rod,
The Pluto of the dark abode,
Roasted and broil'd, in Cook-like way,
The victims of his power and pride,
And damn'd them all *before* they died.

" Art thou the caitiff, with imperious frown,
Who o'er the Bard didst hold thy hempen string;
Threatening to hang him, if, to please the Town,
He dared to smile or wink at Queen or King;

Or dared (no matter how *divine* the Songs)
To chant of Dumplings, Sheep, or Parson Youngs;
To mention Kine and Corn, and Famine's groans;
Record Wit-Royal, and crack jokes on Thrones?

" Bold hast thou said, ' Supreme I'll prate:
I *will* be Minister of State,
And swill from night to morn the Nation's wine.
I *will* get drunk with honest Hal:
The Bottle my dear constant Baal,
I'll daily kneel and hiccup at *his* shrine.

" ' Snoring upon the State-machine
My drowsy Brother shall be seen,
Who from his cradle never heard the lark.
I grant the man the wheels will clog;
Lazy as Ludlam's lazy Dog,
That held his head against the wall to bark.

" ' His Nose may like the Bull-frog roar:
The State shall pay him for the *snore*.

" ' I'll buffet Opposition's waves:
I'll have my creatures and my slaves;
For any Borough will I bring my man in.

The poorest wretch that crawls I'll raise,
To yield his incense-pot of praise,
From Greek-mouth'd Belgrave to lame-Latin Canning *.

" 'I'll pension any fool or knave;
The Nation's pocket, my poor Slave,
Shall open, nor dare make a pother.
Gifford, that *crooked* Babe of Grace,
And Canning too shall be in place,
And get a pension for his Mother.

" 'Even Grosvenor's Cobler shall come forth †,
And hammer to the World my worth;

* This *gentleman* was *ravished* from his Opposition-friends on account of supposed *extraordinary* talents. A completer *take in* of the *knowing ones* was never more laughably experienced among the black-legs of the turf. His "*Iter ad Mecœnas*," for the University prize, exhibited *such* proofs of ideas and scholarship as put the poor Dean of Christ-Church to the blush. The *first* effort was condemned to the flames, though it obtained the prize: the *second* was a cobbled piece of work between Mr. Canning and *somebody* of Christ-Church, which with difficulty passed muster.

† This is a most *extraordinary* fellow; speculatively virtuous, and practically wicked; for ever bellowing in the cause of Religion and Morals, yet in the daily practice of every thing that should fix him at the Cart's-tail.—To justify the above assertions, accept, Reader, a *small* sketch of his Life, and blush for the depravity of human nature. Taken from a cobler's stall at Ashburton, a little town in Devonshire, by Mr. Cookesly, a surgeon of that place, who mistook the Itch of Rhyme for the Inspiration of the Muses, he was, by a subscription of

Come hobbling forth without one blush of shame,
With heeltaps, toe-caps, soles for worn-out fame."

" ' I'll hire each prostituted Muse,
For *mags*, for Newspapers, Reviews;

the Gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, placed at a grammar-school, and afterwards sent to Exeter College. At this College, after his daily occupations of tolling the bell, waiting at dinner, and lighting the candles, he amused himself with writing scandalous lampoons on the heads of the College, as well as other respectable characters of the University. Noticed however by a Clergyman, he was introduced to Earl G——, who soon found an *honourable employment* for him; luckily for his Lordship's pleasures, and fortunately *congenial* to the disposition of Gifford. In a little time he tripped up the heels of his Oxford friend, ousted him from the house of G—— by lying insinuations, and publicly triumphed in his success. His next glorious action was to send a cast-off Strumpet of his Lordship to the widow of his old friend Cookesly; who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable boarding-school. She was recommended by Gifford as a modest young lady, for education; which *modest young lady*, in a few months, betrayed her old Cyprian propensities, and very expeditiously blasted the School: this was the subject of another triumph. To continue his progress in infamy with an equal splendour, he seduced a beautiful and innocent Girl, called Mary Weeks, a native of Ashburton. Under the pretence of marrying her, a fellow with a surplice was prepared to execute this nefarious matter: the sham ceremony was performed; the poor Girl was ruined; and after satiety had taken place with her infamous seducer, she was sent back to Ashburton, where she pined, and died of a broken heart. To support the *credit* of his past achievements, he published a most dirty and scandalous Poem, called "The Ashburtoniad," abusing all his old and respectable benefactors. Previously to the above act, he had obtained an ample subscription for a Translation of the Satires of Juvenal, which (*happily* for the Public, and paper and print) he never performed. To accommodate his Mecenas, he keeps a *creature* as a Decoy-duck; and has actually sent her to necessitous young women of beauty and innocence,

I'll pay the Ballad-singer's throat for praise.
My Visage (Hatchet-like indeed)
In shops the gaping Mob shall *feed:*
My name on rails shall *grace* the King's highways;

under the pretext of learning to read and write.—Such are *parts* of his life. *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto: hic niger est.* It must not however be forgotten, that, for his atrocious calumnies, he was lately cudgelled in one Wright's shop, a poor ignorant and pains-taking Bookseller in Piccadilly: and in spite of the most solemn and tender protestations of his own head and shoulders, he with an unprecedented effrontery denied the fact; and, notwithstanding a message, informing him that he was cudgelled, most soundly cudgelled, and that he should be cudgelled again in order to *oblige* him, by producing a *complete conviction*, he had not the manners to answer the civility.

He continues in his favourite occupation of administering as Jackall to the constantly watering chops of the toothless old Lion. To use another figure, he is still his Lordship's *gamekeeper;* and guards the plump little *partridges* (which are exceedingly *numerous* on *all* his Lordship's manors) with so much laudable assiduity from *poachers*, that he has been amply and gratefully remunerated with an *honourable* annuity from Government.

As for Mr. Gifford's Rhymes, they will appear extraordinary to such readers (and they are not a few) as prefer bombast to sublimity. Bombast is the idol of the vulgar. To *such*, the Attic simplicity appears arrant insipidity. The vulgar eye is sooner fascinated by the stiff, staring, cabbage-rose Brocade of the Harlot, than the modest and snowy Robe of Innocence. The ear of the true Critic distinguishes with facility the difference between the mellifluous tones of the Lyre of Apollo, and the hard ponderous sounds of the hammered Lap-stone. To indulge a Greek quotation from Proclus on Plato (without offence to his pupil, the *learned* Lord Belgrave), Mr. William Gifford is ἰδιώτης ὢν φιλοσόφοις, φιλόσοφος δὲ ὢν ἰδιώταις; which I translate thus: "He is a Poet with Poetasters, and a Poetaster with Poets." So much inequality pervades his Verse, that the Faculty would pronounce his Muse afflicted with the rickets. Still, to do him

And travellers, whether they may ride or walk,
Read *Pitt for ever!* in broad-staring chalk.

" 'I'll place the Capets on the throne,
And France her *worthy* Kings shall own:

every justice, his various Verses are *very well* for a *cobler;* they must undoubtedly smell of the stall.

Quo semel est imbuta, recèns servabit odorem
Testa diu.

So singeth Horace; who, one would think, had peeped into futurity, and penned the happy line for poor Crispin.

So far from originality of thought and a luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there reigns a pitiable famine: awkward and obscure inversions, with a verbose pomposity, form the leading features of almost every couplet. Indeed it were cruel to expect more. Sprung from a dunghill, and old before he was charitably taken from his stall, at the same time totally destitute of the poetical character, what could a few scraps of Latin and Greek do for an object whose sole powers lay within the circumscribed space of a Rhyme? A Riddle in the Lady's Diary, an Acrostic in a newspaper, an abusive Stanza in the Anti-Jacobin Review, or a Criticism in the British Critic (equal perhaps to those of poor paralytic Parson Nares, a most feeble Pillar of that falling Fabric, and lately sent for a maintenance to that idle and expensive *toyshop* of the Nation, called the British Museum), form at present his amusement. At the house of Grosvenor he experiences a prodigality of praise. But his Lordship and his *ladies* are better qualified for writing the history of *Paphos* than *Parnassus.*

On the appearance of this *gentleman's* last lying Publication, which was in some measure answered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a *formal execution* of the felon, in a solemn Poetical Epistle; but, on reflection, thinking him beneath the dignity of such an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note:*

And Buonaparte soon my rage shall feel;
Crouch to my whip, whose lash shall bring
The daring Corsican, poor thing,
Just like a whining Spaniel, to my heel.'

"Oft hast thou said, with scowling eye,
'The World I hate, disdain, defy;
I value neither Commoner nor Peer.
He who attacks me, dearly pays:
A man must have, the proverb says,
Good iron nails, that scratches with a Bear.'

"Art *thou* the man who bilk'd poor Paul;
Who sent his bears, the devil and all,
To fight in Britain's cause so hearty?
Art *thou* the man (whom nothing shames),
Who made his office-clerks call names,
And fling their dirt at Buonaparte?

For, should the Muse's satire had him die,
The Goddess really guillotines a fly.

Before I conclude, it may not be unacceptable to my Readers to be informed that his Lordship sometimes *kills his own mutton*, hunts without his *Jackall*, and succeeds. Witness the following little genuine Epistle:

"Dear Goddess,

"I am in luck to-day; spring a fine covey among a parcel of brambles. Take care of the plump little Bird that bears this letter; clean her and comb her well; cut her nails close, and put her in bed.

"Gooooo!

" Bold hast thou said, with dauntless soul,
' I'll damn the motion on *Ferrol;*
No matter whether cowardice or not.
Whatever was the crying sin,
Sir James shall sleep in a whole skin:
Hal says too, Pulteney must not go to pot.

" ' The long-mock'd World may roar, Where's shame?
Thank Heaven, we only know the *name.*

" ' Safe are my minions,' thou art pleased to say;
' What ill they do, is quickly done away:
Such, so secure is every culprit's lot,
Must make *strong interest* to get hang'd or shot.'

" Thou, in thine insolence, hast said,
' At me the World shall cower afraid:
Old Ganges humbly at my feet shall flow;
Mogul, Nizam, and Rajah, bend;
Slave-like, their humble tribute send,
And learn from me their future fates to know.
Those dare not call my hard decrees unjust,
But kiss the foot that stamps them in the dust.

" ' Ind shall her streams Pactolian pour;
On *petticoats* her diamonds show'r,
And *stomachers* and *caps,* the *courtly* things:

Th' *unchristian* Turk his gems shall send;
His trembling tottering turban rend,
To grace the beaver'd brows of *Christian* Kings.
Peru shall gild Saint James's walls and doors;
And ravaged Mexico emblaze the floors.'

" Bold hast thou said, ' I'll *curb* the Prince;
His bleeding mouth shall sorely *wince:*
I value not his birth, his pride, his state.
O'er York triumphant too I'll tower;
And Clarence shall not boast the power
To make a *gunner*, or a *gunner's mate.*' "—

Such of Britannia's Genius is the Song:
Now let the Bard the theme pursue,
And, with an equal spirit too,
In thunder drive the Muse's car along.

Poeta loquitur.

Bold hast thou sworn: " The Muse I'll check;
Each, with a halter round her neck,
Shall sing with trembling, trembling dread.
Nay, should Apollo's song be *sharp*,
And on my power and glory harp,
Off goes at once the fellow's head.

" I'll make a Puddle of their Streams,
That give the Bards their pretty dreams;
And through the tuneful shades shall stray
My jack-asses*, to graze and bray."

Thou 'rt an abominable branch.
No more shalt thou enjoy a haunch;
No more with Harry booze from night to morn.
The Hackneymen, to thy amaze,
Shall cry, " My money for my chaise;
The money, Sir, to pay for hay and corn.
Come, Sir, I know *what's what*, and *who* is *who:*
I'll trust no longer, damme if I do."

See the stern Shade of Chatham rise!
On thee he darts his Eagle eyes.
" Fool!" cries the angry disappointed Ghost:
" Was it for *this* I show'd thy youth
The paths of Glory, and fair Truth?
Lo! by thy flagrant folly, all is lost.

* The Mathiases, the Giffords, the Belgraves, the Cannings, &c. &c. Will it be credited that an Administration so feeble should not have selected *one* tolerable literary pillar to support its imbecility? Where was Huntsman Windham's judgment, when he made choice of Hounds to run down Opposition? Heavens bless us! not one decent Dog in the pack; neither *nose* nor *speed;* absolutely a parcel of yelping Curs.

Mad boy! instead of Wisdom's Springs, to court
The dozing Fountain of Dundas's Port.

" The wondrous Column of my hand,
That push'd its head into the skies;
Shook by thy damned wizard wand,
Low, low, a splendid ruin lies.
Toads, for a dwelling, the poor pile invade,
And shelter'd weeds of death the fragment shade.

" Blush at the Partners of thy toil,
The Refuse of the groaning isle."

WHERE is the Eagle that, above,
Grasp'd daringly the bolts of Jove,
And taught their fatal thunders where to roll?
Ah! forced his lofty perch to quit,
He dwindles to a poor Tom-tit,
And sculks through humble hedges to his hole.

Is *this* the man who pension'd Spies,
Informers, that, with Wolf-like eyes,
Prowl'd nightly, yelling, in pursuit of food?
Is *this* the man who put, alack,
Such *bugs* upon the Nation's back,
To gnaw and suck its best, its vital blood?

Where are thy bustling Levees now;
Thy humble Sycophants to bow,
Obey thy mandate, and applaud thy wit?
Unnoticed thou shalt lonely ride;
Attended only by thy pride,
That never, never yet forsook a Pitt.

Cur-like shalt thou walk in and out,
Unnoticed, at her Grace's* rout;
Unnoticed, down thy throat her pastry poke:
No Bumkin, no poor country wight,
Shall, stealing near with curious sight,
Watch if thy jaw-bones wag like those of *common folk.*

George Rose's Papers shall turn tail;
Expose thy blunders, storm and rail,
And ope of Calumny the dirty springs:
While Antijacobin Reviews
Shall cull the literary stews
For *flowers* to deck the Counsellor of Kings.

Each Newspaper that took delight
To make thee, like the Snow-ball, white,

* The jolly and hospitable Duchess of Gordon.

Will paint thee now as black as Hell:
No more thy *voice angelic* hail;
But give thee horn, and hoof, and tail,
With Cerberus's frightful yell.
Paint thee a damned Spirit from below,
Raised by some wizard for the Nation's woe.

Lo, thou art sprawling in the dirt!
The Mob their wanton jokes will spirt.
Behold a sable Chimney-sweep appear!
And hark! a Scavenger, with eyes
Sparkling with rapture and surprise,
Exclaims "Ah, Master Billy! are you *there?*"
Then, anxious to *reward* thee, on they rush,
One with his broom, and t'other with his brush.

Hark! Authors braying round thee crowd;
And Authoresses cry aloud,
"Villain! to wage a war with all the Muses!"—
And lo, the Printers' Devils appear!
With ink thy visage they besmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuses:—

And, more their Prisoner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot* in thy face;

* An utensil among Printers, containing a *certain* stale *fluid* for the benefit of the balls.

Roaring, around thee as they caper,
" Take *that*, my boy, for Tax on Paper."

And lo! with anger Hardy glows:
The Man of Leather, with delight,
Runneth his awl into thy nose,
And stirrups thee with all his might.

" He wants much *mending*, damn my eyes,"
The punning Son of Crispin cries:
" The shoe's quite rotten; yes, the whole:
Quite vanish'd every bit of *sole*."

And see! the Girls around thee throng:
" Art *thou* the wight, thus stretch'd along,
An enemy well known to Wives and Misses?
Art *thou* the man who dost not care
For oglings, squeezes of the Fair;
Nay, makest up *wry mouths* at Woman's kisses?"
Then shall the Nymphs apply their birchen rods,
And baste thee worse than Peter Pindar's Odes.

And see poor Paddy with his pole!
" By Jasus now, I'll *twig* his jowl,
For leaving us poor Christians in the lurch.
Open your jaw-bones, Master Knave:
Where be the promises ye gave,
To give a bit of shove to Mother Church?

To a good market, faith! our hogs are brought:
And sowe're dead, and kill'd, and murder'd, all for nought!"

The Cats shall spit at thee: and, hark!
The Curs in yelling concert bark.
The Cats exclaim, "Our mice with *famine* moan:
Not one *fat* mouse is to be had!"—
"Aye," cry the Curs; "and, what's more sad,
We cannot now obtain a well-pick'd bone."

O Furcifer—no, Lucifer I mean—
How art thou fallen from the *starry* sphere!
Kick'd from the presence of the King and Queen;
From Burgundy, from Claret, to Small-beer.

That feature of thy face call'd *nose*,
Which now with many a ruby glows,
Shall lose, alas! its wonted fire;
The *claret* lustre shall expire:
For Poverty's pale fingers soon pick out
The blushing Rubies of the richest *snout*.

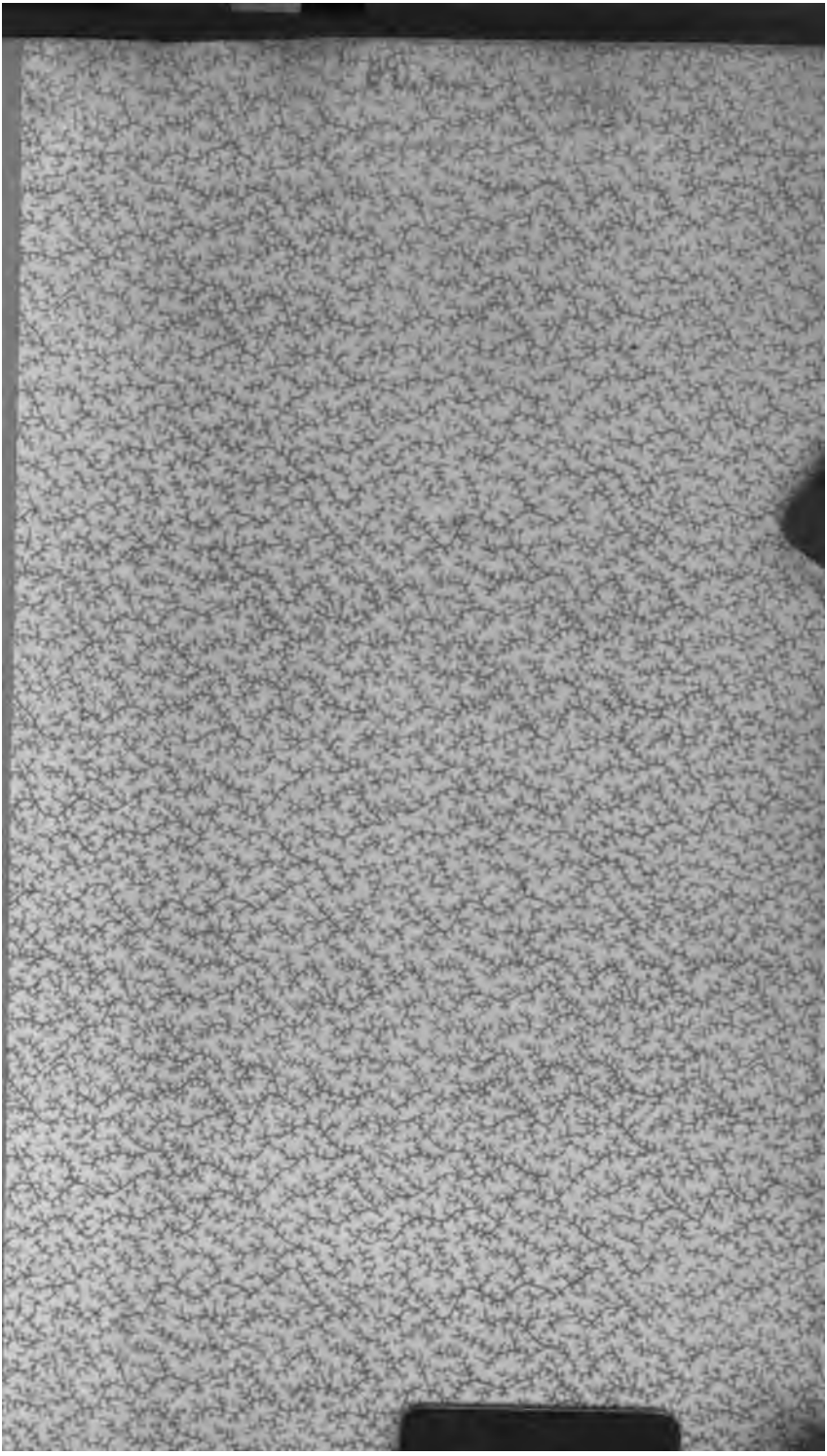
The meanest of the mean shall scoff,
And cry, "I'm glad the fellow's *off*."
The Taylor leaps in rapture from his board;
The Cobler throws his shoe away;
The Washerwoman flings her tray;
The Shoeblack drops his brush, and thanks the Lord.

To pot-houses they run with loud acclaim,
To get more *joyful news* from Gossip Fame.

Fox, on thy fall, with scorn must look;
And pointed Sheridan and Tooke
Will make thee tingle with the lash of wit:
The poorest reptile of the House,
The vilest little Borough Louse,
Will *scratch* and *bite* the back of Billy Pitt.

And *he* of whom the Muses brag*,
From his stretch'd jaws shall pull the gag,
And vengeful to thy head shall give it wing;
Then shall he cry, with dauntless looks,
"I'll go *again* among the Cooks,
And tell *more* pretty tales of Queen and King."

* My very *identical* and *numerical* self, whose innocent and improving Rhymes falling some years since in the way of an irritable and offended *basbaw*, gave birth to an Act of Parliament vowing vengeance on the wight that should, by any prose or poetical *anatomy*, dare exhibit the *inside* of Heads Royal.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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